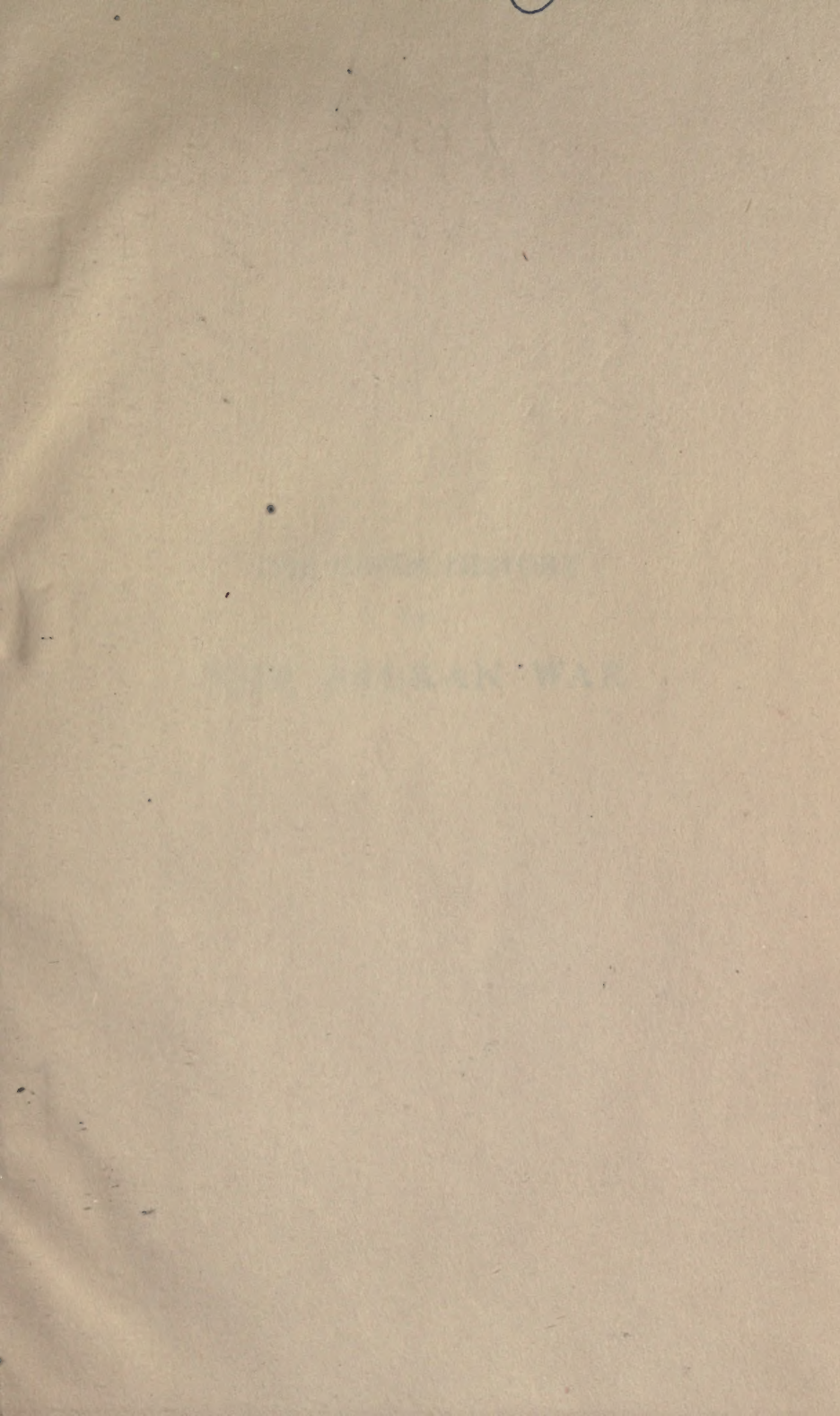




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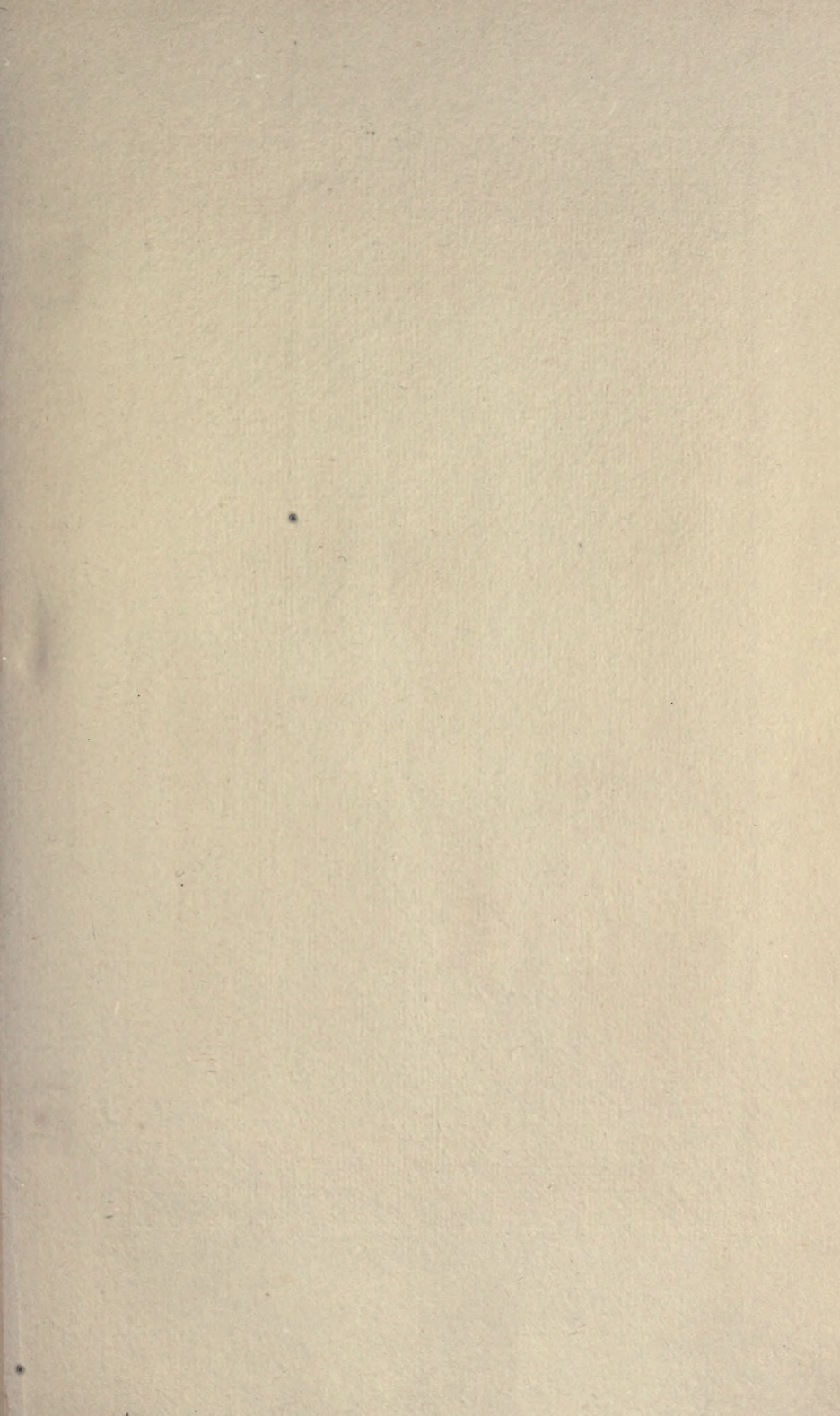
THE INNER HISTORY OF THE BALKAN WAR



THE INNER HISTORY
OF
THE BALKAN WAR



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To Reginald Rankin
in memory of Eton and Sofia
James D Bouchier

THE INNER HISTORY OF THE BALKAN WAR

BY

LT.-COLONEL REGINALD RANKIN, F.R.G.S.

LATE COMMANDING THE 1ST BATTALION THE HEREFORDSHIRE REGIMENT
SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR *THE TIMES* WITH THE FRENCH FORCES, 1908
AND THE BULGARIAN FORCES, 1912

AUTHOR OF 'A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE,' 'IN MOROCCO WITH GENERAL D'AMADE'
'THE ROYAL ORDERING OF GARDENS,' ETC.

'Unoque die Romana reppndit
Quotquot ter denis acies amisimus annis.'

CLAUDIAN, *De Bello Getico*.

LONDON
CONSTABLE AND COMPANY LTD.

1914



DR

46

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894589

TO
JAMES BOURCHIER

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

WITH ADMIRATION, RESPECT, AND AFFECTION

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CHAPTER I

JAMES DAVID BOURCHIER

THE unattached diplomatist who has broken up the Turkish Empire in Europe is thus described in *Who's Who* :

Bourchier, James David, M.A., F.R.G.S., fourth son of late John Bourchier, J.P., of Baginbun, Co. Limerick, and Maidenhill, Co. Cork.¹ Educated Cambridge (Scholar of King's College, and 1st Class Classical Tripos); previously Scholar and Classical Gold Medallist of Trinity College, Dublin. Was for some years Assistant Master at Eton; in 1888 acted as Special Correspondent of *The Times* in Roumania and Bulgaria, and has subsequently represented that journal in South-Eastern Europe; in 1895 investigated the atrocities at Dospat, Macedonia, and prepared a report for the British Government; in 1896 received the thanks of the Cretan Assembly for his services in promoting the arrangement with Turkey in that year; in 1898 accompanied the Emperor William's pilgrimage to Jerusalem; is Grand Officer of the Order of Prince Danilo of Montenegro, Commander of the Orders of the Saviour of Greece and of the Crown of Roumania, and Officer of the Order of St. Alexander of Bulgaria. Publications: numerous contributions to the *Fortnightly* and other Reviews; and the articles, Athens, Albania, Bulgaria, Crete, Greece, Macedonia, Montenegro, etc., in the last edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Recreations: hunting, shooting, bicycling, golf, lawn-tennis, music, chess. Clubs: Athenaeum, St. James's, New University; Athenian, Athens; Union, Sofia.

I first knew Bourchier in the year 1885, twenty-eight years ago now in this year of grace, 1913, when he was a young assistant master at Eton, and I was a small boy who was what we used to call "up to" him—*Anglice*, in his division or form for the time being. Although we were up to Bourchier, Bourchier was never up to us; he had already become very deaf, and, as boys are wont to do, we did not fail to take advantage of his infirmity. In the circumstances his deafness was perhaps a blessing in disguise, as it led to his abandoning a career for which nature had

¹ Mr. Bourchier was a well-known authority on racing matters, and owned some good thoroughbreds, amongst them the famous Salamander, who, after changing owners, won the Grand National in 1865.

not intended him. A brilliant scholar, a man in the best sense of the word, kindly and gentle, treating little boys with more forbearance than they often deserved, ever mindful of *maxima debetur pueris reverentia*, he was not the stuff out of which your pedagogue is made. The masters at Eton, as a race, were a right good lot of men; but there has to be a touch of hectoring officialism about a successful schoolmaster; and this, and all other smallnesses, are conspicuously lacking in Bouchier's character. He was cut out for great things, and he has done them.

At the end of December 1887 Bouchier left Eton, to the sorrow of the boys and masters alike. I next saw him in October 1912 at Sofia, and though twenty-five years had passed over his head he looked identically the same Bouchier as in the happy old Eton days: still slightly bald, without a grey hair in his close-cropped, reddish-auburn hair; the same ruddy, hard-bitten face, with its drooping fair moustache; the same humorous twinkle in the kindly grey eyes; the same boyish, hearty laugh.

During our conversations at Sofia Bouchier gave me some account of his early adventures in the Balkans. He was provided with a letter of introduction to Sir Augustus Paget, the British Ambassador at Vienna. He went to dinner at the Embassy, and happened to sit next the Vienna correspondent of *The Times*, an old Etonian, by name Brinsley Richards. The latter was interested to hear that Bouchier had come from Eton, and invited him to come and see him.

One day, when Bouchier was at Richards' house, the latter asked him what he proposed to do in case he finally left Eton. Bouchier replied that he had a taste for writing, and that he proposed to write for the Reviews, and also possibly books, since his deafness would prevent his going to the Bar, as he had originally intended doing, having already "eaten his dinners." To a question of Richards, Bouchier replied that he had no political experience, and that he thought it doubtful whether *The Times* would care for his services.

Bouchier thought no more of this conversation, and shortly afterwards, by the advice of Professor Politzer, he went down to the Adriatic coast for change of air, and installed himself in the little island of Lussin-Piccolo, off the coast of Dalmatia.

Several weeks later, in April 1888, he received a telegram from Richards stating that *The Times* proposed to send him to Rumania, where a peasant rising had just taken place, and then to Bulgaria, which was still in a very disturbed condition, notwithstanding the recent arrival of Prince Ferdinand. Bouchier accepted this proposal, and then looked about for a steamer to convey him to Fiume, but found there was none for several days. He accordingly chartered a sailing-boat to the mainland, where he found a steamer, and eventually reached Vienna in

about a week. When he reached Richards, the latter informed Bouchier that he had come too late, since the peasants had been so disobliging as to allow their rising to be suppressed.

However, with the assistance of Mrs. Richards, an extremely charming and gifted woman, Bouchier finally induced Richards to relent, and to allow him to proceed to Rumania the next morning.

He arrived at Bukarest twenty-four hours later, and found that the insurrection had broken out again, more violently than ever; Bukarest itself was at one time threatened. He was consequently enabled to send some interesting messages, which appeared equally to satisfy Mr. Richards and *The Times* office. So when the insurrection was suppressed for the second time, Bouchier was instructed to go to Bulgaria. He left Bukarest for Rustchuk, with the intention of proceeding across country to Sofia. But at Rustchuk he learned that Prince Ferdinand was making his first tour through his new domains, and would arrive at Tirnova in a few days. Bouchier therefore determined to visit the old Bulgarian capital, where the Prince was about to spend Easter. He thus describes his adventures there :¹

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the rocky ravine through which the northern road winds as it approaches Tirnova. Here and there the slopes are exquisitely green, dotted with forest trees and fragrant hawthorn; in other places tall perpendicular crags obtain the mastery, and frown down upon the traveller to the right and left, while at his feet the foaming waters of the Jantra dash swiftly along, half hidden by the luxuriant foliage, as they carry the melted snows of the Balkans to the broad bosom of the Danube. A sudden turn of the road brings him to the entrance of the town, and it is not without a pang of disgust that he finds himself in a dirty, ill-paved, malodorous street, the closely built houses of which shut out all view of the lovely valley through which the river winds as it almost encircles the ancient city of kings and priests. The town lies on a rocky peninsula, and it is necessary to descend to the banks of the river, or, if possible, to scale the dizzy heights on the opposite side, in order to appreciate the extreme beauty of its situation. The houses cluster on the precipice like sea-birds on some ocean crag, the red-tiled roofs rising one above the other in picturesque confusion, here and there relieved with trees and tiny vineyards, which seem literally to hang over the rapid torrent beneath. On the other side of the river one of those serrated ridges of rock so commonly found in this part of Bulgaria, rises in the form of an amphitheatre, almost completely surrounding the town, and crowning a verdant slope which, on the western side, is clothed with a forest of lofty trees.

Tirnova is indeed a whited sepulchre, without most fair, but within so offensive that it is hard to say which of one's senses is most cruelly outraged. Butchers' shops and tanners' stalls abound; drains are unnecessary, for are not the streets themselves a sufficient

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, July 1888. By the courtesy of Mr. W. L. Courtney.

receptacle for all superfluities? 'Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas,' said Lord Beaconsfield; but few of the worthy people of Tirnova have heard of Lord Beaconsfield, and none of them put his precept into practice. The day after my arrival one of the most terrific thunderstorms I have ever witnessed broke over the town, and the process of purification which followed was an interesting and, indeed, a reassuring spectacle. The streets were converted into roaring torrents, in which huge paving-stones and piles of refuse contended with the surging flood. The inhabitants, taking advantage of the opportunity, bestirred themselves to rid their households of long-hoarded treasures, and by the evening of that day Tirnova was tolerably clean. But with all its faults there is something charming and interesting in this quaint old city, in which there is nothing modern, and which still seems to slumber in a trance of centuries, unawakened by the restless din of latter-day civilization.

As we drove up to the entrance of the principal hotel, the streets were gaily decked with flags and evergreens in honour of Prince Ferdinand's visit. A couple of gendarmes were standing by the doorway, and appeared to manifest great interest in our arrival. A little crowd collected round the carriage and eyed us with much curiosity. Strangers do not come every day to Tirnova; but, as it afterwards turned out, we were regarded as no ordinary wayfarers. Winged rumour had gone before us, and our appearance was awaited with more than the usual interest. The entrance to the hotel consisted of a narrow dirty passage leading into a kind of coach-house, in which at night I have more than once stumbled over the recumbent figures of sleepers reposing on the pavement, and into which a ladder descended by means of which the principal apartments were reached.

At the door we were met by the landlord, who expostulated with us for having telegraphed for rooms, saying that he had received previous information of our expected arrival. Here was a mystery, which at the time we did not connect with the appearance of gendarmes outside the house. Some difficulty arose with our host, who demanded a sum such as would be charged at a first-class Parisian hotel for our apartments. This was hardly arranged when a message demanding my presence at the Prefecture arrived. Believing this to be a mere formality, I sent my dragoman, Petro, with my card and my passport. A second message, however, was sent insisting on my appearance, to which I replied that it was not convenient to me to repair to the Prefecture at that moment, as the rain was falling heavily. At the same time, however, I instructed my dragoman to state fully my business at Tirnova, and to show some letters of introduction which I brought with me to several members of the Prince's suite. In ten minutes' time Petro returned almost speechless with terror, saying that the Prefect and the *chef de police* were in full conclave, and that I must come at once, hinting that otherwise my stay in Tirnova would be a brief one. Not wishing to have my sojourn in such an interesting place curtailed, I proceeded to trudge through the mud and rain to the Prefecture, where I found the Prefect and the *chef de police*, an individual with a fierce expression,

a red face, and a fiery moustache—in a state of suppressed excitement. The latter could only speak Bulgarian, but he made up for the deficiency of his linguistic powers by the fury of his glances. A long cross-examination followed, during which my persecutors occasionally turned on Petro, with the object of making him contradict me, or of confronting him with some previous statement of his own. Petro, who looked as if he were about to be led straightway into the torture-chamber, put on a ludicrous expression of mingled subserviency and fear. He had seen what I had not, the prison at Tirnova, one of the most horrible dungeons in which suffering humanity has ever been confined. He was well acquainted with the police official, and his alarm, as I afterwards learned, was not unwarranted. This individual, as it turned out, had been the *fidus Achates*, or rather the Tristan l'Hermite, of M. Mantoff, the energetic Prefect of Rustchuk, and had ably seconded his chief in the vigorous measures, such as the flogging of respectable citizens without trial at the doors of their houses, by which he purged that town of the revolutionary element which was supposed to have infected it before his administration. When M. Mantoff, at the instance of the British Consul, was deposed by the Government, it was thought advisable to remove his faithful apparitor to some district where he had no enemies, and where awkward questions were not likely to be asked. And so Tirnova obtained its Rufus. After a detention of about half an hour we were at length dismissed, but we soon became aware that we were followed closely by gendarmes, and from that moment until we left Tirnova we were watched night and day by these vigilant guardians of the peace.

The interest which the good folk of Tirnova took in our movements was much increased by the attentions paid to us by the authorities. The tales which Petro either overheard or was told by his friends with regard to our supposed object in visiting Tirnova do credit to the inventive powers of the human imagination. Petro himself was thoroughly frightened, and counselled an immediate retreat from the dangers which surrounded us, saying that when he got to Rustchuk he would tell me all he knew, but that he dared not do so now. He could not understand my not taking matters *au sérieux*, though I told him that no doubt some mistake had occurred which would place the authorities in a ridiculous light, and that meantime I had no objection to the company of our gendarme, a good-natured young fellow, who sometimes gave us a light for our cigars, and provided us with any information we required. As a matter of fact, however, I had both written and telegraphed to the British Consul at Rustchuk; but as I received no reply, I concluded, as indeed was the case, that the authorities had interrupted our communications, and that external assistance was unavailable for the present.

The spectacle which the town presented on Easter-eve was a most interesting one. All day the streets swarmed with peasants bearing on their shoulders the lambs which were to be slaughtered for the Paschal feast, many of the women carrying bags or pouches strapped to the waist, from which the lamb's head projected in kangaroo fashion. From morning till evening Tirnova resounded

with plaintive bleatings. Late at night crowds of worshippers made their way to the various churches, carrying lighted candles in their hands, and the streets were not empty till the break of day. It was after two o'clock when the clatter of the escort and the rattling of numerous wheels announced the return of Prince Ferdinand and his suite from their nocturnal devotions, and about the hour of three my faithful gendarme, who was always posted beneath my window at night, noticed that my light was extinguished—a circumstance which he communicated in confidence to my dragoman on the following morning, observing that I kept very late hours. The cause of my vigils will be readily explained by those who have had personal experience of Bulgarian hostelries and their denizens. The morning of the Orthodox Easter, which this year very nearly corresponded with the Western Whitsuntide, found Tirnova wrapped in slumber, and it was well-nigh noon before any stir was noticeable in the streets. At half-past eleven Prince Ferdinand, in full-dress cavalry uniform, attended a grand service in the cathedral. All the congregation including the Prince, who stood alone on a high dais, held lighted tapers in their hands. It was here that my red-faced persecutor ventured on a course of conduct which might have led to awkward consequences both for himself and me. Posting himself on my left hand—he had already stationed a gendarme on my right—he proceeded to inflict upon me at intervals a series of nudges, by way of reminder that he had not forgotten me. Respect for the sacredness of the time and place fortunately saved me from giving way to my natural resentment at this personal indignity; but I mentioned the matter to a Cabinet Minister on whom I called that afternoon, my gendarme remaining outside the house during the interview. The Minister made inquiries, as he afterwards told me, but was assured by the officer that he had only “taken the usual precautions.” The incongruous nature of my position will be understood when I state that at this time I had already received official permission to accompany his Royal Highness on his tour, and had had more than one confidential interview on political subjects with the Minister I have mentioned, who had always received me with much kindness and urbanity.

At length the departure of the Prince for Rustchuk was announced, and Petro, by my orders, informed the authorities that they must send back my passport by special messenger. It arrived in the manner indicated, and in another hour, greatly to the relief of my faithful attendant, who afterwards asserted that he had saved my life, we were seated in our carriage *en route* for Rustchuk. As we left the door of the hotel our gendarme, with whom we had by this time established the most cordial relations, approached us, and with a winning smile intimated that he would regard a trifling *backsheesh* as an interesting souvenir of our stay at Tirnova. This looked as if his attentions had come to an end, but such was not the case. As our carriage proceeded at a walking pace he still followed us, and it was not till we reached the confines of the town and started off at a brisk trot that we left him behind. I watched him as he stood beneath a triumphal arch at the entrance of the town, gazing wistfully

after us, until our carriage rounded a distant eminence and he was lost to view. He was instructed, no doubt, to see that we made a *bona fide* departure.

It was not until we arrived at Rustchuk that the mystery was solved. A few days before leaving that town for Tirnova I had sent a telegram to Bucharest concerning a revolver which I had left there. In Bulgaria every telegram is read by the authorities, and nearly every letter is opened. The intelligent officials at Rustchuk concluded that I was an assassin, and that I had arrived in Bulgaria with the express object of murdering the Prince. They communicated their suspicions to their equally intelligent *confrères* in Tirnova, and warned them of my coming ; and I am not quite sure that they did not inspire the Prime Minister himself with a certain amount of alarm. Prince Ferdinand, however, when informed of the circumstances, expressed his regret to me in the most courteous manner, stating that he had ordered the police at Tirnova to send explanations, and adding the hope that I would consider myself a member of his suite during the remainder of his tour. I need not say that I accepted the hospitality so graciously offered, and my journey as his Royal Highness's guest through Eastern Bulgaria and up the Danube will remain one of the most agreeable reminiscences of my life.

Soon afterwards Bouchier started with the Prince for Shumla, where they witnessed a grand review of the Bulgarian troops. They then went on to Varna and Silistria, and thence, in the Prince's yacht, up the Danube, passing Rustchuk, Sistova, Nikopol, and Widin.

The enthusiastic receptions which the Prince met with throughout the journey convinced Bouchier that the people were far from sympathising with the designs of Russia for his expulsion from the country.

They then returned to Sofia.

During the journey Bouchier had many opportunities for conversations with the Prince, on whom at that time the eyes of Europe were fixed. Opinion in England was unfavourable to him, but Bouchier believed in his success. The great and ill-fated Stambuloff was with them, and from him, too, Bouchier gathered the essential factors in the problem of the Balkans—a problem he afterwards set himself to solve, and solved.

The Prince's affection for Bouchier resulted in many more excursions together—to Rilo Monastery and the frontier of Macedonia ; to Kustendil ; to Euxinograd on the Black Sea, and to many other places besides.

THE BALKAN ALLIANCE

The behaviour of the Young Turks in Macedonia in 1910 convinced Bouchier that only a resort to arms could free the

subject Christians from an intolerable persecution. In that year ten thousand peasants were beaten on the feet so mercilessly that many of them were crippled for life; and yet no newspapers told the tale of the horrors; not a Government issued a Blue-book stating the facts; there was a conspiracy of silence.

This silence was due largely to the influence of the financiers and Jews who control the European Press and whose interests are wrapt up in the preservation of Turkey.

The Young Turk movement started in Salonika, a Jewish town, and, from the first, Jews were at the back of it. That movement may be said to have been a combination of two or three factors. A group of exiles in Paris, driven out by Abdul Hamid, had imbibed French revolutionary ideas. Long away from their own country, they had ceased to understand it; and they believed, or professed to believe, that Turkey might be regenerated by the revival of the constitutional régime instituted in 1877 during the Russo-Turkish crisis. They preached *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, and imagined that the principles of the French Revolution could be applied to Turkey. Some undoubtedly were sincere and honest men, but they had forgotten the conditions obtaining in their native land.

Another factor was the military element in Macedonia. The young Chauvinist officers were indignant at the presence of an international gendarmerie in their own provinces, and at the prospect of the institution of foreign control for Turkish rule. The meeting at Reval between Edward VII. and the Tsar, and the discussions between England and Russia in 1908 as to the gendarmerie and other things, frightened them. The movement was thus in the nature of a revolt against foreign interference.

Thirdly, a great many of the population, including the Turks themselves, were ready to rise, hoping for better days, disgusted with the misrule of Abdul Hamid, and at the possession of all privileges by a small palace clique.

Salonika and Monastir became the rallying-points of the movement—Salonika, as has been said, being the home both of many rich and influential European Jews, and also of many Mohammedan or Crypto-Jews, who formed a link between the Jewish community and the *soi-disant* Reformers. The movement spread with great rapidity in the army, chiefly among the junior officers. The Sultan became alarmed, and having formally denounced the accursed thing at the palace, issued orders for the arrest of thirty or forty of the chief officers in the conspiracy, amongst whom was Enver Bey.

This precipitated a revolt. Enver Bey and Niazi Bey at Resna went to the mountains. The thing spread rapidly. The Young Turks captured Monastir and Salonika, and the Constitu-

tion was proclaimed. The Sultan, finding that he could no longer depend on the army, decided to temporise, and agreed to proclaim the Constitution.

Accordingly, in November elections were held for the new Parliament, at which the Young Turks showed the cloven hoof. They secured the election of their own nominees—all Mohammedans except a few Bulgarians and Armenians and a slightly larger number of Greeks, many of whom were representatives of the islands and Asia Minor.

Parliament met in the winter, and a few months afterwards a reactionary movement took place at Constantinople, and the Old Turks gained over the greater portion of the garrison at Constantinople. Then Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the general of the Young Turks, established his forces in Macedonia, was joined by Bulgarian and Greek *Komitadji* bands, and advanced to Tchataldja.

Finding his throne tottering, Abdul Hamid tried negotiation, for the Young Turks believed that he had arranged the counter-movement. The latter, in fact, were masters of the situation, and a party of them entered the palace and made the Sultan sign his abdication. He was hurried into a train and taken to Salonika, and imprisoned in the Villa Allatini. There he remained till November 1912, when the victories of the Allies forced the Turks to take him back to Constantinople. The new Sultan was over sixty years old, and had been imprisoned all his life; he was a mere puppet in the hands of the Young Turks.

Having already got the whole army behind them, the Young Turks were now secure, and began to show the real character of their government. They began to put into practice their principles of Ottomanism—the doctrine that all Turkish subjects, without distinction of race or religion, were to be made simply “good Ottomans”; to abandon their native habits and inherited traditions, and to give up all the privileges that had been accorded to the subject races by former sultans. Thus, under the outward form of a liberal constitution, they aimed at the obliteration of the various nationalities, and at the extinction of their national ambitions.

After April 1909 these doctrines were applied in European Turkey, and at once provoked violent opposition among the Albanians, who began a succession of revolts.

The curtailment of the old privileges of the Christian races was based on the pretext that, as all were equal under the Constitution, these special privileges need no longer be maintained. The churches were of course involved; the rights accorded to them were interfered with; religious animosity was excited: it was a process of levelling down to the Ottoman depth which struck at the most sacred ideas of an intellectual and progressive Christianity.

The schools were brought directly under the Ministry of Education, in order to prevent the racial propaganda being carried on. Thus, by a great variety of measures, all pointing in the same direction, discontent was bred among the Christians, who had been promised equality, and now had to digest reforms aimed at their racial extinction, and passed by a packed parliament of Mohammedans.

At the same time the Young Turks tried to Ottomanise the half-Ottomanised Albanians. They insisted on their paying taxes they had never paid before ; and while allowing Albanian schools to be instituted in Albania, they imposed the Turkish language as the sole medium of instruction, and insisted on the use of the Arabic characters in writing Albanian.

Then a series of revolts followed, and after the suppression, with ferocious cruelty, of one in the north of the country in the spring of 1910, the Turks decided on a general scheme of disarmament.

At first it was to apply to Albania only, but it subsequently was extended to the whole of Macedonia. Disarmament was carried on by the proclamation of martial law, at first among many Albanians, and then among still more Macedonians, who had never revolted.

Disarmament continued throughout the spring and summer of 1910, accompanied with hideous cruelty to the people. At least ten thousand peasants were bastinadoed, or beaten on the feet, many of them with such incredible barbarity that their feet were smashed into pulp. A Frenchman, a priest at Yenidje-Vardar, said that men came to him on their knees for treatment. The settlement of French Jesuits at Yenidje was not molested by the Turks, and those men saw all that happened. The Bulgarian priest at Yenidje was beaten to death. One of the Turkish devices for compelling the villagers to give up their arms was to keep all the men standing night and day. When they fell down, exhausted, they were prodded with bayonets until they got up again. In Sofia, in 1913, there was a woman who at this time was outraged and then burned, so that she lost both her eyes.

For the sake of appearances, the disarmament was carried out in the Turkish villages, but no one there was beaten or molested. At the same time the Young Turks encouraged the immigration into Macedonia of a large number of Bosnian refugees ; these they planted in the Christian districts, often ousting the Christian proprietors, and gave them arms with which to terrorise their neighbours.

All these outrages went on without any effective protest from the Great Powers ; the Press of the world was gagged ; the conspiracy of silence, under Jewish auspices, meant the silence of extermination for the subject races in Turkey in Europe. For

money had been laid on the Young Turks, and what do financiers of the Hebrew or any other brand care about torture and outrage and suffering and death so long as they get their prescribed rate of interest? From Shylock to Putumayo the fearful story is ever the same.

But not only the financiers were callously indifferent to everything but their national interests; there was an odious competition between the Embassies at Constantinople to get concessions, from which our own Government did not stand aloof.

Bourchier, with a knowledge of the conditions prevailing in Turkey and in the Balkans, on the one hand, and at the councils of the Great Powers on the other, superior to that of any other man living, saw that things must go from bad to worse. The end would be the extinction of the subject nationalities. All hope of the intervention of the Powers had gone shipwreck. Bourchier realised that the only remedy was a combination of the free nations, kinsmen of the oppressed peoples, either to bring such pressure to bear on the Young Turks as to induce them to mitigate their rule, or, if they resisted, to put them out by force.

He came to this conclusion at the end, I believe, of 1910. He did not want an immediate war; the first thing to be done was to apply pressure.

But there was little probability that this would succeed. The Young Turks were elated by success and by the praise which their admirers in Western Europe had lavished on them. They had spent all the money which they could obtain from their financial friends or by taxation in creating a powerful army, and could snap their fingers at the little States; so the programme of pacific remonstrance seemed to end in a *cul-de-sac*.

So Bourchier turned his attention to the other possible solution of the problem. What forces could the four States of the Balkans—Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro—command for the purposes of bringing pressure, of one kind or another, to bear upon the oppressors of their co-religionists and kinsmen? The Bulgars were ready; their army was excellent, reorganised by Savoff, who had seen the evil effects on other armies of politics in cafés, and had inspired in his junior officers an enthusiasm for hard work which has borne its due fruit. The Bulgars could put 250,000 men in the field on the day of mobilisation. The Servian army had improved since the Bulgars hammered it; it could provide at least another 150,000. The Greek army had had latterly the advantage of the instruction of French officers. English officers had been reorganising the fleet, and their *Averof* was a bigger and better man-of-war than any the Turks possessed. Little Montenegro could certainly put up a gallant fight.

Here was the germ of the Balkan League—the first cause of

the war which drove the Turks out of Europe after nearly five hundred years of misrule—a calculation simmering in the brain of an unofficial Irishman who, for love of them, had given half his life to the service of the Balkan peoples.

So it came about that during the winter of 1910-11 Bouchier had long talks with M. Venezelos, the Greek Prime Minister, and the two men discussed the scheme of a defensive and eventually offensive alliance between the Balkan States against the Turk.

Events marched rapidly in favour of the project. The difficulty of achieving secret unity and co-operation between nations whose sole common ground was their hatred of the oppressor, gave way before the blundering rancour of the Jew-inspired Young Turks.

Everybody knows that Greeks and Jews are the wiliest traders in the Levant. There is a story the moral of which is that a Greek can give a Jew seven pounds and a beating over any commercial course. However that may be, the trade of the Near East is in the hands of Jews and Greeks, and rival traders never love one another very much. Possibly that is why the Jews have found it impossible to accept the New Testament.

It has been pointed out that the Young Turk movement was backed by Jewish funds and influence. The apparent success of their movement gave the Jews a temporary *cachet* at Constantinople; and in the councils of the State their not unjustified demand for some pecuniary compensation for their disinterested services was listened to with an attention usually foreign to the Turkish temperament on similar occasions. Turks never make money themselves; they watch others make it, and then take it. In an access of generosity they informed the Jews that, as an *ad hoc* and temporary measure only, they would relax their salutary rule that no plundering was to be done by anybody but themselves. The Jews were delighted. They saw the Greeks ruined, and all the gold they made in their own pockets. An anti-Greek boycott was established, and the stream of Pactolus was diverted into Jordan. At the same time anarchy was deliberately encouraged in Asia, and when the Greeks of the kingdom showed any interest in Cretan affairs the Young Turks threatened war.

These things—the disastrous boycott of Greek products, and the condition of their kinsmen in Crete—roused the Greeks to fury, and disposed their Prime Minister and King to embark on the great enterprise counselled by the unofficial Irishman.

The pressure put on Bulgars and Greeks alike caused a *rapprochement* between the peasants of the two races. Warfare between them, almost chronic in the past, entirely ceased; and the stupid Turks went on bullying both with the utmost impartiality without in the least comprehending the danger of a

combination. This evidence of the possibility of a real fusion of the masses of the different races naturally strengthened the hands of Venezelos and Bouchier. At this time the latter was striving to bring about a Greco-Bulgarian alliance, which the other States might subsequently join, and to this end he directed all his influence to the sedulous fostering of the nascent friendliness between the two races.

M. Venezelos is a very old friend of Bouchier's, and their talks, those talks that were to change the face of Europe for all time, were not held in the official atmosphere of council chambers; they met in various places, and made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Byron at Mesolonghi, and rode on muleback over the slopes of Pelion.

At last, one day in May 1911, the decisive step was taken. The two men had climbed the steep flank of Mount Pelion—surely an omen from the wisdom of the prophetic past! For with a vengeance that had been long deferred they were about to pile Ossa on the mountain where they stood! It was here that Venezelos told Bouchier that he had finally approved the draft treaty of an alliance with Bulgaria against Turkey.

Thus did Bouchier achieve a purpose that will make his name for ever famous. But it must not be supposed that this was his first essay in international politics. During the insurrection of 1896 in Crete he had helped the insurgents in their negotiations with the commanders of the Turkish fleet for reconciliation with the Porte, and his diplomatic skill, profound knowledge, and recognised integrity obtained for the Cretans terms which they knew very well they could never have got for themselves.

Some time ago St. Paul wrote a letter to his friend, Titus, who was in Crete for his sins and the Cretans', and humorously alluded to the national incapacity to make the most of a situation.

Poor Cretans! With their own prophet and St. Paul alike profoundly convinced of their mendacity, to say nothing of their other qualities, what chance have they ever had successfully to conduct negotiations with unbelievers like the Turks? But they and the Turks alike felt confidence in British straightness. Indeed, they were so grateful for all Bouchier had done for them that the Cretan Assembly passed a vote of thanks to him, and every member signed the resolution—a document of which he is naturally very proud. The Turks failed to keep the agreement, and in 1897 the insurrection broke out again. Life in Crete without an insurrection or two proceeding is said by old residents to be very dull.

Bouchier is an Irishman, and has no objection to fighting when the occasion presents itself. In 1896 he joined the insurgents for a while in the bleak, red Cretan mountains. The insurrection of the following year was under Sphakienakis and Venezelos.

These two born leaders, one of whom was afterwards to take the first step which broke the power of the Turk, made Bourchier one of themselves, and frequently consulted him. Later on, Prince George came to Crete, and Bourchier was with him every day for some hours. The Prince and Venezelos fell out, but this did not prevent Bourchier from visiting his comrade. Venezelos was dismissed from office, and though Bourchier did his utmost to effect a reconciliation between him and the Prince, he was unsuccessful, and Venezelos went to the mountains with an armed following. The strong man carried the day; Venezelos was master of the field; eventually the Prince had to go. In 1908, when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, Crete declared for union with Greece. On the 23rd of July in that year the Young Turks rose, and their unwise policy towards Greece has brought about their own and their country's downfall. The chagrin of the Greeks at their failure to obtain union with Crete, after Prince George's departure, led to the formation of the Military League, and a revolution at Athens, followed by the rise to power of a military Junta.

But all soldiers are not Napoleons; a good many of them are but indifferent legislators. The Greek officers could not control the political machine; all the former party leaders were discredited; the harassed generals cast about for a statesman, and found one in Venezelos in Crete. So Bourchier and Venezelos renewed their ancient friendship, and Bourchier stood with the new leader on the balcony in Athens when he made his first speech to the people.

For some time Venezelos had his hands full. One of his chief difficulties was the delicate character of his relations with the King, who had by no means forgotten the quarrel between Venezelos and Prince George, and the recalcitrant attitude subsequently taken up by the Cretan leader.

And here it may be mentioned that, though Venezelos was born in Greece, he comes of an old Venetian family.

The strained situation was prejudicial both to the interests of Greece and to the prospects of the alliance Bourchier already had in view. As an intimate friend both of the King and of the Premier, he was admirably equipped for the task of bringing about a reconciliation between them. The *rapprochement* was effected, and since that time King George's relations with his great Premier have been of the most cordial nature.

As before narrated, the Greek proposals were sent to Bulgaria in May 1911. Some months later, Bourchier went to Sofia and put his arguments in favour of the alliance before King Ferdinand and M. Gueshoff. Just as, nearly a year before, he had persuaded Venezelos and King George to take the first step towards the formation of the Balkan League, so again in Sofia he persuaded the Bulgarian Government to fall into line with Greece. In

February 1912 he himself brought back to Athens from Sofia a reply favourable to Venezelos' proposal of a defensive alliance.

Up to that moment only five people had an inkling of what was going on, namely, King George of Greece and M. Venezelos, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and M. Gueshoff, and Bouchier.

After Bouchier's return to Athens negotiations were put on a diplomatic basis, and the Greek Minister at Sofia was informed of the alliance and instructed to conduct the negotiations at the Bulgarian capital. That made six people in the plot.

February and March passed; the negotiations went on in absolute secrecy; in April a definitive treaty was signed between Greece and Bulgaria.

Bouchier had not left Serbia out of the hunt. At the end of December 1911 he went to Belgrade, and broached his plan to M. Milovanovitch, the Foreign Minister. He urged on him the idea of a combination between the Balkan States—a defensive combination to protect and maintain the rights of the Christian nationalities in Turkey. Milovanovitch was favourable in principle, but he pointed out the great risks that Serbia would run—in the first place from Austria, if that Power got wind of the project, and in the second from Turkey herself, who could kill Servian commerce by closing the Salonika route.

But M. Milovanovitch, who had already had a secret interview with M. Gueshoff, was sound on the question, and Bouchier left him, not doubting the ultimate issue, and went back to Bulgaria to inform his friends there how matters stood in Belgrade. In due course the Serbo-Bulgar Treaty was signed a week or two before the Bulgar-Greek Treaty.

Montenegro had no treaty with either Bulgaria or Greece, but there was a definitive treaty between her and Serbia.

Bouchier went back to England in July 1912, and at that time the Balkan League was practically formed, although further details and military conventions were agreed on a little later. He had done his part in the great task, and none too soon, for the futures of the peoples his statesmanship was to liberate.

In the early autumn things got rapidly worse between the Turks and Bulgarians on the one hand, and the Turks and the Servians and Montenegrins on the other. There was a frontier dispute, followed by a series of massacres which did nothing to alleviate the situation.

But matters did not come to a head till September, when the assembling of a large Turkish force at Adrianople caused the fear of an invasion to spread throughout Bulgaria.

At last, on September 30, the four States mobilised simultaneously. The rest of the story is sketched elsewhere.

As for Bouchier, in the middle of September he went to Sinaia, in the hope of contributing to an agreement between

Rumania and Bulgaria, so as to secure the friendly neutrality of Rumania during the impending war. He received no encouragement at the time from the Rumanian Government; but who knows how far the subsequent neutrality of Rumania during 1912 was the outcome of his journey?

Of course a factor contributing to the Balkan War was the war between Italy and Turkey. When the former became inevitable the Turks and Italians made haste to make peace. If her war with Turkey had gone on Italy would have been practically the ally of the Balkan States, and as such might have been involved in war with Austria. Naturally, therefore, the conclusion of peace between their foe and the Italians was a serious blow to the Balkan League, particularly in regard to the operations of the Italian fleet, which had usefully confined the Turks to land. Now the whole brunt of the blockade must fall on the Greek fleet, whose efficiency had yet to be proved.

The Allies asked Turkey, very politely, for reforms in Macedonia, and guarantees for their execution. The Turks sent no reply. War followed immediately, begun by King Nicholas of Montenegro. King Nicholas did this entirely off his own bat, and was remonstrated with from both Sofia and Athens. But the intrepid Nicholas was determined to have war. When the Powers intervened he thought a settlement might be arrived at, and a settlement by aught save the arbitrament of arms was the last thing he desired.

I happened to get sight of the following telegrams, sent by King Nicholas and M. Venezelos to Bouchier on the outbreak of war:

Profondement touché je remercie de tout cœur le noble ami du Monténégro et de l'indépendance balcanique.—NIKOLAS.

Je vous remercie et je vous serre la main comme à un des principaux artisans de cette œuvre magnifique qui est l'union étroite des peuples chrétiens de la péninsule balcanique.—VENISÉLOS.

So far as I know, only one Englishman hitherto has had the information to ascribe to Bouchier his approximate rôle in the Balkan drama. That man is the special correspondent in the Balkan War of the *Westminster Gazette*—a truly admirable paper, which all wise Tories read when they believe that no Radicals are looking. A message from that correspondent, published in the *Westminster Gazette* of November 11, 1912, contains the following, dated Sofia, November 2, 1912:

A ROMANCE OF THE BALKANS

It has been assumed, perhaps everywhere, and it is generally believed in Bulgaria, that some definite agreement has been drawn up by which the allied kingdoms have arranged among themselves the details of any departure from the *status quo* that victory may

bring with it. M. Dimitroff¹ is himself, of course, a diplomatist ; and it was too much, perhaps, to expect him to-day, while there was still a possibility of a last Turkish stand at Tchataldja, and while Salonika, Monastir, and Janina remained in Turkish hands, to admit that the settlement had been cut and dried in this way. He would not even admit that any one statesman had been responsible for the alliance, though he said enough to lead me to attach more importance than I had done before to a current belief that is almost a romance of the Balkans.

Some days ago, in writing of the rejoicings at the fall of Kirk Kilisse, I mentioned an English resident who, for no ostensible reason, was made the hero of the moment. To be strictly accurate, I should have called him Irish, and described him as an absentee landlord who has spent about half of a long life (*sic*) among these Balkan peoples. More than a generation ago he was a master at Eton. Now he spends a vagrant, bachelor life in a corner of Europe to which he has become profoundly attached, and in which he pulls an incredible number of strings. He makes Sofia his headquarters, winters in Athens, spends the heat of the summer in Sinaia, and pays frequent visits to Bukarest and Belgrade. He was expelled² from Bulgaria once, during a political crisis, but was soon recalled, and the Greek Press made bitter attacks upon him when, a few years ago, he began to point out the necessity of this Balkan alliance. He has the full confidence of every Court in the Peninsula, though ; and his advice is more eagerly sought by responsible ministers, and more frequently adopted, than that of professional diplomatists. He is known here to every man in the street as "Bourchier" ; he is believed to have the British Press in his pocket ; and when he takes his daily ride on a handsome little grey Arab pony almost every hat is raised as he passes. M. Dimitroff is not prepared to contradict anybody who suggests that "Bourchier's" personal influence has done more than anything else to bring about the Balkan alliance.

It only remains to attempt to determine James Bourchier's place in history. The task is a difficult one, because a basis for comparison is, so far as I know, wholly lacking.

Let us first of all briefly sum up the achievement, and then try to find an historical analogy ; if that is wanting let us formulate our own opinion, for what it is worth.

A man of genius travels to far-distant countries—not to one country and to one people, but to four or five widely differing countries and peoples, whose sole points of contact are, firstly, that all of them profess the Christian religion, and, secondly, that all of them have kinsmen and co-religionists who are groaning under the brutal tyranny of a Mohammedan Power. In the course of his work he learns the languages of these peoples ; he gets to know their varying habits of thought, national characteristics, and political ideals ; he learns to understand and sympathise

¹ The Secretary-General of the Bulgarian Foreign Office.—AUTHOR.

² "Withdrew" would be more accurate.—AUTHOR.

with all of them, and all of them love him in return. To the problems which have been vexing the hearts of these peoples for hundreds of years he for five-and-twenty years devotes his unremitting attention. Sciolism and genius do not co-exist. During those hundreds of years two distinct forces have been at work to mitigate the lot of those Christians oppressed by the Turk: the Christian populations have on countless occasions rebelled, and as often have been mercilessly punished for their rebellion; and the Great Powers of Europe have on countless occasions represented diplomatically to the Porte the enormity of its methods, and as often have failed to effect any reforms whatsoever. The man of genius ponders these things; he sees that there is one solution of the problem that has been talked of in the past but has not yet been tried; he knows that all other possible solutions have been tried and have failed.

The idea was nothing less than the uniting of the four Christian States in arms against the Mohammedan Power; to fight for the religious and political liberties of their kinsmen subjects of that Power. This he deliberately set himself to do, and this he succeeded in doing. The four States, temporarily united by the force of his genius, by common respect for his abilities, and by common knowledge of his devotion to their cause, sank their ancient differences; allied themselves; simultaneously made war; conquered the Turk, and drove him out of Europe.

That is Bouchier's achievement. The liberty that hundreds of thousands of flayed and tortured Christians could not win for themselves; the justice that four nations of their own blood could not exact for them; the very civilisation that the Great Powers of Europe tried and failed to enforce on a barbaric State; that liberty, that justice, that civilisation James Bouchier has bestowed upon the Christian populations, and the millions of their descendants, of what before his day was Turkey.

The magnitude of this achievement on the part of an Irishman with nothing but ability and single-hearted sympathy for the oppressed may be looked at from two different points of view—the fact itself and its results.

When it is remembered that so short a time ago as 1885 Bulgarians and Servians were at one another's throats, and that Bulgars and Greeks hated one another like poison, and fought whenever they met, as they did invariably before the war, and have done immediately after it, it will be admitted that the feat of inducing Servians, Bulgars, and Greeks to combine for so gigantic a task, and one so particularly dependent for its success on complete unanimity and instant co-operation, was a great one, and one only to be accomplished by a great man. More men were engaged at Lule Burgas than at Mukden, Sedan, or any previous battle in the history of the world. If Bouchier had not gone to the Balkans and made the aspirations

of its peoples his own, Lule Burgas would never have been fought. The issues of that epoch-making battle are sufficiently momentous.

Vast tracts of territory have changed hands ; millions of people have changed their rulers ; a Power and a creed which at one time threatened to dominate Europe have been practically evicted. Christianity has triumphed over Islam, civilisation over barbarity ; the European has proved himself a better man than the Asiatic ; the apple of discord has been lifted out of reach of the Great Powers ; Europe will not allow Constantinople to any one at present but the Turk. Fifty years hence, or much less, the Crescent will not float over Constantinople ; but that is by the way—a prophecy, and therefore not an issue of Lule Burgas.

Few of the conquerors of the world have permanently effected more than this. The great founders of religious movements gained their triumphs because they worked, not for themselves, but for mankind ; Bouchier has succeeded for the same reason. For ever will the soul triumph over the material. No earthly forces can withstand the onslaught of a great idea.

The Tsar Liberator set free his oppressed neighbours, the Bulgars ; but they spoke the same tongue as himself, and he was the Tsar of all the Russias. No single instance occurs to me of any foreigner ever having done as much for alien races. Patriots, as their name implies, work for the good of their own country. Patriots from Ireland generally go into the House of Commons, and pretend there that their country is going to the dogs for the want of Home Rule. Other persons, equally patriotic, say that it will go to the dogs if it gets Home Rule. The only conclusion an unbiased third party can come to is that the *status quo* is not doing much harm, and that Home Rule wouldn't either. But all these excellent and worthy politicians have, if they could only see it, such a defective sense of proportion. Living in the best-governed country in the world they frequently talk as though the world would come to an end if they cannot pass some grandmotherly bill or other ; living in the richest and most contented country in the world they frequently talk as if an extra halfpenny on the income-tax spelt national bankruptcy. This old country could govern herself, even if the back benches were used for firewood to-morrow. We are like a lot of overfed and lazy schoolboys disputing, after a huge dinner, who shall have the biggest slice of pineapple. The governmental momentum which this old country has acquired in the course of the past six hundred years is sufficient to keep her on her majestic path, venerated and unresting, as Bacon said of princes and the stars, were all our legislative apparatus abolished to-morrow.

We want no more than an executive and a defence committee ; and Mr. Asquith has shown his genius in admitting the folly of party politics by his invitation to Mr. Balfour to sit in conclave,

cheek by jowl, with his bitterest (?) opponents. Thus is the tongue in the cheek turned vocal. Mr. Asquith has abolished the House of Lords; the logical *sequelae* of his purpose is to abolish the House of Commons, and to establish an executive composed of the best men of all shades of opinion. He has gone so far in this direction that bored readers of "guillotine" and "kangaroo" proceedings would be relieved to find that he had the courage of his convictions, and that to-morrow there was to be no more legislation for ever, and that Ministries of All the Talents alone, and for all time, were to direct our goings in the way.

At a critical time like the present the Cromwellian-Asquith dictatorial plan has abundant advantages.

No, politics here are not a serious business; everybody has his tongue in his cheek. But in the Balkan Peninsula politics are too often a matter of life and death. Turkish politics meant death and rape and the bastinado for thousands of Christians annually. Nobody could defend these practices as Mr. Asquith defends Home Rule or Sir Edward Carson defends the Union.

Poverty, comparative, workhouse-relieved poverty, is the only thing in British politics. In the Near East you have gnawing, desperate, totally unrelieved poverty, and murder and rape and burnings and the bastinado thrown in. Which is the more promising field for a statesman? Ah, but it is so much more comfortable to stick M.P. after your name, and to have a good dinner every evening, and to ask absurd questions which are carefully wired down to the local paper, than to be an exile in strange, wild, half-savage lands where sometimes it is hard to get anything to eat, where very often you run a very good chance of getting a knife between your ribs, and where your efforts for the amelioration of the lot of the poor and the persecuted will most assuredly not obtain for you even the reversion of an under-secretaryship!

Our present rulers lack imagination. Which of them has ever lifted up his voice in defence of the oppressed of other races? Mr. Noel Buxton and the Balkan Committee are not our rulers, but they are honourable exceptions to our sordid insularity.

Ah! Would that we had the *saeva indignatio* of a Gladstone, denouncing atrocities committed against Bulgarians, instead of the stony silence which has passed over unrebuked atrocities more atrocious, committed by the same unspeakable Turk within the last five years! The names of Byron, of Gladstone, and of Bouchier will be remembered and treasured in the hearts of millions when tolerably well-educated men, a hundred years hence, will have to get a book of reference to see who was Prime Minister of Great Britain in 1913. Stein occurs as a prototype of

Bourchier, but then he was a German firing the imaginations of Germans.

Frankly, I give it up, and it doesn't matter. *Securus indicat orbis terrarum*. The statues which will rise in the Macedonian towns will be time-bound witnesses to the love and admiration which the unofficial Irishman, the defender of the weak and the oppressed, excited in the hearts of the people he liberated; and when those stones are dust his name and fame will be assured. *Exegit monumentum aere perennius*.

CHAPTER II

SCENES IN THE BALKANS

THE following extracts from articles by Bouchier, which, apart from their interest, serve to show his admirable literary style, are reproduced by the courteous permission of the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Of Rilo he writes :

We advanced to the great gate of the monastery, which is sheltered by a portico adorned, like those at Mount Athos, with frescoes of saints and angels, and flanked by loop-holed projections in the wall on either side. Here the Abbot or Hegúmen, a portly, genial ecclesiastic, received us, arrayed in robes of purple and silver brocade, and accompanied by some sixty or seventy monks—all that remain of the once numerous brotherhood. A procession was formed ; and, with incense and lighted tapers going before, we passed into the great quadrangle and directed our steps to the church which stands in its midst. The quadrangle is, properly speaking, an irregular pentagon ; a number of galleries run round it, which lead to the cells of the monks ; these long corridors are supported on stone arches, rising in tiers, and forming a series of picturesque arcades. Everywhere the colouring is rich and effective ; the masonry is picked out in white and red, and the walls are bright with medallions and quaintly traced devices. The topmost gallery forms a kind of verandah beneath a projecting roof, which rests on dark oaken beams. The court is overgrown with grass, and shaded by a few fruit-trees ; around are numerous fountains, and the air is alive with the murmur of running water. The church is even more brilliant than the surrounding buildings with its variegated stonework, gay mosaics, and alcoves filled with frescoes. In contrast is the stern sombre aspect of the venerable keep, the oldest part of the monastery, looking down in the dignity of its eight centuries on the silvered domes and red-tiled roofs and cloistered shades below.

Leaving Rilo Selo, we began to ascend the superb mountain gorge in the heart of which the monastery lies. The slopes around us were clothed with thickets of dense brushwood ; but after some hours' progress we entered upon the grand primeval forest which forms the distinctive feature of the Rilo scenery. At our feet a foaming torrent dashed swiftly along, half hidden by luxuriant foliage ; from

its margin to the confines of the rocky tracts above—a distance of some five thousand feet—the steep acclivity on either hand was covered with noble trees, the delicate green of the beech contrasting with the darker shades of the oak and ilex and the still more sombre colouring of the firs and pines. For hours we made our way through these leafy glades, till at length an open vista in the woods revealed to us a prospect through the valley ; and we saw before us the monastery of Rilo, with its domes and cupolas and battlemented tower, standing like some enchanted castle in the royal solitude of its vast domains. Close beneath it ran the sparkling stream ; around were undulating lawns interspersed with tufted groves ; beyond was the boundless forest, climbing upwards to where, in the heaven above, stupendous rocky summits stood ranged like a regiment of giants, surrounding and protecting the national sanctuary.

The monastery of Rilo has ever been the central-point and focus not only of the national religion but of the national sentiment. Its history is interwoven with that of Christianity in the Balkans ; it is to Bulgaria, as Jireczek says, what Mont Saint-Michel is to Normandy, or the Grand Chartreuse to Dauphiné ; for ages it has kept alive the light of the faith in the heart of the Peninsula, though so many of the mountaineers close by—the Pomaks of Rhodope—have embraced the creed of Islam ; and to-day it forms a link, both political and religious, between the free Bulgarians and their not-forgotten brethren in Macedonia. Its founder, St. Ivan Rilski, the St. Bruno of Bulgaria, was born in 876 ; he was the contemporary of the great Czar Simeon, and, as may be supposed, innumerable legends have gathered round his memory. For years the holy man wandered over the mountains of Bulgaria, seeking a spot where he might found a pious retreat ; at one time he lived in a hollow tree, at another in a cave among the rocks. At length he fixed his dwelling in the mountain, above the present site of the monastery : his fame for exorcising demons and healing incurable maladies brought disciples to his side, and the little band constructed a chapel and some rude dwellings : the chapel still exists, and there is a grotto hard by, into which pilgrims descend through a chimney-like passage cut in the rock. Sinners, it is said, cannot pass this way ; and the fat, who, it may be presumed, have had too much of the good things of this life, are fain to enter by a door from below. The saint was buried here, but his bones were afterwards removed to Sofia, where they remained for five hundred years. The Bulgarian Czars loaded the sanctuary with gifts and privileges ; and their memory served to keep alive, through centuries of Turkish domination, the national idea and the record of a glorious past. Since the Ottoman invasion the monastery has had a chequered history. At first it fell into decay ; then it was restored by three brothers from Küstendil, who brought back the bones of the founder ; in later times it won the favour of successive sultans, who bestowed upon it by firman most of the privileges it now enjoys. Twice it has been almost destroyed by fire ; it has stood innumerable sieges, and more than once it has been stormed and captured by brigands, who exacted a heavy ransom from the monks. It has had enemies spiritual as well as temporal ; but notwithstanding all the efforts of the Greek

hierarchy, it has clung to the Slavonic language and ritual. In times of political and religious persecution it was a refuge to the oppressed, and at the beginning of the present century it counted some six or seven hundred inmates, clerical and lay. The Berlin Treaty gave the monastery to the new principality, but its trials did not end here. The revival of brigandage which followed the revolt of Eastern Roumelia again exposed the brethren to danger; the shepherds on the estate were compelled to supply the robber-gangs with provisions; the monks found themselves obliged to carry arms, and many of them were wont to sleep with a loaded rifle by their pillow. But the energy of the Bulgarian Government has successfully dealt with the evil; some fifty of the brigands have been shot, hanged, or otherwise disposed of, and the remainder have adopted less picturesque methods of earning their bread. The trackless forest has now been cleared of its human, or rather inhuman denizens; the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar roam unchallenged in its weird solitudes, while the chamois and the eagle divide the empire of the rocky heights above.

Next morning when I left my cell and looked down from the gallery upon the grass-grown court, I was struck by a novel and interesting spectacle. The quadrangle was thronged with hundreds of peasants in their charming holiday attire, their brightly-coloured costumes contrasting with the sombre robes of the monks and the white summer uniforms of the soldiers. Some were sitting grouped on the greensward, enjoying their morning meal; others were asleep beneath the fruit-trees, fatigued by their long pilgrimage; others were standing in the alcoves of the church, gazing with wonder and admiration and awe at the pictured revelations of the wrath to come. A little crowd was assembled at a stall beneath the belfry, eagerly purchasing crosses and beads and pictures of saints. It was interesting to observe the tendency of the sexes to keep apart: the unmarried girls sat in rows on the steps beneath the arches, with gay ribbons and strings of coins in their hair, while the young men cast shy glances at them from a respectful distance. Fresh bands of pilgrims continued to arrive throughout the day, and before evening there were at least three thousand peasants at the monastery. After sunset a terrific thunderstorm broke over the valley; the lightning seemed to leap from crag to crag above our heads, and the thunder echoed grandly among the mountains on either hand. The peasants had crowded into the galleries, where they lay packed like sardines, most of them asleep and unconscious of the storm. It was after midnight when I was aroused by the sound of beating upon a *semantron*, or wooden board, followed by the loud tolling of bells, and I went down into the court. The rain had ceased; the peasants were all astir, and many of them were already on their way to the church, at the door of which a monk sat at a table lighted by a dim candle. As the worshippers approached he inscribed in a book the names of such of them as gave offerings, it being understood that the names should be mentioned in the church services for a time proportionate to the magnitude of the gift. A little group was gathered around, as the peasants fumbled for their purses in the folds of their garments, or

stood debating within themselves how much they should give—it was a conflict of interests spiritual and temporal—or bent their swarthy sunburnt faces over the table as they eagerly watched for the inscription of their names. They had given of their penury, and they meant to have their reward.

The services continued through the small hours of the morning, and at nine o'clock Prince Ferdinand attended one of them, the peasants crowding densely to see their sovereign. Already many of the pilgrims had departed, making their way down the valley in a long picturesque train with their waggons and their oxen. The women were seated in the waggons, the men for the most part going on foot. I chanced to speak to one of the former, a sturdy countrywoman and a mother in Bulgaria, who had come hither with her two stout sons, aged twenty-one and eighteen respectively. It was her second visit to the monastery, she said; the first was before the birth of her firstborn, when she came to make her vows; and now that he was grown to man's estate she had come again. She had brought an offering of twenty-five francs, and received in return a paper with some pictures of saints and a promise that her name should be mentioned in the prayers. Not much for her money, some may say; nevertheless the investment was a good one because it made her happy. So too with the others who left their hard-won savings here; they returned to their homes happier, and perhaps better, than before. "Vain superstitions," says the Spirit of the nineteenth century. Yes, but what would life be without its superstitions? What would passion be without its romance, or faith without its mysteries, or hope without its illusions? And why quarrel with a superstition which calls these children of toil from the furrow and the pasture to spend a holiday in this delightful spot, and gives them at least a landmark in the monotony of their lives? The time may come when men will believe only that which has been proved, the darkness of credulity may yield to the daybreak of reason; but the moonlight and the stars and the enchantment of the night will vanish as well in the cold dreary mist of the dawning.

It was a magnificent summer evening—for there is little or no spring in the Balkan peninsula—and the wooded hills on the Bulgarian shore were glowing red in the gorgeous light of sunset as we sped rapidly down the swollen tide, which seemed to spread as far as eye could reach over the lowlands of Roumania as it reflected the splendid colouring of the sky above, and into which the sun appeared to sink as into the waters of a boundless ocean. A short pause was made at Turtukai, where the enthusiasm of the people surpassed anything I had yet seen, and the twilight was already falling as we came in view of the famous fortress of Silistria. The pale crescent of the new moon, which heralded the commencement of the Ramazan, had already risen above the towers of the impregnable city, and the coloured lights were twinkling on the minarets, from which the call to prayer and the proclamation of the great festival had but a moment before been delivered. We found Silistria *en fête*; and late as was the hour, the Prince managed to hold an official reception and to inspect the

garrison before sitting down to the banquet given in his honour by the town. Silistria proved its loyalty by providing us with an excellent *menu*. Both the cook and the viands had been brought all the way from Bucharest. It was near midnight when the *Orient* turned her head against the stream, and starting amid a blaze of fireworks, steamed out into the dark silent river. We spent a portion of this night, and the greater part of the following one, at anchor in the stream. Before withdrawing to my cabin I went on deck, where, to my surprise, not a single officer or member of the crew was to be seen. All had apparently retired to rest, and there was not even a look-out man at the prow. The stars were glittering overhead with that wild, wonderful brilliancy which they only display in the southern heavens, and the rays of light were reflected on the countless eddies of the gigantic river. All was stillness but for the ripples of the water against the vessel's side and the flute-notes of the nightingales in the dense thickets of the Roumanian shore, from which we lay but a hundred yards distant. A dozen boats might have put out from the bank with torpedoes or dynamite bombs without any fear of an alarm being raised. But we had little to fear, for nobody knew where we were, the order to drop anchor being always given unexpectedly and carried out immediately.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE GREAT SERVIAN FESTIVAL"

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER

("Fortnightly Review," August 1889.)

"Happy the people who have no history." In one sense of the word the Servians have no history, or at least no written record of events worthy of that name; and yet it can hardly be said that the retrospect of the past is a happy one. A few chronicles preserved in the monasteries, some biographies of kings who were regarded as saints, and an essay on general history by Raïch are almost the only Servian sources of history extant. Even these were written in the liturgical language, unintelligible and practically unknown to the people. But the popular imagination and the popular love of song has made up for the deficiency of authentic records. The Servian *pesmas*, or heroic songs, are the real annals of the nation. They form a national epic of the highest interest and value, thoroughly indigenous, untouched by external influence, and containing at least the outlines of historical facts, while affording a vivid picture of the life, the manners, the ideas, and the aspirations of former generations of the Servian race. Composed soon after the events they narrate, and in a style suited to please the audiences of the day, they have much of the fresh, spontaneous charm of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and though no Servian Homer has arisen to weld them, like the old Greek rhapsodies, into a harmonious whole, they continue to furnish the simple, half-educated peasantry with a life-like and fairly connected idea of the heroes of olden time and their achievements. There are few peasants who cannot recite half a dozen or more of these primitive lays to the accompaniment of the *gouslé*, a kind of one-stringed violin made of

sycamore wood and played with an arched bow. Every event in Servian life which brings the people together—the village festival, the wedding, the *slava*, or patron saint's day—furnishes an occasion for the recitation of the *pesma*, as well as for the dancing of the *kolo*, or national dance; wandering minstrels go from village to village, and the *haïdouks*, or brigands, in their winter lairs pass the night in singing the exploits of mighty men of old, many of whom were adepts in their own particular trade. And so it is that every Servian peasant is familiar with the names and deeds of those who fought and fell at Kossovo—the good Czar Lazar, his wife's father, the brave Young Bogdan, his brothers-in-law the nine Yougovich, and his two sons-in-law, the nobly-descended traitor Vouk Brankovich, and the low-born but valiant and handsome Milosh Obilich, the Scaevola of Servia and the darling of the popular legend. Perhaps there is no people in Europe more familiar with its ancient folk-lore. "Littérairement," says Émile Montegut, "il n'y a pas en Europe de peuple plus intéressant. Par lui nous pouvons pénétrer le mystère des poésies primitives."

At Lubostin there was a scene which, more than anything I have ever witnessed, recalled visions of the golden age. It was a magnificent summer day, and the rays of the noontide sun were streaming brightly through the foliage of the noble walnut trees which surround the monastery. Some thousand peasants in holiday costume were scattered in groups beneath the shade, the brilliant hues of their garments forming a pleasant contrast with the rich verdure of the greensward. They had come with their waggons and their oxen; and the handsome sleepy-eyed animals were reposing hard by, chewing the cud of peace, and apparently as happy and contented as their masters. Horses, too, bearing on their backs gorgeously coloured rugs, on which their riders sleep at night when they undertake long journeys, were standing beneath the trees; lambs and sucking pigs were turning on wooden spits over pine-wood fires; rudely made picturesque country carts were being utilised as pantries and wine cellars, and I saw an ecclesiastical dignitary in his robes pushing one of them under a shed. We approached some of the picnic parties and found they were enjoying excellent fare—roast lamb, brown and white bread, both of good quality, very palatable cheese, good wine and *komovitzza*, a liqueur brewed from barley. The people were most hospitable, offering us a share of their repast with a courtesy and frankness which was very winning, for they are unaccustomed to the existence of social superiors, and feel none of the *mauvaise honte* created by artificial distinctions of rank. The costumes of the men were in many cases very handsome, their homespun jackets being embroidered with silver, their waistcoats tastefully worked in flowered patterns of silk, and their worsted stockings shewing wonderful varieties of design in brilliant colouring. The dress of the women was scarcely as picturesque, but very effective in the distance, owing to the brightness of its hues; many of them wore yellow silk handkerchiefs round their heads and strings of coins in their hair. It would seem as though the Servian women exhausted their aesthetic faculties in the adornment of their lords. They are prettier than their Bulgarian sisters, but nature, in

the case of both nations, seems to have lavished most of her favours on the men. It was impossible to look upon these sturdy countrymen, with their well-nourished frames and contented faces, without reflecting that something at least may be said for a system of peasant proprietary. They have each of them a small estate of at least nine acres, which they are forbidden to sell or pledge; and if they want more land they can easily obtain a grant from the Government if they can give satisfactory proofs of industry. Sometimes they work together in associations of families, or *zadrugas*; and this system of practical socialism has been found so advantageous, owing to the pressure exerted upon the idle, that the Government encourages it by remissions of taxation and military service. But there is a difficulty, I regret to say, in inducing the women to live together in peace. The land is fertile, and supplies the modest wants of the Servian peasant without exacting any great amount of labour; he has time for a holiday such as this—in the middle of the harvest, and for many more besides. It seems deplorable to our commercial instinct that the most should not be made out of the soil; but there is really no reason why the Servian peasant should be richer than he cares to be. He is happy, and that is enough. And it would be rash to assert that the average of happiness is lower in this sunny land of ease and plenty than in a certain island in the far north-west, where, amid fogs and smoke, millions toil unceasingly for wealth they have no time to enjoy, and Mammon and Respectability are as gods, with Mrs. Grundy for their archpriestess. There is a kindly reasonableness—shall I say a Christian charity?—in the habits and even in the laws of these unsophisticated people; they have not yet been hardened by the greed of gain and the daily sight of poverty and rags amid enormous wealth. The village inn, for instance, is open free at night to the poor wayfarer; he is neither driven to the nearest haystack for shelter and then prosecuted for trespass, nor is he arrested for the crime of having “no visible means of subsistence.” There are no beggars in Servia, for the blind and the maimed earn their living as village minstrels, and the healthy and strong find abundant occupation, and can become landowners if they will. Mrs. Grundy would not approve of the Servian peasants; but they are nearer to the kingdom of heaven than she is. It is interesting as we stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, to follow the life and manners of these last survivors of a patriarchal age:

. . . . extrema per illos
Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

EXTRACTS FROM “THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SPHAKIOTES”

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER

(*“Fortnightly Review,” August 1890.*)

The shadow of night was falling as we entered the mountain village of Lakkos, passing on our way a small encampment of Albanian gendarmes—surly, ill-favoured-looking fellows, who, as we afterwards

learned, lead a cat-and-dog life with the villagers. The latter, most of whom were veritable sons of Anak, apparently regarded us with some distrust as we entered the little khan, but as soon as we produced our credentials they received us with all cordiality. We were conducted to one of the largest houses in the village—a two-storeyed mansion, the lower part serving as a stable, and the dwelling-rooms on the floor above being reached by a terribly steep flight of steps. Here we were hospitably entertained by the man of the house, a fine-looking mountaineer, who attended to our wants in person, while the women of the family, grouped together in a dark corner, seemed contented to watch us with a shy curiosity. Presently the villagers dropped in one by one, till soon we were a goodly company; and the flickering light of our tiny lamps, falling dimly on their swarthy, handsome, black-bearded faces, their herculean frames and picturesque costumes—at the same time faintly shadowing the outlines of female forms in the background—revealed to us a scene worthy of a Jordäens or a Teniers. There were few of these wild warriors who had not taken human life in this land of the vendetta and religious feud; most of them had carried a rifle in the two last insurrections; and yet now they told their tale of outrage and wrong with an almost touching *naïveté*, resembling the frank simplicity of children. Many of their narratives scarcely stood the test of inquiry, but there was no conscious attempt to deceive, nothing but an overwhelming conviction that all their evils must be traced to the hereditary foe.

We proceeded to a point at the southern end of the plain, where the rocky barrier before us seemed to afford no possible means of egress, when we unexpectedly came upon the Xylóscala, or "Wooden Ladder," the end of the southern entrance to the Sphakian stronghold, and without doubt one of the most extraordinary mountain passes in the world. We stood upon the brink of a steep declivity, descending at least three thousand feet into a narrow gorge, where, amid the dense foliage of overhanging trees, we seemed to catch the sparkle of a running stream; to our right an enormous pile of dark-blue rock, frowning grimly at us from out of the sky above, broke off into a terrific precipice, and sank sheer into the abyss beneath our feet; to our left stupendous mountain forms, massed and contorted by some fierce convulsion of nature, appeared to leap and rage and battle together in the wildest confusion, while above them all Mount Holy Ghost, like a monarch among giants, rose glistening in a royal mantle of the purest white. It was one of those sights which, when once seen, can never be forgotten.

The Xylóscala has been given a bad name by the travellers and the guide-books;¹ but our mules, like the Tommy Atkins of after-

¹ Pashley, who did not descend the Xylóscala because he distrusted his horse, relates how "not long since a Sphakiote went with his mule for the first time; the poor beast started back on seeing the precipice and, losing its footing, was precipitated to the bottom" (see *Travels in Crete*, vol. i. pp. 148 and 157). "Les mulets eux-mêmes," says Perrot, who also took another route (*L'Île de Crète*, p. 75), "y sont exposés à être pris de vertige, et on en a vu souvent rouler avec leur charge au fond de l'abîme." Murray is equally discouraging. But under

dinner speeches, were fit to go anywhere and to do anything, and our human companions were equally reliable. We accomplished the descent without mishap, and rested for a while beneath the shade of beautiful plane-trees, near by the running stream, which, springing suddenly from a cleft in the rock and vanishing again into some mysterious aperture, disappears and reappears again several times in its progress down the valley. We followed the course of the stream as it wound its way among the immense boulders which had fallen from the beetling cliffs around us; sometimes the bed was dry, and afforded a kind of path; at other times it was necessary to scramble up the mountain-side to a considerable height, where the way, leading up and down among pinnaced rocks or sharply turning by the verge of some unexpected precipice, was even more trying to the nerves than the Xylóscala itself. The absolute indifference of my mule, which would sometimes stop to browse on some choice fern or mountain shrub, at a point where a single false step would have hurled us both to destruction, would certainly have been a little irritating were it not a consoling sign that the animal had no tendency to vertigo. Every moment the scenery changed, as one gigantic mountain succeeded another on either hand, but no sign of human life broke upon the deep solitude till we approached a little ruined monastery half hidden among beautiful cypresses. The form of these graceful trees has ever been connected in the Cretan mind with the ideal of feminine beauty, and one may hear the muleteers singing some such love ditty as this:

My slender little cypress-tree,
 With purple cap so neat,
 What happy youth shall fondle thee
 And linger at thy feet?

Proceeding on our way, we soon came in sight of the fine bay of Suda, where seven vessels of the Turkish navy were riding at anchor, and then approached the foundations of the ancient Aptera, the "wingless town," where the Sirens, vanquished in a contest of singing by the Muses, lost their feathers, and, casting themselves into the sea, were changed into the rocky islets which lie in a group at the mouth of the harbour. Descending a rugged path by the edge of the sea, we came, for the first time, to a track which almost deserved the name of a road; here we met with a body of Turkish troops on the march, light-hearted youths, who were singing at the top of their voices, and beating time by clapping their hands. It was a sultry day, and none of them had partaken of food since the night before, for it was the time of the Ramazan; and yet these cheery souls were as happy as kings. Some of them rebuked our Mussulman gendarme, who was smoking a cigarette, for indulging in this luxury during the time of the fast, for the true son of Islam, as I have often heard, is vexed in his righteous soul by the laxity of the Cretan believer. Here was a real Salvation Army, hungry, thirsty, ill clad, and toiling beneath a burning sun; yet jubilant and joyous in the hope of a world to come.

favourable conditions there is no real danger. The name *Ξυλόσκαλα* is derived from the wooden beams which are here and there fastened into the rock in order to make a path.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE POMAKS OF RHODOPE"¹

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER

("Fortnightly Review," October 1893.)

We began to ascend the romantic valley of the Yadenitza, which sparkled at our feet, half hidden by luxuriant gardens of maize and beans and hops; no vines are to be found at this altitude, but along the water's edge immense green gourds lay cooling themselves and turning a yellow-tinted side to the sun. The lofty slopes on either hand are now, alas, clothed only with brushwood, for the noble forests which once covered all this region have disappeared, "exploited" by Baron Hirsch when making his celebrated railway. In half an hour's time we came to the spot where, exactly three years ago, two railway officials, MM. Ländler and Binder, were captured by brigands, who, I think, must have been woodland spirits in human form, determined to avenge the destruction of their ancient home. These denizens of the forest, however, styled themselves "political agents," and told their prisoners that before long they would "remove" Prince Ferdinand, inasmuch as all true Bulgarians wished to be governed by their brother Slavs, the Russians.

We soon reached the charming little town of Belovo, half Pomak, half Bulgarian, with its deep-eaved wood-built houses clustering round the stream, its balconies adorned with creeping plants and flowers, its quaint Turkish bridge, its glittering minaret, and its "decent church" topping the neighbouring hill. Here we left the valley and began to ascend the mountain path on our left. Before long we had left the ravages of Baron Hirsch behind us, and we entered upon the grand primeval forest which stretches away to beyond the monastery of Rilo, some fifty miles to the west. Yet soon it was evident that here, too, the work of destruction was going on apace. Every now and then we met peasants coming down the mountain-side with oxen laboriously dragging timber, the lower and heavier portion of the felled tree being supported on a single pair of wheels, while the rest trailed behind, acting as a drag in places where the descent became precipitous. The sun was now declining, and the golden rays fell gently on the forest-clad slopes around us, revealing here and there some patch of exquisite verdure amid the gloom of the pine trees and the spring-like freshness of the beechwood. Far beneath us the little town lay sleeping amid the shadows, a charming spectacle but for the ruthless desecration of the woodland on either side; above us the rocky peaks stood robed in flaming carmine or towered in deepest purple against the western sky; away to the north the spreading plain of Philippopolis lay steeped in a soft blue mist. But the splendour of the sunset vanished rapidly; and the stars had long been twinkling overhead when at last we reached the summit, famished and fatigued. Our "sumpter-horse" had lagged behind, so we were fain to support life with a crust of black bread, borrowed from one of our gendarmes, and a draught of ice-cold water tempered with a few drops of *raki*.

¹ Pomaks are Moslemised Bulgars.—AUTHOR.

The descent was steep and we were often obliged to dismount and lead our horses. Again we entered the dense forest, now so dark that we could scarcely see a yard ahead ; but my gallant grey, still keeping the van, went merrily forward till my hat was suddenly swept from my head by a stray telegraph wire—unexpected trace of civilisation—which somehow managed to cross the path at this point. Had that fateful line been a few inches lower this veracious narrative would never have been written. We continued to ride through the wood for some hours, till at length the sound of men's voices was heard in the darkness. Had a fresh band of brigands come over the frontier ?—that was the question. No, it was only some half-dozen “ notables ” of a neighbouring village who had ridden out to welcome us. There were handshakings, greetings, and presentations, instead of pistol shots and the flashing of yataghans ; our friends had provided a primitive vehicle for our use, lest we should have been wearied of the long ride on horseback, and in this we bumped and splashed and jolted for another hour, till at length, long after midnight, we arrived at the Pomak town of Lijené-Banya, to which we were bound, catching a glimpse of its ruined walls in the starlight, and entering the main street through an arched gateway, which much resembled the late lamented Temple Bar.

The place of our domicile at Lijené-Banya was a large, clean, new mansion, well furnished in the Turkish style. Over the principal entrance was the inscription—“ This is the house of Ali Effendi, the son of Hussein Aga.” Ali Effendi, our host, is a man of mark in his native town. He is a mufti of high reputation, and conducts the services in the mosque which adjoins his dwelling. Tall in stature, with hair and beard slightly grey, his bronzed oval countenance, with its high arched nose and flashing eyes, surmounted by the turban which denotes his rank, he looks the type of a Mussulman ecclesiastic of high degree, and there is nothing either in his appearance or manner to suggest a trace of his Bulgarian origin. I was startled to hear him greet us in Bulgarian ; and, indeed, for the next few days I could hardly get over my surprise at hearing Bulgarian spoken everywhere, so little do the Pomaks resemble their Christian cousins. Ali Effendi had built his goodly house as a speculation, for a comfortable hostelry is needed by the well-to-do citizens of Tatar-Pazarjik, who come hither in the summer-time to enjoy the pure mountain air, and to bathe in the warm ferruginous spring from which the village takes its name.

The cleanliness of Ali Effendi's mansion was in pleasant contrast with the usual squalor of a Bulgarian village khan. Cleanliness is enjoined in the Bible as well as the Koran, but somehow or other the Eastern Christian falls sadly behind his Mahometan neighbour in this respect. Sound and undisturbed was our slumber beneath Ali Effendi's speckless coverlets, and in the morning we rose refreshed, and eager to welcome the novel impressions supplied by a Pomak village. Lijené-Banya looked, indeed, a charming little spot in the bright morning sunshine, with its tile-roofed houses nestling among fruit trees, its little mosque adorned with a graceful minaret, and its limpid streams of running water coursing at random through the streets. In front of

Ali Effendi's abode was a patch of greensward shaded by lofty trees, beneath which the turbaned fathers of the village were seated on gorgeous carpets, sipping their morning coffee, and smoking with calm, austere dignity the long-stemmed pipe of peace. If appearances count for anything, there is no perfect tranquillity of mind beyond the pale of Islam. Before the door ran a clear, swift rivulet, tickling the roots of two magnificent willows ; beneath their shade a bridge-like platform was constructed over the stream, fitted with seats all round like a family pew, and furnished with a kind of removable trap door in the midst, which enabled the company to gaze upon the running water—always a delight to the Pomak as it is to the Turk.

Right opposite was a smithy, where at the present moment an ox was being shod by a bronzed, handsome son of Vulcan, while some dozen peasants, who seemed not to be in a hurry about anything in particular, were standing or sitting around. The animal lay on his back, his four legs being drawn together, and attached to a horizontal beam, which rested on a stout tripod. It was not the spectacle, however, but the spectators that attracted my attention. Tall, athletic, clean-limbed figures, aristocratic features stamped with the mastery of centuries, eyes that looked at you straight in the face without defiance indeed, but without fear, and with just a suspicion of supercilious indifference, reminding you that you are but a Giaour . . . what dignity of pose and gesture, what superb bearing, what splendid non-chalance of mien and manner ! Peasants indeed, but gentlemen every one of them, who would treat you to their best with a courtly hospitality, and run a yataghan to your heart if you insulted their womankind or slighted the creed of the Prophet. I have seen many a handsome type of humanity among the Bulgarian peasants, but nothing so picturesque, so *distingué* as this. It was only among the younger Pomak men, whose beards were not yet grown, that I detected a trace of relationship to the Bulgarian race ; the Bulgarian peasants, with the exception of the popes and the elder men, do not wear the beard, whereas the Pomaks invariably allow it to grow. Young Pomak men who have lately been married wear a flower, either attached to the turban or inserted behind the left ear ; the Bulgarians of the Tirnova district do likewise. And what of the Pomak women ? Assuredly they are beautiful ; they must be beautiful. But I have never seen a Pomak woman's face ; for the Pomaks are in all things more zealous for the law than their teachers, the Turks ; and not only do the women screen their faces with the *ferejé*, but they turn aside, and sometimes even take to flight, at the approach of an unbeliever.

Want of space compels me to record as briefly as possible my impressions of this interesting people. A casual observer might imagine them to be Turks ; but there were certain differences in the type which would hardly escape the notice of any one familiar with the East. The only parallel instance I know of the change which a comparatively recent conversion to another faith can effect in the characteristics of an Oriental race is that of the Greek Mussulmans in Crete. No one could possibly mistake the Greek Mussulman for a Christian Greek, though some might mistake him for a Turk. The apparent similarity between the Pomaks and the Turks might perhaps be accounted for

by a common Turanian ancestry, for it is hard to say to what extent the genuine Bulgarian is really a Slav. Adopting the language of the Slavs whom he conquered, he became a Slav; adopting the religion of his Ottoman conquerors, he almost becomes a Turk. It may be suggested that intermarriage with the Turks has brought this apparent fusion; but this is not so; the Pomaks are of purer Bulgarian blood than the Bulgarians themselves, because the adoption of Mahometanism preserved their women against the licence of the Ottoman conqueror. A few customs still existing among them bear witness to the fact that for eight centuries their forefathers were Christians. They still celebrate some Christian holidays; they will attend the consecration of a Christian sanctuary; they will sometimes, I am told, invite the prayers of a Christian priest in cases of illness. The women lament over the graves of their departed relatives, using the old Christian prayers *mutatis mutandis* to suit their present creed. At the feast of Bairam the maidens dance the Bulgarian *khoro*—unveiled this once, for it is then that the Pomak youths select their brides; the young men may not dance, but stand at a becoming distance and take stock of their future partners for life.

I must only sketch briefly one or two other scenes of my pilgrimage. It was a chilly evening when, fatigued by a long day's ride over the mountains, we descended into the valley of Batak, the scene of the famous massacre some fifteen years ago. The last gleam of sunset was lingering in the west; beneath us a damp cold mist hung over the ruins of the hapless village; around us the purple hills, those mute witnesses of an appalling crime, looked down in gloomy majesty upon the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Arriving at the village we passed along the main street, which seemed to form the bed of a mountain torrent; new houses had risen among the ruins, but here there was nothing picturesque, no trace of the old-world charm which characterises a Bulgarian village. We entered the mud-floored khan, where some twenty of the inhabitants were assembled. What a contrast was here to the lordly race of highlanders among whom we had been sojourning! Pale, dejected, dispirited, half stunned, it would seem, by the blow which had fallen upon them, the Christians of Batak bore the mark of ages of servitude; and they and their descendants will bear it for many a day, for the stamp impressed by centuries of subjection is not easily effaced. It is sometimes hard to realise in Bulgaria that the servant has become master and the master servant.

Next day we visited the church and the schoolhouse, the principal scenes of the tragedy, as well as the hospital built by Lady Strangford, and now used as a church. It was strange to see an English inscription, two Union Jacks, and a coronet painted on the plaster over the door of the hospital. But the church, which formed the last refuge of the unhappy villagers, was the principal object of interest. It was on the 7th May 1876 that Achmet Aga and his warriors appeared before Batak. He summoned the inhabitants to give up their arms, but mistrusting him, they refused to do so, and defended themselves for two days, until it became evident that the Pomaks were getting the

best of the fight. Then came a parley ; Achmet Aga swore a solemn oath that if the villagers would deliver up their arms not a hair of their heads should be touched. They did so ; and next came a demand for all the money in the place. This, of course, was given up. Then the Pomaks entered the village, and put all the inhabitants to the sword without distinction of age or sex. The houses were burned, and nothing was left of Batak save a pile of smouldering ashes and corpses. When all was still and the work was done, Achmet and his mountaineers returned to their villages.

We were accompanied to the church by the *kmet*, or mayor, a well-spoken, good-looking man of about thirty-five years of age. It is a low, strongly built structure, which might have been defended successfully by a few resolute, well-armed men posted at the narrow windows. But the occupants on that terrible day were mainly women, and the men who were there had given up their arms. We passed through a little churchyard surrounded by a high wall, and stooping low beneath the arch of the narrow doorway we entered the temple of Death. At first it was impossible to see anything in the darkness ; then gradually the bare white walls became visible—whitewashed by the Turkish officials, in order to remove the bloodstains and the traces of burning. The same officials, with praiseworthy energy, took up the stone floor, in order to make things presentable for the European gentlemen who came to investigate the crime. Every trace of the woodwork had disappeared, for the Pomaks set fire to the interior before the wretched occupants had all been slaughtered. There was nothing in the way of furniture, except a kind of wooden stand, on which a number of skulls, some sixty or seventy in all, were ranged in rows, and some boxes containing charred bones. Many of the skulls had been perforated with bullets, others had evidently been slashed by yataghans, most of them from behind. On some of them lay small bouquets of faded flowers ; on one, that of a young girl—almost cloven asunder by a sword-cut—lay a tress of dark brown hair. The *kmet*, at that time a lad of twenty, was one of the few who escaped from the church. I shall never forget the story which he told us, as he stood with us in this dark charnel-house, with a lighted candle in his hand.

“ When we heard that the Pomaks were coming,” he said, “ my father, who was one of the two popes of the village, told me to take my wife and the other women of the family to the church, where the women were assembling. I never saw my father again—he was tortured by the Pomaks, and his eyes were torn out while he was alive. The other pope was treated in the same way. About a thousand of us were crowded in the church, and the door was made fast. When the Pomaks began firing through the windows my wife was struck in the shoulder by a bullet. As the bullets were entering the church from all sides, I endeavoured to make my way to the door, which had been forced by the Pomaks, and through which some of those in the church were endeavouring to escape, most of them being shot down by the Pomaks as soon as they came out. When near the door I fainted and fell among the corpses. When I regained consciousness I found myself lying under several dead bodies, which were so thickly piled above me that I could scarcely breathe. I freed myself with

difficulty, and went out of the church. The Pomaks had gone, but I was immediately arrested by a Turkish official. One of my sisters, who was in the church, disappeared, and I believe she is now living as a slave somewhere over the frontier. Many of the younger women disappeared in this way. After the attack on the church had continued for some time, those who were inside were told that they might come out in safety, as they had been pardoned. Achmet Aga stood by the door, and as the men came out one by one he gave orders that they should be executed. They were taken down to the river-bank, where the Pomaks stood ready with drawn swords, and were beheaded there. The bodies were thrown into a pit close by."

We went out of the church into the pleasant sunshine, and descended to the margin of the clear, swift stream near at hand. Its banks were once covered by busy timber-mills, which were burnt with everything else in Batak. On the grassy slope we could discern the traces of the pit, since filled up, into which the bodies of the victims were thrown. Close by was the large new school-house, raised on the site of the former building, in which more than a hundred women and children were burned alive. Five thousand human beings perished on that fatal day. The bodies lay piled in the streets and in the churchyard, and choked the mill-dams in the stream. Many of them were eaten by dogs, for the few survivors were so crushed by the misfortune that they never attempted to bury the dead.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum. Religion, religion alone, was the cause of all these horrors. For let it not be supposed that the massacre of Batak was the deed of alien conquerors, of strangers, of invaders, like the Israelites in Canaan, or like the Turks themselves in Europe five hundred years ago. No, the crime was committed by neighbours upon neighbours, by kinsmen upon kinsmen; by men of the same blood and language as their victims, descended, like them, from ancestors who had resisted the Ottoman invader; by Bulgarians upon Bulgarians. And in what respect did the murderers differ from the murdered? In the tenure of a dogma, in divergence of opinion as to the mode of reaching Paradise. . . . The massacre of Batak was the crowning tragedy of 1876. The Turkish Government acquiesced in what had been done, and Achmet, defender of the faith, received the Order of the Méjidié. Well-meaning but ill-informed persons in England imagined, and imagine still, that the horrors of Batak were perpetrated by the Turks. They were perpetrated by Bulgarians upon Bulgarians.

EXTRACT FROM "PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG"

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER

("Fortnightly Review," January 1894.)

Rarely in these prosaic days do we find a figure in which is centred all the interest and romance of the departed age of chivalry. The world, as heretofore, is not wanting in great men; our age yields to

none that have gone before it in magnificent achievement ; but the romantic element is absent, and the poet or historical novelist of the future will pass over the latter end of the nineteenth century when in search of an attractive hero. An exception will perhaps be made for Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Every attitude that can kindle the historic imagination or touch the chords of human sympathy will be found united in the person of the first Bulgarian sovereign. Youth, beauty, valour, distinction, and a rare personal amiability—all were his ; in his brief career were compressed as in a drama the vicissitudes of a long lifetime—hope and disappointment, blighted love, the brilliant success of a moment, followed by a tragic downfall and retirement into comparative obscurity. Before he was thirty Prince Alexander had learned the lesson which most men only master when their hairs are grey. His premature death seems a fitting termination to an existence which had realised too soon the conditions of human destiny.

I do not propose to write a biographical sketch of Prince Alexander, or to enter minutely into the details of his private life in accordance with the growing tradition of our Americanised literature. It is rather as the first sovereign of the young Bulgarian nation that I wish to speak of him here. The services rendered by Prince Alexander to his adopted country were splendid and distinguished. The future historian, indeed, will hardly allow him the title of great ; his faults were undoubtedly many, but his position was one of exceptional difficulty, and few men with his youth and inexperience would have committed so few errors or conquered so many obstacles. Prince Alexander was by no means a mere soldier, as some have imagined. He possessed no inconsiderable talent for diplomacy, a gift which laid him open more than once to the charge of insincerity. His intuitive insight and perception of character developed rapidly during the short period of his rule in Bulgaria, and displayed itself sometimes in a way that astonished those with whom he was daily brought into contact. In dealing with Orientals he could show upon occasion a subtlety and acuteness of which the open frankness of his manner betrayed no symptom ; and those who believed they had outwitted him sometimes discovered that the tables had been turned upon themselves. His principal fault as a ruler was a want of resolution and tenacity of purpose, qualities essential to success in any career, and indispensable to the leader of a people in whose nature these characteristics form a striking ingredient.

It is difficult to estimate the exact amount of popularity which Prince Alexander enjoyed amongst the Bulgarians. Tall, handsome, well made, noble in aspect, and amiable in manner, he was the type and impersonation of that *ἡρόπῃ ἐπαυρή* with which Homer clothes his heroes, and which, as a rule, enthral the affections of the multitude. But the Bulgarians are an unimpressionable people, and their hatred and suspicion of foreigners amount to a passion. They welcomed their young Prince with, for them, a wonderful display of enthusiasm, spontaneous and genuine, no doubt, but perhaps as much inspired by self-congratulation over their newly acquired liberty as by devotion to their future sovereign. They had learned before the Prince's

arrival that his family had objected to the ultra-democratic character of the constitution bestowed on them by Russia, and during his first journey through the country the young ruler of Bulgaria passed beneath triumphal arches on which the ominous words "Constitution of Tirnova" figured in large letters. The political honeymoon was already dimmed by a cloud: it was an omen of the trouble that was to come. During the first five years of his reign Prince Alexander can hardly be said to have possessed any real popularity. He was a foreigner—a *tchuzhdenetz*, a German, and a Protestant. The people, taciturn, suspicious, ignorant, and unresponsive, regarded him with indifference, if not with distrust; it was hard for them to unlearn the lesson which they had been taught from childhood by their priests and by Russian emissaries—that the great orthodox Tzar was the real ruler of Bulgaria. Whatever advantages accrued to him from his personal charm, his sincerity of motive, and his honest efforts to promote the welfare of the country, were neutralised by the systematic detraction to which he was exposed on the part of the Russians and the rival Bulgarian politicians, who dragged his name into all their disputes, and bandied it to and fro with a total disregard of decency. It was not till September 1885, when he came forward as the champion of a united Bulgaria, that he began to feel himself in touch with the national sentiment. From this date also began his popularity with the army, for it was then that the Russian officers, who occupied all the superior posts, were withdrawn by order of the Tzar. It was not till Prince Alexander had bidden them a final farewell that the Bulgarians began to appreciate his real merit: *virtutem incolumem odimus, sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi*.

CHAPTER III

A CORRESPONDENT'S DIARY

I LEFT London for the Balkans on October 19, 1912. The great journal for which I was setting out to work that morning most opportunely published a leading article eminently calculated to cheer and encourage those about to take part in the imminent war. I think a severe frost-bite was the slightest injury that any one could hope to escape with ; for the vast majority there were reserved alternatively, mutilation, typhus, no quarter, typhoid, Dum-dum bullets, cholera, and forty degrees below zero. When I had finished the article my spirits rose to such an extent that I found myself praying that either there might be a collision before we reached Dover, or else that the boat would sink before we reached Ostend. The game was up ; death was inevitable ; it were far better to get done with it at once.

At Ostend I had an opportunity of seeing how admirably the registered baggage system is worked. Two trains stood alongside a platform—one for Holland, the other for the Near East. My heavy baggage lay between them, and presently came officials and porters, who perhaps had strong views on the subject of international arbitration, and had privately decided that a nice new Wolseley valise would constitute a striking trophy for the decoration of the Temple of Peace, and therefore they would lose no time in despatching it to the Hague.

However that may be, it is certain that pugnacious-looking mule-trunks destined for Bulgaria were put into a van bound for some absurdly pacific spot, and I believe one of the conspirators in the cause of arbitration was making out fresh labels addressed to Mr. Carnegie. But fortunately for me, who was about to enter what would undoubtedly have been an ineffectual protest against this diversion of my property, there exists at Ostend one railway official who has not yet succumbed to the debilitating influences exerted by the proximity of the Hague. The hawk eye of this stern individual at once detected the plot of his subordinates, and in peremptory terms, some of which seemed to have the true Army-in-Flanders ring, he commanded the conspirators to place my luggage in the Orient Express.

I was going to Sofia, but it was impossible to get a ticket beyond Buda-Pesth, and, as was natural, fellow-passengers regaled one with lurid and wholly false accounts of the disorganisation of the railway system beyond Austria, and of the weary weeks that must elapse before one could hope to feel a Dum-dum bullet or gaze on a cholera camp.

There was a Yorkshireman going to visit his oil-mines in Bulgaria—apparently a paying investment,—and an Austrian who lived most of his time in England returning to his native land; why he was returning to his native land I wondered, for the whole tenor of his conversation was the depreciation of Austria and the exaltation of England. This person spat as he harangued, and beslavered Englishmen and English institutions with fulsome and indiscriminating praise. And yet there are foolish persons who maintain that as a nation we are not popular in Europe.

At length we came to the huge monastery of Melk, set on its rocky bluff above the glittering Danube, where the valley is wide and fertile, and the hills are covered with trees, and the whole countryside smiles at the memories of hundreds of years of loving cultivation at the hands of the excellent priests. And at night we ran into Buda-Pesth, where the luxuries of travel ended. The view from my bedroom window was entrancing. Myriads of lights twinkled on the rounded contours of the hills, contending with the stars; the broad river threw a mysterious belt of darkness through the coruscating city; a shadowy bridge loomed out of the purple distance; nothing was solid, nothing real in that fairyland.

Buda-Pesth is beautifully situated, but it smells like a composition of drains, coffee, and bad tobacco; and many other places in Eastern Europe appear to emulate its undoubted priority in this direction.

Of medieval Buda, Busbecq wrote in 1564: "On the following day we pursued our journey towards Buda, the doctor being as nimble as before, in spite of his terrible bruises. When we were just in sight of Buda, by order of the Pasha some of his household came to meet us, along with several cavasses; a crowd of young men on horseback formed the most remarkable part of our escort, on account of the strangeness of their attire, which was as follows: They had cut a long line in the skin of their bare heads, which were for the most part shaved, and inserted in the wound an assortment of feathers; though dripping with blood they concealed the pain and assumed a gay and cheerful bearing, as though they felt it not. Close before me were some of them on foot, one of whom walked with his bare arms akimbo, both of which he had pierced above the elbow with a Prague knife. Another, who went naked to the waist, had stuck a bludgeon in two slits he had made in his skin above and below his loins, whence it hung as

if from a girdle. A third had fixed a horse's hoof with several nails in the top of his head. But that was old, as the nails had so grown into the flesh that they were quite immovable."¹

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote, in 1717, of "Buda, once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, where their palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the Governor-General Ragull, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

"The city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube, the castle being much higher than the town, from whence the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The Governor assured me it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, they appear at a little distance like odd-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments.

"Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I., King of Bohemia. Solyman regained it, 1529, by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hand of King John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it; and the Queen-mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid, who raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her Court from thence, which she was forced to submit to, 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg, 1542; the Count of Swartzenburg, 1598; General Rosworm, 1602; and the Duke of Lorraine, commander of the Emperor's forces, 1684; to whom it yielded, 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the Governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet the Fourth the following year."

Next morning (21st), I arose at 5.30, in order to take train to Belgrade. It is surprising how many of the best sort of trains start in the middle of the night. There must be some reason for this; but the desire to attract a larger travelling population is probably not the true one.

The country hereabouts is very dull. A vast plain of rich soil, unencumbered with fences, grows a prodigious quantity of maize.

¹ Forster and Daniell, vol. i. p. 396.

The plough-horses look like thoroughbreds, and stride down the illimitable furrows at a pace that would astonish an Essex farmer. Perhaps because of the excessive toil involved in following race-horses at farm-work the Hungarian rustic seems to do as little as he possibly can when otherwise employed.

The navvies on the line are chiefly engaged in relighting long pendent china pipes, which nearly break on the permanent way if their owners are so incautious as to use their shovels. The stations are crowded with sackcloth-clad peasants emigrating, and the inference is that wages are very low. In the afternoon we arrived at Semlin, where the broad yellow Save separates Hungary from Servia, and saw across the river the city of Belgrade, set on the flat top and steep flanks of a long low hill. Kinglake, in *Eothen*, written in 1837, describes the abrupt and startling difference between Western Semlin and Oriental Belgrade, though only a river divides them; but to-day all is changed; the Turk has retired from Servia; Belgrade apes the methods of Brussels, and the Servian is outwardly as civilised as his neighbour across the Save.

A ferry-boat took us from Semlin to Belgrade, and the moment we set foot on Servian soil we realised that here the gates of Janus stood open. The landing-stage was crowded with armed men—reservists, probably, coming back to the colours—and the inevitable chorus of women and boys. Evidently some of our fellow-passengers were persons of distinction, for a great cheer went up as they struggled to the street. And what a street! Narrow, dirty, and paved with a cobbled irregularity that must be felt in a victoria to be properly appreciated. There can be no question that the coach-builders of Servia are pre-eminent in their profession.

This indictment applies only to the flanks and lower part of the town. On the flat summit there is one very long, very wide, well-paved street, with some excellent houses and shops in it, as well as the hideous, yellow, square, rococo palace, in the purlieus of which the hideous murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga took place. As one looks at that street, so modern and civilised, and thinks of the crime committed in it, reminiscent of the bloodiest periods of medieval history, one cannot avoid the conclusion that the unspeakable Turk indeed arrested the spiritual development of the peoples he misruled by just the length of time he exercised his blighting influence, and that was more than four hundred years. I left Belgrade as soon as I could, by a train which started at the comparatively reasonable hour of seven in the morning.

All along the line, at short intervals, stood peasant-guards, with long thin bayonets fixed; there were no Turks within two hundred and fifty miles, but if there had been those unfortunate sentries would have been massacred in detail.

The scenery is small and unimpressive: low hills, narrow valleys and winding streams, with hardly a distant view. Maize and grass seemed to be the chief crops. At every station there was a great concourse of peasants, clad in dark-brown sleeveless Zouave jackets embroidered with black cording, and trousers thrust into gaily coloured socks encircled and protected by straps led from the heels of the *tsavouli*—the raw-hide moccasins universally worn by soldiers and labourers in these Slav countries. A better form of foot-gear than this does not exist. Why are we so many centuries behind Red Indians in the matter of boots?

These *tsavouli* are light, pliant, easily dried and easily made. I saw many a soldier, later on, busily skinning a horse. Indeed, it was almost necessary to be present at the demise of a horse in order to see one dead and still integumented. With the horse-hide the soldier made himself a new pair of boots. Now our soldiers cannot make their own boots, so the kindly contractor supplies them with an article that is either too long or too short, too wide or not wide enough, that is very heavy and tiring, impossible to dry easily, but when dried inflicts savage injuries in the shape of corns, blisters, and sores. Then the kindly contractor charges the taxpayer for those boots a sum that in Servia would buy seven pairs of *tsavouli*. Certain aspects of civilisation seem to denote a tendency to dissociate the instrument and its function. This is a sign of decadence. The army contractor would be surprised and incredulous if you told him that the best boot was the boot in which you could march longest without pain: he would almost certainly reply that the best boot was necessarily the boot that cost the most money.

We got to Nish, Mr. Jackson and I, at 8 P.M., and having subsisted on some bread and grapes during the past twenty-four hours, we were not sorry to see a refreshment room again. The place was crammed with hungry men, and two tired-looking women, half asleep, shook their heads like mandarins to a thousand requests for food.

Here I first had an opportunity of noting the perfect manners of the commonalty of Servia and Bulgaria. There was no shouting, no pushing and shoving, no scowling at new-comers, no recriminations hurled at the women behind the buffet, as there would have been in countries nearer home. What we saw there—order, dignity, restraint—I saw invariably later on under conditions often very adverse to their exercise. However, Jackson had skilfully obtained a bottle of wine, and Signor Bevione, Correspondent for *La Stampa*, of Turin, most generously presented us with half a chicken, so we did not do so badly after all. A railway-carriage closely packed is a poor place to sleep in, particularly when you are woken up at every station by demands for passport and tickets; but it was not for us to grumble. Every-

where stood long trains of trucks full of huddled men, patched with white and red ; they were the wounded from about Uskub going back to Nish.

I saw Sofia for the first time early in the morning (23rd), in a haze of rain. The vast plain ended mysteriously ; beneath a long purple cloud there was a city ; and high above the cloud the rising sun lit up snowy peaks.

Their capital summarises the qualities of the Bulgarians—an intense desire for progress, continuous industry, reticence. Fifteen years ago Sofia was a collection of adobe buildings on the usual Turkish plan ; the streets narrow, tortuous, filthy, and uneven ; the houses designed as though to stand a siege, with blank walls and massy bolted doors. Now it is a modern city, with spacious boulevards and well-planted squares, remarkable for the excellence of its paving of yellow tiles. The street that leads from the station to the centre of the town is so straight and so long that after a time you come to the conclusion there is no end to it ; then you come upon an old Turkish mosque, reverently preserved in the heart of the Christian city, and suddenly dash past a palace bowered in trees, and brilliant with vermilion salvias. Here you might be in Paris or in Brussels, except that Sofia is ampler in her streets and open spaces. And there is another huge difference now. Sofia is not a city of the dead, but the city of those who have gone forth to die for her if need be ; and the wide streets are silent and empty, and no children's voices echo across the deserted squares. For the fathers are gone away to fight the foe, and their children are all helping their mothers to fight that other foe, Poverty.

I remember going into a tobacconist's, and finding the tiny shop under the sole control of two diminutive urchins, hardly out of the nursery. They skipped up ladders to dizzy heights in quest of choice cigars ; they gravely consulted one another as to the proper price to charge ; they counted out the change with the assurance of expert financiers. I am not sure that they thought taking my little present of a franc apiece was strictly professional, but I know I had tears in my eyes as I went into the street. Of course there are lacunae and hiatuses in Sofia ; it must be so in every city only fifteen years old. But it is safe to say that in another ten years Sofia will be worthy of the great nation whose capital she is.

I went to the Hôtel de Bulgarie—as good an hotel as is to be found—and saw Bouchier, after a lapse of twenty-six years. He was the same Bouchier—ruddy, red-haired, with the merry laugh—that I last saw in mortar-board and gown, striding briskly to instruct naughty little Eton boys, who with their usual acumen had discovered that Bouchier is not of the stuff that most pedagogues are made, and, I am afraid, traded on the knowledge. At all events, Bouchier was tremendously popular ; to be “ up

to " (*i.e.* in the division taught by) Bouchier was a coveted distinction, which meant a great deal of fun and not too much work, and the absolute certainty that even if caught red-handed shying a lexicon at Brown minor's head you would not spend "after twelve" in durance vile. Little did those wicked boys imagine that their too-good-natured master would live to be acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of grateful Christians as the chief factor in their liberation from the bondage of the Turk.

At the excellent Union Club I was introduced to Mr. Graeme-Scott, Bouchier's private secretary, and to Mr. Heard, our Vice-Consul. Life is full of curious coincidences. A fortnight before I got to Sofia I was travelling in Kerry, and was told of the beautiful garden on the island of Rossdohan (the Point of the Two Birds) made and owned by Dr. Heard. I determined to see the garden, and with great audacity sent Dr. Heard a wire asking if I might come over. I got the kindest of replies, and a most hospitable welcome, and, best of all, a whole day of the society of one of the most talented gardeners in the United Kingdom. What a perfect gem, set in the blue waters of the Kenmare estuary, with the mountains all purple and gold with gorse and heather! and the trees and shrubs—the cordylines, Benthamsias, Eugenias—all growing jungle-like on a spot where thirty years before there had been only one hawthorn bush! An English gardener must go to Ireland if he wants to garden.

Dr. Heard told me one of his sons was on his way back to his post at Sofia, the last place in the world I ever expected to go to; and yet, a fortnight later, the first man I met in the Union Club was Heard.

At the Club, too, I was presented to H.B.M.'s Minister, Sir Henry Bax-Ironside, and met Herr Kolmers, a distinguished young German doctor who had come to Bulgaria at the Queen's request to take charge of the hospitals organised by Her Majesty.

Late that evening I got a telephone message from the Prime Minister telling me he was sending me a permit to go to the front, and asking me to call on him next day at 10 A.M. M. Gueshoff is a man of about sixty; round-headed, square-jawed, with straight eyebrows and mouth. His eyes are kind in expression, and mitigate the sternness of the rest of the face—a sternness increased by a loud and commanding voice. His moustache and imperial are white, and his hair so closely cropped as to look as though his head had been shaved. Decision, action, and vigour are the characteristics of the man.

The Prime Minister was most cordial, and he and Bouchier (whom I had persuaded to accompany me) and I had a very interesting talk. M. Gueshoff told us how he acquired his

perfect knowledge of English : he was educated at Owens College, Manchester, where Mr. Spenser Wilkinson was one of his friends. Bouchier told him that he had been my master at Eton, and the Prime Minister jokingly replied that he must have been a very good master. I don't believe Bouchier had ever been called a very good master before ; and he was so pleased that he laughed consumedly. We then discussed the function of the Greek fleet, and M. Gueshoff said there was no written undertaking as to its rôle. Bouchier urged that it should cut off sea-communication between Asia Minor and Salonika, for the Greek battleship *Averof* was more powerful than anything the Turks had got. The Turks, on paper at all events, had the stronger fleet, but the officers were a poor lot. The Premier and Bouchier agreed that the taking of Thasos by the Greeks was as a *point de départ* against the mainland. I took my leave of one of the great men of the twentieth century with the feeling that here was a statesman who not only was a great man, but who looked and talked like a great man. His study, in which he received us, is a comparatively small room, with a fumed oak parquet floor, and a high dado of the same wood. The writing-table and two big wire-fronted bookcases match the floor and dado, and the latter is surmounted by a paper of dull gold. There are a few red leather arm-chairs ; portraits of the King and Queen, and the inevitable telephone. On the pink blotting-paper lay a newspaper—it was *The Times*.

Before we went away, M. Gueshoff wrote and gave to me the following open letter to M. Stancioff, lately Bulgarian Minister in Paris, and now Chief of the King's Bodyguard at Headquarters (Starazagora) :

MON CHER MINISTRE—Je vous recommande tout particulièrement le porteur de cette lettre, M. le Colonel Rankin, correspondant du *Times*. Veuillez lui faciliter la tâche d'historiographe de notre guerre et croire, mon cher Ministre, à mes sentiments cordialement dévoués.—J. E. GUECHOFF.

The small boy who had eventually admitted us to the house then showed us out. His duty is to say "Not at home" to everybody, and he says it. The difficulty Bouchier had on our arrival to get him to understand that I had an appointment with the Prime Minister was prodigious. The diminutive and sceptical Cerberus had barred the door against us while he went to obtain confirmation of his inflexibility, and he finally let us in with a disappointed air.

My interview with the Prime Minister had ended by his saying that he had to go to the station to see the Queen off to Philippopolis, whither Her Majesty was proceeding in order to attend a Red Cross Society's meeting for the organisation of hospitals.

Bourchier had just received £100 from Mr. Noel Buxton, the Chairman of the Balkan Committee in England, and he wanted to know the Queen's wishes as to the disposal of it. This seemed a good opportunity to find out, so we presently took one of the neat little victorias, with their pair of fast ponies, that abound in Sofia, and dashed down the never-ending street towards the station. It was not difficult to gauge Bourchier's position in Bulgaria from the way he was treated by everybody, from Royalty downwards. Outside a door stood the Royal car. Bourchier walked straight in, and presently came out saying that the room was full of ladies-in-waiting, and that perhaps we had better wait until the Queen came out on to the platform. I fancied that was distinctly the better way, and so Bourchier elbowed his way through the throng of waiting people until he got to the fringe of bayoneted sentries guarding the carpeted space reserved for the Court. I thought that the sentries would at least challenge him, but no, when they felt his elbow in their backs they merely looked round, saw Bourchier, and stood on one side. I kept so close to Bourchier that I got through the line before I could be bayoneted. At length the Queen of Bulgaria appeared. Attended by the Prime Minister and uniformed dignitaries of her suite she walked towards her carriage, close to which Bourchier and I had stationed ourselves. Her Majesty is petite, dark, and pale, with an expression of goodness that is unmistakable. Bourchier went forward bowing, and preferred his request for Her Majesty's commands as to the destination of Buxton's £100. The Queen replied, in excellent English, "I will let you know when I return." Then I had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty, who spoke a few gracious words. And so the Royal lady started on her errand of pity and succour, turning to bow smilingly to the dense cheering crowd of her subjects.

That afternoon (24th) it was evident that the Sofians were expecting something. The almost deserted streets began to fill up; the quiet groups gravitated towards the Press Agency; and soon a large crowd had assembled, framed by the waving acacias and vermilion salvias of the great square. Suddenly a roar of cheering broke out, and as the news flew from mouth to mouth the whole city vibrated from end to end with a storm of hurrahs. Kirk Kilisse (Lozengrad) had fallen, and the keen wits of the soldierly Bulgarians realised that the key of Adrianople was theirs. Moreover, it was the first victory the Bulgars had ever gained over the Turks, and in the popular imagination it seemed a certain augury of the ultimate success of their country's arms.

That was a tremendous evening. There was no riotous mafficking, but every man, woman, and child in Sofia turned, laughing, cheering, and handshaking, into the streets, and the bells of the churches rang, and lights gleamed in every window.

Opposite my hotel a group took up the National Anthem—a sweet and plaintive melody. A white-headed figure, hatless and bowing, comes in sight; it is M. de Sazieff, a hero of Slivnitsa and the Servian War. He is hoisted shoulder-high, and carried through the cheering throng. Then a huge wave of humanity surges down on the Hôtel de Bulgarie, and Bouchier, another Bulgarian national hero, ex-assistant-master at Eton, is discovered at length in the midst of the multitude, somewhat the worse for wear, but still able to laugh his jolly laugh. He is carried up to a room facing the street and deposited on a balcony, amid loud cries of the Slav equivalent for "Speech, speech!"

Bouchier made a speech; it was a model of brevity and conciseness; in Slav he said "Good night," and that was all. The crowd laughed and moved away, and Mr. Jackson and I took a stroll down the principal streets, for there is no spectacle in the whole world so exhilarating as that of a nation rejoicing. But you can never get away for long from the dark side of the war-picture. There were women in Sofia who wept that night.

As we strolled along I saw two men with long hair flowing over their shoulders marched rapidly through the street by guards with bayonets fixed, and I called Jackson's attention to them.

"Those fellows are followers of Tolstoi," he said, "and they go about preaching the wickedness of war. This town is under military law, and those chaps will never see another sunrise. They will be tried by court-martial in barracks to-night, and they haven't got a cat-in-hell chance. Personally," finished up Jackson, "I hate those fellows that try to set people against defending their country."

Then we went into the Market-hall—a huge brilliantly lighted and spotlessly clean building 200 ft. long and 150 ft. wide, with meat and vegetables ranged orderly in rectangular blocks—beef and mutton, potatoes, cauliflowers, paprikas, lettuce, egg-fruits, tomatoes, and dozens of other things—all splendidly clean and healthy-looking.

The next day (25th) I bade farewell to my kind friends Bouchier and Graeme-Scott and Jackson, and took train for Starazagora. Hundreds of officers and thousands of men were being sent off to the front, and every seat was taken. I was fortunate in my companions, who were all officers of the Bulgarian army, except the handsome young man who sat opposite to me and talked about hunting in England and big-game shooting in Uganda in faultless English. We exchanged food, and I got some lovely rosy stuff that looked like a rare and costly jam, but was really a cheap but excellent caviare.

The country we passed through has a smooth, polished look,

due to the absence of trees and the scantiness of all forms of vegetation—a drab and featureless land in which the yellow and red of the dying leaves of the oak-scrub planted on the hills burnt by the Turks in 1878 is a welcome oasis of colour. We met truck-loads of wounded Bulgars and truck-loads of captured Turks, and at all the stations there were crowds of happy peasant-folk cheering the never-ending procession of fighting-men.

The costumes of the peasant women of Bulgaria have certain small local differences ; but there is a family likeness about them all. The thing that strikes the Englishman is the use of colour. In his own country, women who used colour in their dress profusely and contrastively would be thought mad or vulgar. But the Bulgars live in a clear-skyed land where sharp contrasts are the usual effect of the atmosphere ; and they know their reds of the oak-scrub, and their greens of the young wheat, and their brilliant whites of mid-day sunshine ; and they paint them in their dresses as God paints them in their fields. Over a white short-sleeved chemisette they wear a black Zouave bodice embroidered in filigree. The arms between the shoulders and the elbows are bound with green and yellow circlets, and a white coif comes low and straight across the forehead, enclosing the hair, which falls beyond the limits of the coif in a loose queue. Most of the young girls wear a bright green pinafore. In Oriental countries the use of black in dress is the recognised badge of a subject race, and it seems likely that the almost universal black Zouave jacket of the Bulgarian women is a relic of the days when they quailed beneath the rule of the Turk. But the bright hues of freedom are creeping fast over the dark habiliments of woe ; and nearly all the Bulgarian women ornament their skirts with chequers of brilliant colour contrasts—red and white, or green and red, or these two and white—the national flag, of which they are so justly proud.

At a station where an enterprising journalist was busy photographing a squatting group of Turkish prisoners my *vis-à-vis* in the railway carriage took me to the end of the train, opened the side of a truck, and showed me three magnificent horses, one of which was Irish, and the other two Hungarian. He offered to lend me one if we were on the same job, and I am sorry I never had the chance of a gallop on one of those splendid animals—sixteen-hand blood hunters up to fifteen stone, all of which had won steeplechases. Behind the horses came a 60-h.p. motor belonging also to my friend, so one realised that his ability to traverse all sorts of country was reasonably assured. Later we exchanged cards—Prince L. Windischgrätz, Chamberlain to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and as delightful a person as ever existed.

Cantilever bridges, of the archaic and picturesque type that

one sees in Baltistan, span the infant Maritza as it rushes through its narrow limestone gorges; and near the city of Philippople (as it is hideously spelt on the railway station) the flat lands are cut up into paddy-fields and irrigated for rice. There, too, are large orchards of mulberries—the commonest fruit-tree to be seen both in Bulgaria and Turkey.

“Compulsory Greek” is a subject that has been exercising the minds of pseudo-educationists lately, and a visit to Servia and Bulgaria furnishes the thousandth reason why that language should be taught to everybody. It was like going back to Eton to see the old familiar letters, and they threw the glamour of heroic antiquity over the newest and ugliest railway station. Bishop Cyril, the great missionary, brought them to these parts a long time ago; and he would undoubtedly turn in his grave if he knew that the city of Philip now called itself Philippople in Roman characters.

At eight in the evening we arrived at Starazagora. It was dark, and I did not see the victoria which Headquarters had most thoughtfully provided for Prince Windischgrätz and myself; so I got hold of a porter and marched off through the rain, over miles of cobbled roads, to an hotel.

I have seen a good many inferior inns, but my guide at last ushered me into the bar of the meanest and filthiest one of its kind. There were eight or ten dirty fellows drinking at small tables; there was no room for more. I could not make the host understand me in French or German, and I was meditating a bolt into the street when the most extraordinary little person insinuated himself under my notice. He was extremely small and thin, about four feet two, and his dilapidated black clothes hung about him limply. His face was very pale and his nose very red, his eyes very watery, and his long hair very greasy, and from his unshaven chin protruded half a dozen hairs an inch long. A more farcical parody of a man never existed. But he spoke excellent French, which was accounted for solely by the fact that he was a Frenchman, and he told me that every hotel in the town was full to overflowing with correspondents, and that I should do well to get a bed at the Tsar Osvo-boditel Hotel, or Tsar Liberator Hotel, which in truth was the magniloquent name of the pothouse in which I found myself. In Starazagora all the principal streets and all the smallest inns appear to be called Tsar Osvoboditel; and there is certainly an attractive rotundity, a sesquipedalian roll, about the words which almost condone the confusion caused by their ubiquity.

After a while I was led through a dirty kitchen into a dirtier backyard, and taken up a flight of creaking steps into a passage so narrow that one could hardly walk straight in it, and then a door was flung open, disclosing a very small room into which

three beds had, by some feat of juggling, been crowded. "You can have one of those," said the host. I shuddered at the prospect of passing a night in such a place with two companions from the bar below, but if all the hotels were full what was to be done? So I left my bag in the room, got hold of the weary little Frenchman, and induced him to take me round the town on a tour of investigation. He was very difficult to persuade; the town was under martial law; it was very late; we might be arrested or shot; besides which, it was ridiculous to imagine that there was a hole or corner left vacant in all Starazagora except that one miraculous bed in the hotel Tsar Osvoboditel. But when I had made it clear that I would reward him for his services he became amenable, and beguiled our tramp through the rain with the melancholy tale of his misfortunes: he had lost all his money; he had left France in order to teach the Bulgars French; he had a wife and two daughters to support; his affairs were not prospering. It seemed incredible that so abject a little creature could ever have induced any woman to marry him. But the ways of Nature are inscrutable.

By the time my small guide had reduced himself to tears, composed two-thirds of bad cognac and one-third of want of the money to buy any more, we arrived at the hotel Zelantan Lieve, or Golden Lion, which is the Ritz of Starazagora. The whole front of the place seemed to be made of door, which was very hard to open, and equally hard to shut, and designed with a view to giving all concerned with it the maximum of noise, draught, and irritation. Within were a swarm of diners lingering over their coffee and cigars—military attachés in uniform at a long table on the right, war correspondents in the middle distance, and natives in the offing under the cinematograph sheet.

That restaurant had a fine sense of the inestimable value of caste distinctions; everybody got exactly the same food, but if you sat to the right of a certain pillar you paid eight francs for your dinner, and if to the left, only four. The right seemed usually more crowded than the left, which is a proof that newspapers like their correspondents to be comfortable.

I saw two Englishmen at a little table (dangerously near the social boundary; they might easily have been mistaken for four-frankers), and when I advanced unhesitatingly upon them through the maze of tables they got up and greeted me. They were Mr. Pryor, Director of *The Times*, and Mr Maxwell, of the *Daily Mail*, who in the intervals of the merriment produced by the sight of my weird guide, told me they had come down to meet me at the station the previous day, and had procured a room for me at the Zelantan Lieve. This was good news indeed, and my Lilliputian Frenchman was straightway allowed to indulge his

evident partiality for brandy, before staggering back to the nauseous hotel of the Tsar Liberator.

Pryor and Maxwell, after having been cooped up in Starazagora for weeks doing nothing except abuse the censors, were in high feather at the prospect of an immediate advance, and they were very kind in putting me on to the right authorities for the procuring of the necessary passports, brassards, and permits. The steps taken by the Bulgars to identify and control correspondents were many and successful. One had to carry one's photograph about with one on a little red card, with one's signature on it; one had to wear a red brassard with B.K. and a number on it; and one had to have a document informing the various persons concerned who you were and what Headquarters would allow you to do. For instance, Nevinson of the *Daily Chronicle*, Maxwell of the *Daily Mail* (running in couples with *The Times*), and I had permits to go anywhere we liked; but of course that did not mean that we were free to go whenever we pleased; the jealous vigilance of the local commanders saw to that; and not a few correspondents who violated the limits of their liberty by as little as a kilometre found themselves back in Sofia, with orders to repair to their native climes after such an interval as would render useless to the enemy any information they might have obtained. But the great bulk of the correspondents were tied down to definite areas; some were deported at once. Later on Mustafa Pasha swarmed with them, even as Starazagora; whereas at Tchataldja, the only battle at which correspondents were present, there were only ten out of the hundred and fifty or so who started.

The next morning (Oct. 26) Prince Windischgrätz came round and told me M. Stancioff wanted to see me. As I had a letter for him from the Prime Minister which would, I knew, expedite all necessary arrangements for getting away to the front, nothing could have been more opportune. The Prince told me about the victoria that had been sent for us the night before, and laughed when he heard of my adventures. He told me that M. Stancioff had been, before the war, Minister at Paris, but was now Chief of the King's Bodyguard, and quartered in the same house as His Majesty, where the Prince was living.

M. Dimitri Stancioff (which may be pronounced Stantchoff, but the former is the spelling on the ex-Minister's cards, just as M. Guechoff spells his name with a "c," whereas all foreigners spell it with an "s") is one of King Ferdinand's favourites, which one can so easily understand. He is one of those people with fascinating manners and an attractive personality; gifted too with great mental power—an able diplomat.

I can never be sufficiently grateful for all his kindness to me at a time when he must have been working twelve hours out of the twenty-four. He gave me notes to all the principal understrappers of authority, telling them to give me passes

without delay, and refused to hear of my stopping at such a place as the Zelantan Lieve; I should find Madame Dimtcheff's house far more comfortable. (I thought of the hotel Osvoboditel and smiled.)

"The Marquis de Segonzac and M. Puaux of the *Temps* are there," he said. "You will find them both quite clean," and then he laughed. He had seen too much of war correspondents not to know that certain of them import the habits of active service into ordinary life.

He wrote down on a slip of paper, with surely the largest blue pencil ever fabricated, the name and address of Madame Dimtcheff. It is not necessary to add that she lived in the Ulitza Tsar Osvoboditel.

I spent the whole day rushing from office to office, and when evening came I was in a position to leave Starazagora for the front next day.

Starazagora is a new town, built on the site of the one utterly destroyed by the Turks in 1878. It lies on the dark flank of the treeless mountains, and overflows into the flat fertile plain—a straggling, wide-spaced, rectangular city, dotted with mulberry trees yellowing under the autumn rains. Its position as the railway centre of the richest corn-producing area in the country has earned for it the name of the granary of Bulgaria, and no Bulgarians have better reason to hate the Turk than its inhabitants. But like Winnipeg in the old days, and other great cities in their infancy, Starazagora strikes the Western traveller as inchoate and unfinished. The streets are broad and planted with trees, but the houses are not on the same scale as the boulevards, and the breadth of these latter is only accentuated by the depth of the ruts which striate them. But the site is good, and the surrounding plain extraordinarily fertile, and there can be no question that in days to come Starazagora will be a great city.

Madame Dimtcheff's house was a revelation. There were a double flight of steps leading up into a spacious hall, which opened through folding-doors into a court filled with all sorts of flowers in tubs and pots, the delicious scent of which filled the whole house. My room opened out of the hall; and I do not think there was an upper story. Everything was palatial: the linen, gilded candelabra, silken easy-chairs, and pots of cyclamen. Alas, it was only for one night that I exchanged the awful discomfort at the Golden Lion for the soft luxury of Madame Dimtcheff's abode! I got up at six the next morning, and found Madame Dimtcheff already among her flowers in the court. She was in deep mourning and so were her children, and I realised the inhumanity of war in forcing strangers into her house in the hour of her sorrow. One of her children could talk a little French, and so I expressed my gratitude for her hospitality and

took my leave. When I got back to my room to fetch my coat I found an exquisite little breakfast laid out on the large table in the centre of that delightful room. How good it all tasted after the relative privations of the last few days! It was the last decent meal I was fated to have for six weeks.

That same morning (Oct. 27) Maxwell and I set out for Mustafa Pasha. Before leaving I called on Colonel Lyon, D.S.O., H.B.M.'s Military Attaché to the States of Bulgaria, Servia, Rumania, and Greece, and got from him some valuable information and some less valuable maps; for most people had bought maps with a view to a Turkish irruption into Bulgaria, and not with a view to a Bulgarian irruption into Turkey; and consequently the maps were all north and no south, which is a defect in a map.

Our caravan consisted of a 10-h.p. Delage four-seated motor—one of the best little cars that ever ploughed through bogs—and its chauffeur Alexander Mamegonian; a light four-wheeled hooded wagon drawn by two grey horses, or rather ponies, and their driver George; and a cook called Alexis.

Alexander is an Armenian—a bullet-headed, black-haired, aquiline-nosed, brown-eyed, corpulent fellow of twenty-eight; an admirable driver over ordinary roads, but certain to lose his head and get into the worst place when things get difficult. He is not of sanguine temperament, and viewed some of the difficulties he was called on to face with a horror that was comic. On such occasions he would spit on his hands and ejaculate, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" and I fear we only ruffled his patriotism by genially insisting that as the track got worse the more it resembled the streets of Sofia, in which he had been wont to drive, and which he considered, and not unjustly, the acme of all that is perfect in roadways.

Alexander is not a fighting-man, but was liable, as a Turkish-born subject, to service in the Turkish army. To escape this he had fled to Sofia; but when the war broke out the Bulgarian authorities pounced upon him as a transport-driver. Now, Mr. Alexander Mamegonian had been getting two pounds a week as a chauffeur in Sofia, and he had a vivid, if not distorted, conception of the horrors and hardships incidental to the life of a transport-driver in war time; so when Maxwell managed to secure him by judicious use of consular authority, Alexander was full of gratitude and hope. But there was another side to the question. When Alexander, weary with much driving, and appalled by the terrors of the track, became restive or sulky, which not infrequently occurred, his benefactor reminded him of the life led by Bulgarian transport-drivers, and the extremely exiguous proportions of their pay; and then, if Alexander still persisted in remaining restive and sulky, a lurid picture was promptly sketched in graphic outline of the probable fate of a deserter handed over to the Turks. At that Alexander's beautiful

olive complexion would grow ashen, and his plump cheeks visibly contract, while at the same time a marked desire to please would take the place of his former recalcitrancy.

Alexander looked like an Indian ; he was an Oriental *au bout des ongles*. Vanity is a common trait in the Oriental character, and Alexander's favourite device for proving the excellence of his driving was to turn round and look at the departing scenery or at the hind wheels. He kept a motley collection of old rope and empty benzine tins affixed by means of rotting straps somewhere on the footboards, and if the scenery was too ugly for words, or the back wheels had just had new tires put on, he would lean round and gaze affectionately at this rubbish. He would have told us—in fact, when remonstrated with, he did tell us—that this retrospective mood was induced solely by the desire to look to the safety of our property. But I knew better ; it was induced by the desire to show off. Now a little failing of that sort in one's chauffeur is venial in broad-wayed Sofia, but on the edge of a Turkish precipice it becomes a trifle irritating.

It is only fair to the Armenian to add that he had the eye and hand of an expert, and that however near he brought us to destruction we always actually escaped it. With regard to discipline Alexander was hopeless ; though repeated lessons eventually improved him in this respect. He would not admit that it was possible that any one but himself could drive a motor ; and it was only necessary to tell him to keep to the right in order to see him go to the left. From some of the directions Maxwell gave him I am inclined to think that my colleague had not only noticed this peculiarity, but was acting on it.

On the thousand and one occasions when we had to get out and push behind, an invariable custom of Alexander's, directly the groaning and panting little car had gallantly vanquished the mud, was to crack into top speed and have a run by himself. No vocal efforts on our part ever arrested his wild career ; his joy in freedom, the absence of four compelling eyes sternly fixed upon his sideways cap, constituted an irresistible call to his blood.

If I, however, with unreasonable intolerance of a fellow-mortal's free exercise of his volition, ever ventured to hint to Alexander that I resented such behaviour, as tending to loss of time, to cause me unnecessary fatigue, to load my boots with portentous quantities of mud, and, finally, as a breach of discipline, my colleague would remind me, with a judicial air, that as we were entirely dependent upon the benevolence of our chauffeur towards us, it were well to treat him with the utmost consideration, and not to allow such a trifle as a two-mile tramp through the worst mud in the world, shouting all the time, to mar the cordiality of our relations. Seeing myself in a minority of one on this and similar questions, I schooled myself to accept all the avoidable

misfortunes that occurred with a laconic stoicism that, I am proud to say, won the warm-hearted Oriental's admiration, and towards the end of the journeyings he several times paid me the very high compliment of asking my advice on technical matters.

It only remains to add that Alexander was a convinced teetotaler; but it was astonishing how frequently a very severe pain in the pit of the stomach induced him to apply to us for brandy, for whisky, or for any other medical comfort containing a high percentage of alcohol. He considerably warned Maxwell and myself that his colleagues George and Alexis were immoderately addicted to the bottle; and I have several times noticed him putting temptation, in the shape of the contents of the large wine-flask, out of their way, when firmly convinced that no one was present to observe and commend his noble deed.

Géorg, or George, was a very different stamp of man. He was a tall, lean, hard-bitten fellow of about thirty-five, with huge brown moustaches sticking out on either side of his face, and intelligent grey eyes. One could guess, without being told, that he was a horse-master. As with horsey men all over the world, his trousers were rather close-fitting in a land of baggy trousers. If one gave George an order one knew that it would be carried out, even if the poor fellow had to pawn his coat to do it, as George, in straits for money, and having four horses to feed, actually did on one occasion.

His walking powers were wonderful; all day he would tramp through the deepest of all possible mire, wading through streams and bodily lifting wheels when they jammed against boulders, often on the scantiest ration of bread, and yet he never once grumbled. He was always willing, always up to time, and his first thought was always for his horses. What we should have done without George, Heaven only knows!

Alexis, the cook, was a scoundrel. Maxwell declared that once in Philippopolis Alexis had prepared a dinner such as he had never eaten farther east than Vienna. If so, I am disposed to believe that some one else cooked it. Certainly the specimens (they were not many) that I saw of Alexis' culinary achievements awoke no suspicion in my breast that I was no longer in Turkey but snugly ensconced in the Café Voisin. I have a firm belief that once Alexis was my cook in Tunis, and that after he had threatened to stick a knife into me I had him removed to prison by two gendarmes. At all events the facial resemblance was remarkable. Alexis never once talked to me about the advantages of Tunis as a winter-resort, but he finally decamped with my nearly new Wykeham saddle.

Of the horses it suffices to say that one was very much better than the other—a dappled grey about fifteen hands, a free-goer and stout-hearted, whereas his companion was smaller, with a

coat like an ox, and a disposition to stop and kick if the work in his opinion were too prolonged or too severe.

On October 27 Maxwell and I set out from Starazagora in our little Delage, amid a crowd of persons, including our friend Colonel Lyon, who were apparently animated by a desire to know how all that luggage and three men could possibly get on to or into so small a vehicle. Our departure was kept a secret, known to everybody, in order not to ruffle the susceptibilities of all the correspondents who had no cars, and who had to travel later by a plebeian train.

The motor itself had been kept in an obscure shed, in the midst of a labyrinth of slums, in order that no jealous person might make a hole in the radiator, or put spokes in wheels which Alexander considered had their proper complement already.

At last the ultimate bag was secured to the groaning foot-boards ; Maxwell's head alone emerged from a sea of baggage ; and in front Alexander, in horrible French, represented to me the difficulty of pedipulating the clutch with water-bottles, haversacks, and revolvers trying to find their own level on the floor. On the right of the screen fluttered the Union Jack, on the left the red, green, and white horizontal bars of the Bulgarian flag. The crowd cheered ; we were off to the war.

It was Sunday, and the vine-trellised streets (what picturesque and delightfully useful things are those same pergolas of vines !) were full of women in gay attire, of which the Romanys were by no means the worst dressed or the least favoured. A church was discharging its early congregation, and the bells rang merrily as the black-robed, high-hatted, long-haired and bearded Papas, or Pope, smiled on his departing flock. In front of us the road flew away as straight as a dart for thirty kilometres over a dead flat black alluvial soil, in which the young corn was already emerald.

The villages we passed were small and half-deserted ; the houses of adobe with red-tiled roofs, or with rough walls of wattle covered with mud and thatched. Only old women and boys and fowls were left ; all the men and horses and oxen had gone to the war.

After a prosperous spin of fifty kilometres over a road which contained no holes over a foot deep we got to Tirnovo Semen, on the right bank of the Maritza. The only way across the broad river appeared to be by the fine railway-bridge, and that was completely blocked by stationary trains. However, a local worthy put us on a track which I fancied was a practical joke, and down the awful declivity we bumped and skidded until we struck a military bridge, over which Alexander dashed at a pace which would have killed the paternal engineer, had he been looking on.

But on the far side our wild career was abruptly brought up

by a bog and a precipice, and had it not been for the kindly help of a dozen gunners (into whose camp we had plunged) we should have been there to this day.

As Bulgarian soldiers all look alike, I may as well describe their uniform here. Their tunic and trousers are of a rough brown cloth, very warm and durable, with black shoulder-straps and letterings. On their feet they wear the *tsavouli* already described, and round their legs they bind with many thongs thick white felt-like gaiters of woollen material. Their caps are like our Guards' caps, without the German exaggeration in height—dark blue with a red band round the edge. Many soldiers have told me that their caps made excellent targets for the Turks (who themselves wore green khaki, like their tunics), and there is no question that details of this sort make a lot of difference in war. Officers have an oval enamelled device on the front of their caps, and they replace *tsavouli* and gaiters with the leg gear of the West; but there is such a wealth of invention shown in their permutations and combinations that the brain boggles at the task of describing them all.

The fact which impressed an observer accustomed to our beardless battalions was that all the Bulgarian soldiers were men, not hobbledehoys—fine, broad, deep-chested, hairy men, reared on sour milk and brown bread, with clear pale skins and resolute brown eyes, and black locks flowing out behind their tattered and dirty headgear. Splendid fellows, splendidly trained and led, they furnish some of us with an example we should do well to follow. There is no need for a crusading Lord Roberts in Bulgaria; every man there understands very well the first and primitive duty of citizenship. God help England if before long we don't produce a statesman capable of seeing, through and beyond the sordid haze of party politics, the eternal realities that make for a nation's peace!

Fifty quick-firing guns were limbering up as we left the camp; for all the Bulgarian world the cry was, "Forward to the front!" In the station close by I saw three very curious-looking objects, the like of which I had never seen before. They were huge metal skeps, or beehives, out of each of which protruded a vicious little gun. I suppose those armoured beehives could hold four or five men apiece; and while they were sending out their droning swarms to gather honey from the flower of the Turkish army they would be completely protected from the waspish bullets of their foes.

These beehives were mounted on four wheels, and six oxen were dragging one down the road. I think our War Office might do worse than adopt this idea, which called up the exquisite lines of Dr. Watts:

How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite.

There were also four 5-inch (Creusot ?) guns on the line, bound for Mustafa Pasha and the besieging of Adrianople.

We motored from Tirnovo Semen to Hermanli, but we did not go by road, we went across country. In England, walls and hedges would make it difficult, though not impossible, to drive a motor across country; in Bulgaria there are no walls and no hedges; but the boulders are just as difficult to negotiate as walls, and the mud is much more retentive than any blackthorn fence.

If you can imagine eighteen consecutive miles of black ploughed field churned by guns and bullock-wagons into a congeries of ruts eighteen inches deep, you have some faint adumbration of the delights of motoring in Bulgaria. But the reality of it all will escape even the most vivid imagination. I had to jump out very quickly about three hundred times, and tore my breeches worse each time I did it; then came a period of frenzied pushing behind, which left the arms in a state of agonising pain, and the heart thumping like a sledge-hammer; and after that you had to jump into the car in motion before Alexander could get clear away. Then for five minutes you panted in your seat; and when Alexander saw that you had got your wind he would purposely drive into the stickiest place, and make you go over the performance all over again, just like an encored dog, or one of those silly tunes with *Da Capo* at the end of it.

At one place we had to cross a stream, and the Bulgarian flag hit a tree and snapped short off, which some people would have regarded as a very dreadful and portentous omen. To us, however, the far bank was more ominous; there the car stuck, and pushing, I am glad to say, became a work of supererogation. Luckily a bullock-wagon and six bullocks came up, and their driver very obligingly unhitched the leaders and brought them up the bank. Alexander then proceeded to attach a rotten rope to the axle; but the rope resented the corpulent Alexander hanging on to one end of it; it broke and threw Alexander backwards with great force on to the hock of an unsurprised bullock. An English beast would have displayed serious annoyance if a fifteen-stone man had suddenly alighted on its hock; but these Bulgarian animals have lived so long under the Turks that when anything startling happens they just mutter *Kismet* under their breath and go on ruminating.

I wandered in the drenching rain up the little watercourse in which we had stuck, and was rewarded for my inattention to the hauling operations by finding *Crocus speciosus*—pale blue instead of lilac, but otherwise just like our meadow saffron (*Colchicum*)—peering shyly out of the grass. Close by grew a clump of dark blue columbine (*Aquilegia*), with flowers and seeds on the same plant. In all Bulgaria I do not believe there are so many flowers in one place as in that little watercourse.

We were now passing through a land of rolling hills, boulder-strewn and oak-scrub-covered, until at last with incredible efforts we got to Hermanli, and struck a road once more. From Hermanli to Mustafa Pasha the country flattens out; a poor, sandy soil takes the place of the rich black humus round Starazagora, and trees are few and far between. Three miles from Mustafa we entered Turkish territory. The boundary between Bulgaria and Turkey is marked by the dwelling of the customs officer—a very ordinary-looking brown-tiled wooden house, but distinguished by the proximity of a most remarkable erection. This is a four-legged, spindly structure 20 feet high, on which rests a small rude platform of boughs, and above a still ruder roof of straw. It looks like an invitation to a pair of storks matrimonially inclined, or a *mechân*, as they call it in India, from whence to shoot tigers; but Maxwell gravely assured me that it was a bedroom, and that he had passed many nights most agreeably in similar places. For my own part, I would sooner sleep in the mud than in such a crazy-looking, ramshackle affair, where, if a neighbour borrows your ladder before you are awake, you are bound to stop till he is good enough to return it.

Close to the railway station, which is a good three miles from the town of Mustafa, we came on a large field-hospital, admirably placed for sending cases easily and without unnecessary hardship to the base.

It has become almost a fashion to decry the Bulgarian medical arrangements in this war; but I hold that, considering the enormous difficulties of transport, their medical organisation was as good as could be expected. A superfluity of surgeons in the firing-line there was not, nor yet stretcher-bearers in abundance; but the wounded got their wounds dressed, and were taken back to the rear in ox-wagons—an excruciating form of torture for many of them. This sounds like a condemnation of the system; but it is not. No other methods could have been employed.

No wounded were left for days untended on the battlefield; and, except in one respect, the field-hospitals were conducted on up-to-date lines. The exception is in regard to sanitation. No soldier, no general, no surgeon-general, paid the least attention to sanitation.

Men drank at any foul pool they came to, and no one cared. They did these things at home; why not let them do it now? So argued officers I have remonstrated with, forgetting the multiplication table.

Our good friends the Bulgars must send a mission of keen young surgeons to study Japanese methods—far and away the most thorough and successful in the world; for with men such as theirs a fighting-man lost through preventable disease is a crime committed against the nation.

Mustafa Pasha is a pretty place, when you're not in it. The

broad yellow Maritza comes sweeping down out of the brown hills, and the willows and poplars along its banks are graceful lines of subdued colour in these autumn days. There are more trees round Mustafa than anywhere else in Turkey; it is really extraordinary that the consuming desire for firewood which seems to animate the Turk has allowed so much good fuel to remain standing.

A fine stone bridge of seven or eight spans connects the two banks of the Maritza, and nearly the whole of Mustafa is on the left bank. In the centre of the bridge there is a high stone alcove, graven with a long Turkish legend; and above this floats the Bulgarian flag. The Turks tried to blow up this bridge, but they only succeeded in breaking down two or three yards of parapet, without in the least affecting the strategical value of the bridge. Day after day, guns, men, and munitions poured across in an increasing stream, with the swollen Maritza, 200 yards broad, foaming and eddying below. If the bridge had been destroyed the investment of Adrianople would have been impossible.

When you are over the river you come almost at once upon a good-sized brick house, standing back from the roadway, guarded by high iron railings, and wearing the unmistakable air of the premier building of the district. This used to be the Spring Gardens of the Turks; and is now the headquarters of the Second Army, commanded by General Ivanoff. We boldly drove the motor into the courtyard, and sent up our cards to the great man. We were told to come in, and went up a reverberating wooden staircase into a bare hall, out of which many doors opened.

General Ivanoff is a big, heavy man, with a less distinctively Bulgarian appearance than most of his compatriots; he might be a German or a Russian. His manner is ponderous, and his expression somewhat dour. Before the war he was known as a man who allowed no considerations, earthly or otherwise, to interfere with his plans; and I believe the correspondents who followed us by the hundred found him a trifle intransigent. But we were the first on the scene; the very name correspondent had not yet had time to stink in the nostrils of the authorities they pestered; and we received a very dignified, if not excessively cordial, greeting from General Ivanoff, and were given tea in the Russian fashion—that is to say, with lemon juice instead of milk. But when we got to the subject of what we might do, and where we might go, a hard, cold look came over our host's impassive features; it was not permitted to go more than two kilometres on the road towards Adrianople, because the Bulgarian troops were getting into position, and did not want their time occupied by visitors.

This was our first intimation, from reliable authority, that the old business of war-correspondence was at an end. It was something of a shock; here were we, having travelled thousands of

miles, and spent hundreds of pounds on our papers' account, within ten miles of an epoch-making siege, yet forbidden to travel those last essential kilometres! This plaint is now so stale that I shall say no more, except that the unqualified success of the Bulgarian *démarche* in preventing the leakage of information valuable to their enemy has undoubtedly established a precedent which will be followed in all future wars.

The war-correspondent as we have known him is no more ; *fuit Carthago*. News will be got, of course ; but probably it will be done by an elaborate system of smuggled despatches from educated privates in the trenches, whose patriotism is not impervious to cash.

We were billeted in the house of the Chief of Police ; and as he keeps his men and their horses in the passage behind the front door, we felt reasonably secure from burglars.

In the evening we were invited to dine with the General and all the officers of the Staff at their club. There was any amount of food—soup, and beef, and *kusskuss* (which is a savoury mess of rice and raisins and odds and ends)—besides any amount of good, red, full-bodied wine, of which 300,000 litres had been found in the town. The officers took 100,000 litres, and gave the troops the rest ; and in an incredibly short space of time there was no wine left in Mustafa.

"Those water-drinking Turks are toppers on the sly," said some one at dinner.

The recent capture of Kirk Kilisse (which the Bulgars call Lozengrad) naturally formed a staple of talk, and the younger officers were uncommonly well pleased with themselves. "Von der Goltz said it would take Prussian troops three days to take Lozengrad, and we have taken it in three hours!" was a phrase repeated more than once. One alone, out of all the crowd of officers and censors, spoke English. This was Vassileff, a little, roundabout, spectacled, bald-headed gentleman, a professor somewhere, and a profound student of Macaulay, Spencer, and Mill. Maxwell remarked that Ivanoff resembled Stössel.

"Not in character at all," snapped the patriotic Vassileff.

The next day came the news of the beginning of the great battle known to history as Lule Burgas, and intense excitement was shown everywhere. Thousands of reservists marched cheering into the town, with chrysanthemums and zinnias in their caps, and sprigs of green in the muzzles of their rifles. No uniforms had these, but their ordinary brown clothes, with here and there a sheepskin coat with the wool inside, and on all legs were the white gaiters bound round with black ribands.

Perhaps this is the best place to give the substance of an admirable lecture delivered to a few of us a fortnight later by Captain Jostoff, of the Staff, brother of Colonel Jostoff, Chief of the Staff to General Dimitrieff, commander of the Third Army.

On October 21 the troops of the Bulgarian Third Army crossed the frontier near Kazi Kilisse and encamped in Turkey. Their objective was Kirk Kilisse. The force moved in four columns, the two strongest in the centre, the weaker on the flanks. Two columns marched down the right bank of the Teke Deresi, by way of Omar Abbas, Karamza, and Eski Polos; a third went down the left bank by way of Chesmekeui and Kermutli; while the fourth marched south-east to Tashtepe, Kisherlik, and Almajik.

Kirk Kilisse was to be taken either by a *coup de main* or by an investment; the two centre columns were first of all to attack the place while the outer columns outflanked it and worked round to the rear, cutting the line of communication with Baba Eski and Bunar Hissar. If a siege were necessary, the two inner columns would take the northern sectors of the investing line, and the two outer columns the southern.

At half-past two on the 22nd, Bulgarian patrols got contact with the enemy; the column marching on the left bank of the Teke Deresi found a Turkish cavalry regiment and a battery in bivouac near Frikler, and drove them south. At the same time another regiment and another battery came up from Kirk Kilisse in support of the retiring Turks, who then made a stand. The Bulgarian advance guard attacked these two regiments and drove them back, and many dead and a lot of ammunition were left on the field. At the same time the outer column on the right bank of the river was engaged at Eski Polos and Kermutli, and forced the Turks to retire on Petra, whence, seeing their retreat menaced, they fled to Kirk Kilisse.

On the 23rd the columns continued their southward march. This bit of country presented every difficulty that troops ever have to contend with. There are no roads; narrow valleys alternate with boulder-strewn ridges; there is no scope for manœuvre; and the Turks brought a converging fire to bear on the Bulgarians, who were numerically inferior to their enemy. The engagement now became general over the whole front; but the Bulgarian column on the left was delayed by bad ground, and its absence enabled the Turks to avoid a disaster.

As far west as Seliolo the battle raged that day; and at night torrential rains fell. These conditions helped the Bulgarians; protected by the swelter of the storm they made a night-attack; with the bayonet they fell upon the Turkish trenches, and drove their foe helter-skelter back into Kirk Kilisse, which they abandoned to its fate.

In the soaking dawn of the 24th the whole garrison of Kirk Kilisse quietly retired, and left the key of Adrianople defenceless. The Bulgarians did not see the retreat of the Turks. On the 24th they advanced against the town, and were greatly surprised at encountering no opposition. They occupied the two forts to the

north and east of the city ; in the former they found nine antiquated guns, and in the latter not a single piece.

Of the Bulgarian losses in the series of engagements which led up to the capture of Kirk Kilisse I am unable to give any idea. Captain Jostoff certainly gave us no idea. It was part of the deliberate policy of the Bulgars, part of that reasoned and consistent theory of warfare which raised them at one blow to the position of a first-rate military power, to maintain absolute secrecy on all matters the publication of which might prejudice their fighting efficiency. No lists of dead and wounded were ever issued ; mothers and wives only knew that their sons and husbands would never come back to them again because of a scrawl from a comrade who saw his comrade fall.

One of our English-speaking censors, towards the end of the war, was sad and depressed ; the horrible food nauseated him ; he ate nothing ; his cheeks grew paler and paler. One day he came and asked me for medicine, I knew not why ; there were plenty of his own surgeons in the camp, and I had only Burroughs Wellcome's admirable tabloids, and not a whole pharmacopoeia of those. The next day he came and thanked me, and said he felt better. I ventured to ask him if it were not true that he had some grief which no medicine could cure. The poor fellow's pale face twitched, and he said simply, " I believe my brother has been killed."

He did not know that his brother had been killed, a brother who was an officer, too ; he only believed it. No official return ever put an end to his suspense ; if rumour was busy gnawing at his vitals that was something over which officialdom freely confessed it had no power. One day, some time after, I met him again. " He is dead," he said ; " they have seen his grave at Kirk Kilisse."

This narrative, or its too palpable paddings and lacunae, affords a striking illustration of the way the Bulgars treated correspondents in the matter of information ; but to appreciate the situation properly it must be remembered that I had greater latitude given me than ninety-nine out of the hundred and ten correspondents who started from Starazagora.

My own feelings on the subject of what I was not allowed to see are so painful that I shudder to think of what the bulk of my confrères must have suffered, perhaps are still suffering. We cannot all aspire to the sublime imaginative heights of the journalist who, in the serene atmosphere of a Viennese Club, wrote brilliant accounts of battles which had yet to be fought.

But the military attachés were treated a great deal worse than the correspondents. They followed the operations at a distance that was hardly respectful. When all the interest had completely evaporated from any particular place the attachés

were sent thither. They were herded about like sheep. Distinguished professors from the Staff College gave them elaborate lectures which contained few grains of truth.

One day, during the progress of an admirable disquisition on the site of a very old battlefield, one attaché was observed to quit the group of attentive listeners, and walk rapidly away. Scraps of his soliloquy floated back to the entranced audience sitting at the feet of Gamaliel: "Lies, lies, lies," it sounded like, "lies from beginning to end."

When the Rumanian attaché expressed his feelings with no uncertain voice, he was promptly told that the Bulgars had not the slightest intention of letting him see how they made war. Shortly afterwards he went back to his native land. But all this is by the way, and we must return to the Third Army. At Petra, Captain Jostoff told us, the Turks held up the white flag, and then fired, at measured distances, at the oncoming Bulgarians, causing terrible losses.

From Kirk Kilisse the Turks retired to Baba Eski and Bunar Hissar; but until the Bulgarian patrols got contact with them again they were in the dark as to their whereabouts. Some Turks made a stand at Kavakli, about seven miles south of Kirk Kilisse, on the Baba Eski road, and were driven south again in great disorder. Questioned as to the number of Turks who had fought at Kirk Kilisse, Jostoff said, "Five divisions, and one division of Redifs" (or Reservists). Putting a division at 10,000 men the total amounts to 60,000 men.

On this day (24th) a Bulgarian cavalry division was despatched to look for the enemy towards the south; for it was believed that if Turkish reinforcements came at all they would come from the Rodosto direction.

On the 25th, 26th, and 27th, the Bulgarian infantry marched slowly southwards, waiting for information from the reconnoitring cavalry, who found nothing and nobody towards the south, and so the conclusion was arrived at that the Turks must have gone to Bunar Hissar. So, with their left flank refused, the Bulgars marched south-east; but they appear to have greatly underestimated the opposition that the Turks they found at Yenno and Bunar Hissar were going to give them, for the bulk of the army continued its march south-east, leaving the left wing to dispose of the Bunar Hissar people. But it was very soon discovered that the left wing had a very serious business in front of it, and that unless direction was changed, and the whole force swung round to the east, the Turks would crumple up the left wing and enfilade the main body. So on the 28th, at noon, the Bulgarian troops at Yenno were made the pivot of manœuvre, and the great turning movement began. All did not go well for the Bulgarians; the left got dangerously split up by difficulties of ground, and a column engaged with the Bunar Hissar Turks had to retire to

Kara Agatch, over a difficult river which has only two widely separated bridges.

All this time the Third Army was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the First Army to support it on the right, or south ; but again the fearful difficulties of the road came into play, and the First Army arrived too late. The brunt of the battle, from Bunar Hissar to as far south as Lule Burgas, five-and-twenty miles away, fell upon the Third Army, under General Radko Dimitrieff, which had to take up a frontage out of all proportion to its numbers. The artillery, too, was delayed by the mud, and the Bulgarians had to endure a Turkish bombardment without the means to reply.

At Colever the Bulgarians rushed the Turks, and held the position with mountain guns ; and a furious attempt to retake the place failed. Now the Bulgarian reserves were called up, and the Yenno or 5th division carried the heights to the east of Bunar Hissar. Here the colonel of the 5th Regiment was killed, and for a moment his troops wavered. But Radko Dimitrieff, as ever, was where the fight raged hottest, and knowing the immense danger confronting his whole force if the left were turned, he sent a message to the division to die where they lay rather than retire.

All through the night of the 29th to 30th October, the Turks and Bulgars lay opposite one another, and kept up a terrific and incessant fusillade.

On the 30th, the Bulgars holding the line Bunar Hissar—Turkbey advanced, entrenching themselves as they went, slowly but surely ; they only gained little over a mile, but that mile, on the threatened left, was of the utmost consequence. Urgent messages were sent to the First Army to advance as quickly as possible against the Turks' left ; and eventually the Third Army got the good news that the First Army were frontally attacking the enemy at Lule Burgas. A small force of Bulgarians managed to get south of Musclim, and enfiladed the Turks, while almost at the same time the Colever Bulgarians made a breach in their enemy's line near Kara Agatch.

On the 31st the Bulgars developed their success, and bringing up all their artillery they made a desperate onslaught east of Lule Burgas. The Turks retired, not in utter disorder, as at Kirk Kilsse, but with the savage reluctance of troops that realise that they are finally and irrevocably beaten.

Lule Burgas was the decisive battle of the war, and its hero was Radko Dimitrieff. His great turning movement will live in history as a conspicuous example of military genius. But he could not have done as he did if the men he commanded had not been some of the best troops the world has ever seen. The awful carnage on that devoted left flank ! The grim resolve to die, but not to give an inch !

After this digression I must get back to October 28 at Mustafa. Maxwell and I agreed that it was no use being the first correspondents to reach the precincts of Adrianople, with a motor-car of our very own, unless we made use of it to see something. The worst of it was that motors are so aggressively and blatantly talkative, nothing will induce them to keep a secret. There in the court of Headquarters our motor stood, silent when we didn't mind what it said, and vociferous when we wanted it to keep quiet. However, it had to be, the handle was turned, and the talk began. I shall never forget the crowd of uniformed Jonahs assembled by that rhythmic voice.

"Where are you going?" in French, German, English, and Bulgarian, and before we could reply, although we had not the smallest intention of replying, "You must not go there."

"Eet is varee dangerouse," piped our spectacled friend, the student of Macaulay and Mill, his round eyes dilating with affected terror: "de troops have orders to shoot all de civilians."

Observing with surprise that this trifling deviation from the truth did not blanch our cheeks, he tried another venue, and almost broke his spectacles by the intensity of his expression as he remarked: "Dere are tousands of Pomaks¹ lurking in de forest." But still the engine thrummed on, and Alexander, who, fortunately, understands not one word of English, was listening smilingly, in the company of so many epauletted gentlemen, to words which in Armenian would have drawn his features into an agonised grimace.

But it was no good; foredoomed to death, we appeared utterly indifferent as to whether release came at the hands of Pomaks or Bulgarians; Lalage (I mean Delage) sang on, and when we actually took our seats in the car the ox-eyed absorber of Spencer saw that if he were going to stop us he must act, and act quickly. He disappeared, while the excited throng of his compatriots kept up the fusillade of threats and warnings, and in two minutes the general himself—the iron Ivanoff—appeared.

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus. Suffice it to say that in another two minutes Lalage had ceased to sing. Maxwell and I were very angry, and the saddest part of it all was that Alexander never knew what he had escaped by the miraculous intervention of the great man in blue. *Deus ex machina* was Ivanoff that day, and got us out of our machine, too.

It is impossible to give an idea in words of a place like Mustafa; there is too much detail, too much variety, too much dirt. The High Street is very narrow, but very deep in liquid mud, and the side-walks are so very exiguous that if you meet anybody coming in the opposite direction you must instantly decide whether you will knock him into the gruesome sea beneath or be knocked there

¹ Pomaks are Moslemised Bulgars who out-Turk the Turk in fanatical savagery.

yourself. Most of the houses are tiny little things, all window by day, and all shutter by night ; and there are actually some acacias planted boulevard-wise in front of them.

When we came back the second time to Mustafa, there were two foolish ponies in an ammunition wagon who disliked the beautiful song of Lalage as she approached. They ran away, and in a second the cart had cut down, very neatly, one of the acacias. I felt very sorry, but their driver, when he had stopped his horses, seemed very pleased at their having unintentionally converted the boulevard into firewood.

What thousands and thousands of animals and vehicles ploughed and churned that historic mud-alley ! I never saw it anything but crammed with a jostling mass of guns, ox-wagons, cavalry, infantry, correspondents, censors, and staff-officers.

Over the bridge from Bulgaria, and down the road to Adrianople, and far on towards Constantinople, poured the stream of deadly weapons and missiles, and food and men, and back along the same road came some empty wagons clamouring for cargoes, and some with limp and blood-stained figures stretched out in the straw. As the ox-wagon was practically the sole method of transport the Bulgarians used (they had a few pony-drawn carts, but very few) something must be said about that most important vehicle.

In the first place, there was a really incredible number of them. In the dim haze across the long plain one fancied one saw a low line of hills ; at length one saw that it was nothing more than a convoy of wagons three miles long. Everywhere they were in their hundreds, each with two meek, black-eyed, whity-grey bullocks, who were all so exactly alike that it is certain that even their drivers didn't know t'other from which, although no doubt they pretended they did.

Although these wagons carried the food and ammunition for great armies, it was the rarest possible thing to see anything in them but a little chopped straw for the bullocks to eat. Possibly the load was secreted under the straw ; but in any case the wagons were very lightly loaded. The wagon frames are V-shaped, and very narrow, covered with a rounded hood of woven reeds, and set on axles of enormous breadth, to obtain the stability so sorely needed in negotiating what the Turks call roads.

The four lumbering wheels make very small pretence to being circular, their perimeter being formed of a great number of more or less curved timbers ; and so you can form some idea of what wounded men suffered in these cribs of torture. The oxen are yoked in the usual way, without any restraining traces ; and consequently they were entirely free to twist their hinder parts out into the roadway at the precise moment that your motor was passing them—a liberty of which they frequently availed themselves.

Their drivers were generally Turks from Bulgaria, as you could tell by their rags of turbans ; skilful fellows in the practice of that art, which consisted in directing the oxen by prodding them in the required direction with a long stick with a nail in the end of it, or hauling them about with cords affixed to their horns. It was really wonderful to watch the precision with which a tap here, and a thrust there, and a gruff " Haidee ! " to sum up with, kept the bullocks in the narrow way. A great many of these drivers were boys ; and once I saw a little lady of about seven summers walking with a long pole beside her father's team, and abusing and beating the animals with a sting and venom that must have been a source of legitimate pride to the parental heart.

" Haidee " is the word on which you can travel all over Bulgaria and the other Slavonic countries. It is not an oath, although it sounds so much like one ; and if it has any definite and assigned meaning, which I doubt, it may be roughly rendered by " Get on or get out. " It is a remarkable word, and, like some Chinese words, I understand, a different inflection of the voice appears to give it a different meaning. If you said it roughly to a bullock it got on ; if you said it gently it got out.

The performances of the ox-wagons were a triumph of organisation. Hundreds of miles had food and ammunition and forage to be carried from railhead to the front ; and each day the front got farther and farther from railhead. The method established a continuous chain of wagons from the bases to the front, each link of which, like a curb, had both an outward and a returning side.

From Mustafa, for instance, a certain number of wagons took their freight seven or eight miles, then handed it over to another set of wagons, and returned to Mustafa for more. This slow process was carried out with a completeness and regularity that enabled the Bulgarians to fire an immense quantity of ammunition and yet never run short of it, and to eat a prodigious quantity of bread and yet never lack flour. Soldiers will not need to be told that an efficient transport system conducted, by the necessities of the case, on these lines, presupposes an organising ability on the part of the responsible staff which is by no means common.

But Mustafa High Town was what we were talking about, and one of the features of the place when the Bulgars entered it was the extraordinary number of white crosses chalked up on doors and shutters. When the Turks fled to Adrianople they took with them all the able-bodied Bulgars in the place, but left the old and decrepit behind. These poor creatures, fearing lest the oncoming Bulgars should mistake them for Turks, took this means to draw attention to their religious belief ; and from the number and ubiquity of the crosses, it is not improbable that a derelict old Turk or two were not above adopting a simple little life-and-property-saving device which could easily be rubbed off when all danger was past. High Town, Mustafa, fades off, very appositely,

into a cemetery, where, under the shade of poplars and willows, a stone forest of obelisks lean and totter at every conceivable angle to earth and to one another. There is nothing in the world so respectably drunk-looking as a Turkish cemetery. It suggests all sorts of ludicrous fancies. Most of the tombstones are pointed at the upper end, of a rough triangular shape, and there is no inscription on them, nor is there any mound to mark the grave. The richer classes affect a neatly graven column, surmounted by a stone fez for the departed to wear in Paradise.

From the proximity of the stones one to another, the observer would deduce that owing either to the numbers of the population, or the profits to be derived from agriculture, land in Turkey fetched enormous prices ; but it is hardly necessary to say that the observer would be wrong. Why the Turks really are so niggardly of space in their burial arrangements is a problem I must leave to wiser heads.

Beyond the cemetery there is a nice stretch of road, quite broad and reasonably smooth, flanked by cabbage-grounds beloved of the hungry soldier, who, after a brief divagation, marches on contentedly munching a huge round pale-green thing like a football, only very much harder.

On this stretch of road, which leads up to the yellow hill on which the barracks stand, all the drivers of ponies had tremendous fun. They seized their whips, flogged the animals, got up terrific speed, raced one another, and made uncomplimentary remarks to people and dogs who obstructed the course. It was but the natural reaction from the streets of Mustafa behind them. Away on the right, turbid Maritza sped on through his bowing woods to meet and mingle with Tundja ; and from the top of the yellow hill ridge after ridge, bare, gloomy, and grassless, stretched away to unseen Adrianople. Pryor and I walked about three miles towards the booming guns, and watched the dark serpentine battalions of reservists winding over the trackless hills. He found a pebble or two that he knew would please his little daughter ; and I saw a poor solitary *Crocus speciosus* blooming forlornly amid the stones. Geologists may be interested to learn that all the stones in Turkey are rounded, just as though they had been to the seaside. I suppose this means that Turkey was only very recently at the bottom of the sea ; and I can't help feeling that it was a most unfortunate circumstance that it ever came up. At length we managed to locate the smoke of the western Turkish forts, which were firing very rapidly ; but we could not determine whether the Bulgarians were replying or not. Away to the south huge patches of flame and coils of smoke showed where villages were burning ; and behind us Mustafa looked hypocritically clean and virtuous in her autumn garb of gold.

It was (29th) a day of brilliant sunshine, still and cloudless. As

we got back to the racecourse road we met two batteries of 6-in. guns, drawn by teams of ten oxen, slowly moving towards the lines of the besiegers. Then we met Mr. Philip Gibbs, the talented artist of the *Daily Graphic*, whose interesting book on the war was the first to appear. And that reminds me that the whole posse of correspondents, and all the military attachés, about eighty of them, had arrived in Mustafa the previous night. It was clearly time to move on ; but then there was that terrible general to reckon with. Our friend Lalage got us out of that difficulty—as she got us out of so many others.

Our abode was a queer place. In a narrow street of one-storied wooden houses there is a flat wooden door, studded with nails, and very medieval-looking ; this protects from the outer world a considerable rabbit-warren of ill-considered buildings. When one opened the door one either fell, in the darkness, over a military policeman asleep on the ground with the hood of his greatcoat drawn over his face as though he were dead, or blundered into the hindquarters of a horse, of which there were generally half a dozen feeding in the gloom of the passage. Then, if uninjured, one went on through a horrid litter of rain-water and trampled hay and dung, across the most feasible parts of which scraps of boarding had been set as bridges, and one came to a sort of little lodge, where one ducked one's head as one entered, and perceived a vast chaos of Indian corn. Then, down a step, one passed into what was the garden of the late Turkish proprietor.

A sickly vine trails over a meagre pergola outside the flight of stone steps leading to the front door—almost the sole floral survivor in the trampled mud, if you except a couple of mulberry trees which now serve as supports to cords from which depend the bloody skins of several sheep, and a few wilted stocks emerging from a malodorous sea of paunches and offal. In the house we were assigned a decent little room, with a row of cupboards running down one side. I peered into these one day, and found an incredible quantity of feminine trifles—bits of lace and silk, stockings, and all kinds of things. I was always under the impression that Turkish women dressed simply in yashmaks and sacks ; but apparently that is not the case.

The soldiery, who were perpetually cooking sheep in the garden, had removed as fuel a considerable portion of the wooden fence which separated our demesne from its neighbour ; and happening to wander there, through a whilom garden even more brutally defaced than ours, I found a house, the largest room of which struck me as being admirably adapted to the purpose of stabling our two cart-horses.

No sooner said to George than done. It is true that the fifteen-one horse demurred politely for a minute or two at entering a room with such dirty hoofs as he had ; or it may be that he considered the door inconveniently low. Whatever the reason

for his hesitation he very soon bowed his head in token of submission and went in, followed closely by fourteen-two.

While we were thus engaged there was an unmistakable buzzing noise coming from nowhere, and we all, except the cart-horses, rushed out of the new stable to look at the aeroplane. It was a monoplane, high up, heading for Adrianople, laden with leaflets urging the garrison to surrender; and these, more dangerous than any bombs, fell like snow in the streets of the beleaguered city. Philip Gibbs has told us the story of the ending—the usual ending—of this plucky Bulgarian aviator: “After half an hour,” he writes, “the aeroplane came back, flying swiftly away from the shot and shell which pursued it from the low-lying hills. Its wings were pierced, so that one could see the sky through them, but it flew steadily from the chase of death, and I heard its rhythmic heart-beat overheard. Its escape was certain now. It had mocked at the pursuit of the shells, the loud beat of its engine above us was a song of triumph. I watched it disappear again—to safety. So it seemed; but death has many ways of capture, and when I came back to Mustafa Pasha that day, I heard that the unfortunate aviator, after his escape from the guns, had fallen from a great height within sight of home, and that the hero’s body lay smashed to pieces in the wreckage of his machine.”¹

Aeroplanes certainly played no very effective rôle in the Balkan War. The Turks left two behind them at Kirk Kilisse which they were totally incapable of using; and no aviator helped the Bulgarian cavalry to locate the enemy after his flight from that place. The man who died at Mustafa alone knew how to fly.

There is, after all, something in possessing a motor-car. When one does not want to use it oneself, and is perfectly persuaded that a horse, under the circumstances, is a very much better mode of conveyance, other people will give their ears for a thoroughly uncomfortable drive in it. This curious trait of human nature now redounded greatly to our advantage.

M. Kostoff, Professor of the Art of War, and M. Arnaoudhoff, Professor of Comparative Literature, both of them of the University of Sofia, both full privates in the Bulgarian Army, and both detailed to act as Censors of the Press—a position which, in the Balkan War, was much more arduous than serving in the ranks, and very nearly as dangerous—had been allocated to the First and Third Armies respectively. Therefore, they had to get to those armies; and it may be surmised that they did not want to walk, and that they could not ride. Consequently they cast longing eyes at our Lalage, and I am just a little bit surprised that they did not commandeer her privily by night. The probable explanation is that Alexander remained faithful, and that another chauffeur was not to be found. Correspondents in Bulgaria were,

¹ *Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent*, pp. 108, 109.

I have heard, treated with such uniform consideration that the seizing of a car which the censors knew would cause the correspondents a great deal of bother would undoubtedly have been regarded by the owners as rather a friendly act. But MM. Kostoff and Arnaoudhoff had perhaps patriotically determined to risk their lives in an attempt to rid the operations of two of the newspaper pests. When I saw the slimy precipices we had to negotiate I felt morally certain of it. At all events they very kindly asked us to come with them in our car.

Kostoff was a big, strong, open-faced fellow, with a moustache and imperial that recalled Napoleon III., and he was known and evidently liked by every single individual in the three Bulgarian armies. He was continually employed in waving his hand or returning a salute; his right arm was never still for a second. He was the man who had taught the others the theory they were now putting into practice; and every day the issue taught them that Kostoff's theory was very good theory indeed. It was no wonder that Kostoff was popular and admired. Besides, Kostoff was a man although he was a censor, and he would have loved to be shouldering a musket in the trenches. But high authority kept Kostoff vainly striving to understand English and French despatches translated into execrable German; he was to be kept safe for the instruction of many future generations of officers. For Kostoff spoke only German to foreigners; he had sat at the feet of the blood-and-iron men, and, if the Turks really carried out Von der Goltz' principles, Kostoff must have discarded most of the German ideas in favour of his own.

When I was thoroughly acquainted with Kostoff's kit, I knew for certain that he was a great man. Only an organising genius of supreme capacity could have devised such a wonderful *multum* in so tiny a *parvo*. A greatcoat and a very small handbag wrapped in a waterproof sheet were all that Kostoff had, and as he always wore the greatcoat that oughtn't to count. And yet, with this exiguous equipment Kostoff had food to eat, and a bed to lie on, and bedclothes to cover himself withal, and books to read, and writing materials, hair-brushes, a very small mirror, a housewife, a comb, shaving materials, a flask, a toothbrush. But really I must stop, although the tale of Kostoff's cruise-like handbag is by no means told; suffice it to say that many American women do not carry in ten Saratoga trunks a tithe of the things Kostoff could produce out of his fertile bag.

Arnaoudhoff was a very different sort of man. He was thin and pale and monkish. He was an ascetic and a book-worm, and told us that he worked for twelve hours a day until he broke down.

He had all the faults of the pedagogue, and laid down the gospel *ex cathedra*; and naturally his lectures on English politics, literature, law, art, and commerce were listened to with the

gravest attention. As regards his own country he was a megalomaniac; when Bulgaria had beaten the Turks, she was, in rotation, going to attack, and, I need hardly add, defeat, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, Rumania, and Austria-Hungary. There was going to be a sort of Bulgarian millennium, and if Russia said anything it would be all the worse for her.

We were five men, and not by any means very small men, in a 10-h.p. car. But that by no means represents the total congestion of our very congested district. There were bedding and benzine and bags and greatcoats in mountainous excrescences all over the back and flanks of Lalage. There was also a small wicker-basket with some tea and biscuits and a sardine-tin or two; and here I may remark, once and for all, that I was hungry the whole time I was in Turkey.

Maxwell had pointed out, not without reason, that it was necessary to travel light. I accepted the position so loyally that I took nothing whatever except a Jaeger sleeping-sack. It was extremely foolish of me, for the other four had all brought commodious bags, of which Alexander's was of course the largest. Kostoff, the biggest man of the party, was given the best seat in front, and Maxwell, Arnaoudhoff and I sat upon one another by turns behind.

In brilliant sunshine on the afternoon of the 30th, we set off down the forbidden road to Adrianople, past the golden woods round yellow Maritza, and the bare brown hills rolling away interminably. After about seven miles of the very fair metalled road, and when we were within ten miles of Adrianople, we came upon a merry bivouac of reservists, and were directed northwards towards Iskudar over what appeared to be, in the fast-failing light, a trackless mountain. Then began again the dreadful work of getting out and pushing, repeated every two minutes with such unfailing regularity that I fancy Arnaoudhoff began to think that driving in a motor was not such great fun after all.

The country was drab, bare, khaki-coloured, with hardly a bush to break the hideous monotony, and the adhesiveness of the mud was perfectly phenomenal. At last, having climbed high into the hills we heard the murmur of ten thousand men, and in the twilight saw a wonderful scene. In front of us, silhouetted against the opaline glow of the eastern sky, was the broken outline of a village crowded with troops; some were cutting down trees, some were sitting round the bivouac fires, and thousands were moving dimly to and fro. And as we turned a corner and faced the west the sun set in a blaze of blood-red splendour.

After a long wait in the freezing dark amid a welter of guns, horses, ox-wagons, and men, we were, at about nine o'clock, allotted a room in a typical Turkish house, for the broken windows were covered with sacking, and the stars twinkled merrily through

the thatch of reeds. However, a grey-bearded veteran brought us plenty of wood for a fire, and spread chopped straw for us to lie on, and we made some tea, and ate a sardine, and lay down in a row, and watched the stars twinkling until we slept.

Travelling light in order to oblige a couple of censors is not a course to be recommended. To wake up in the morning with your back full of chopped straw, and to realise slowly the horrid truth that you have neither bath, nor sponge, nor brushes, no, not even a toothbrush, is a dreadful experience. Then there are lots of predatory insects in Turkish houses. Certainly people who are fond of comfort should not go campaigning with censors. Yet I cheerfully and gratefully admit that to-day (31st), they introduced us to some officers who were crammed into the smallest and dirtiest hovel I ever saw, and those excellent men gave us a breakfast of Russian tea and brown bread and cheese. This Bulgarian cheese is very white, and soft, and crumbly, and it has usually a very sour but not disagreeable taste, but occasionally you strike a brand which is terribly suggestive of the he-goat. I remember Segonzac called some we had at Ermenekuei *fromage de buc*.

Our objective being Kirk Kilisse our route this day lay in an eastern direction, following the northern line of investment which the Bulgars had drawn round Adrianople. All day we met and overtook howitzers and 6-in. guns, balks for emplacements, and all the paraphernalia of siege-work. It was very tantalising to be so near the positions and yet not allowed to go and see them; but this book is a record of the gentle art of baffling correspondents.

There was one very curious thing which I never saw before, and probably shall never see again. This was a sham gun, made of wood, which at night was attached to a donkey with a lantern hung on his neck, and then the poor ass was given a good smack behind, and sent off alone on his journey towards the Turkish forts.

Of course the Turks saw the lantern first, and then the donkey, and then the gun, and naturally opened a terrific fire on the unfortunate animal. Naturally enough, too, none of the shells hit either the donkey or the gun, or else I shouldn't have seen it. (There is a story that on Salisbury Plain, for purposes of gunnery, a flock of sheep were counted and then deliberately made the target. After the practice the flock was counted again, and the owner was more pleased than the gunners when it was discovered that, as a result of the deadly shower of shrapnel, there were two more sheep, or rather lambs, than when the cannonade began.) Naturally again, the donkey stopped to listen to the noise, and presently finding nothing happen, began to browse about, and eventually returned for breakfast to his battery.

What countless thousands of bullocks Bulgaria breeds! Our road that day, as we skirted the deadly zone enwrapping

Adrianople, was moving with transport of every imaginable kind. We spoke to lots of people through the censors, and the chief topics were the battle of Kirk Kilisse, where the Turks were said to have left nine hundred dead on the field, and the massacres and mutilations perpetrated on Christian women and children.

This is a terrible subject, but the unreasoning liking for the Turks which seems to bias so many English minds—a liking which Mr. Gladstone's passionate denunciations appears only to have increased—is a good reason why the truth should be known.

Segonzac took a photograph of a dead woman and her unborn child. The woman had been ripped open, and the head of her child lay a yard away from his body, clean severed by a sword-cut. The Turks have been doing that kind of thing to Bulgarian women and children for four hundred years, and yet we English, as a nation, like them very much. Well, we are not Bulgarians, that is the great and essential difference, and, moreover, we are very ignorant of the facts.

God knows that feelings outraged by fearful cruelties have been the motive power which has driven the nations of the Balkan League to scatter their persecutors like chaff before the wind. And so we journeyed slowly on through the abysmal mud, over the bare, rolling, yellow plains, towards Pravodiya and the pointed mountains. Turkish villages are the most inconsequent-looking things in the world. In a Gloucestershire village called Coaley, near to which I once lived, a labourer, who was both an industrious and thrifty person and a good hater, built himself a cottage—red brick picked out with nice yellow Bath stone, and on a wide central plaque above the door he had had engraved the name of his abode—"Neighbour's Enemy."

Turkish villages look as though every man hated his neighbour, and it is not a bit surprising that he should. At all events the houses try to get as far away from one another as is decently consistent with the village theory, and the intervening spaces are filled in with offal, excrement, thorn-fences, and a little chopped straw. Savage dogs, of a large and hairy breed, keep up communication between the forts, and carry out their owners' conception of fraternity by biting every one but them.

Pravodiya is a picturesque spot. A steep yellow hill is dappled with crazy red and brown-tiled houses, and below in the valley, beneath a precipitous limestone escarpment, flows a clear stream fringed with poplars. This place, for the moment, was the Headquarters of General Tepavitcharoff, whom we found at the top of a treacherous wooden staircase, in a bare room with two huge maps hanging on the walls—a genial, grey-bearded, delightful gentleman, who showed us on the maps the position of the Turks at Lule Burgas, and the famous fort of Papas Tepe, to the south-

west of Adrianople, where such desperate fighting took place, it having been captured and recaptured no less than four times. Adrianople was now completely invested ; and as we sat on boxes chatting there came to us the sullen roar of the big guns close in front.

But it was soon time to be moving on, though Kostoff saw so many old friends with whom it was absolutely necessary to have a word that I began to fancy we should end our days on the dung-heaps of Pravodiya. The General was kind enough to send a soldier to find us something to eat, and presently he returned with a dozen eggs and two chickens, and would take not a sixpence for them, saying they were a present from the General. So we slid gingerly down the narrow, precipitous, boulder-stream village highway, past dense groups of wondering women and bearded soldiers, and suddenly, far away in the south, out of the distant haze, loomed up the colossal dome and four great protecting minarets of Sultan Selim's mosque in Adrianople. And other minarets there were, four of them, satellites to the greater four ; and besides these eight aspiring columns, and the dome of the great mosque, there was nothing. Somehow there came a lesson in the sight ; between us and those buildings devoted to the worship of the Eternal Spirit thousands of ant-like men were striving with deadly weapons of their own devising to extinguish in their fellow-men the life God gave ; but they and their huge engines of destruction alike were engulfed in a void of nothingness, and only the towers they had raised in honour of the Spirit pointed heavenwards in mute appeal.

Slowly we progressed, for to drive a motor-car slap across Turkey in the rainy season requires a good deal both of patience and push. Down to a stream, turbid with the passage of countless vehicles, we would come, and then we would all get out, except Alexander, who sat at the wheel with his black eyes glinting very bright, and his black hair getting longer and longer beneath his rakishly cocked cap, and each would survey a riparian section and seek out the best crossing, and then all four would meet at the motor again, and each would assert that he had certainly found the best place, and Alexander, bored with a discussion in a tongue he understood not, would suddenly clap spurs to his metalsome steed, and drive it with magnificent determination at the very spot in the river which his two masters and their two masters had unanimously agreed was the one spot that at all hazards must be avoided. And then, of course, the car stuck in the middle of the stream, and we four had to wade in and push, and seize the hind wheels and turn them, or try to turn them, at imminent risk of getting our arms broken if the car advanced, and all the time Lalage would be uttering the most dolorous noises in a loud voice, like some impotent pig on a bench striving to escape from death. And then, when we, alone or reinforced by

good-natured soldiers (and how good-natured the Bulgarian soldier is I cannot tell you), had, with the utmost expenditure of muscle and wind, got the machine to the top of the sandy steep, and had thrown ourselves, panting and soaked, as much with our own sweat as with Turkish river-water, on the ground to rest, Alexander would quietly remove Lalage up a gentle rise which he afterwards protested was much too severe if we all got into her, and we would overtake him half a mile on, after swearing and shouting until we were hoarse, dripping, caked with mud—mud on faces, mud in hair, eyes, mouth, boots—serenely smiling in his placid Oriental way, and pretending to be utterly unconscious that he had done anything wrong. I had a pair of field-boots that galled my heels, and took the skin off so that they continually bled; I was a mass of insect bites; I had no change of clothes, not even at night; I had no sponge and no brushes: why was I ever born to come to this God-forsaken country, where all the sacrifices of comfort that one was obliged to make brought no compensating professional reward in the sight and knowledge of great deeds?

We lunched that day on the top of a great rock, out of which issued a beautiful pale-green spring of water, that not all the trampling of thousands of thirsty men and beasts could defile. But as a rule the water in Turkey was very bad, chiefly because the wells, naturally, were in towns and villages where, for hundreds of years, sewage had been percolating into them. Consequently the Bulgarians lost thousands of men from, at first, acute diarrhoea, and afterwards from dysentery and cholera. It was always easy to recognise the poor fellows who, despite their illness, still pluckily struggled on, though stricken with these fell complaints—the yellow, drawn cheek, the dull eye, the bent back, the dragging gait—these were the symptoms of those preventable diseases which the filthy habits of the Turks made more lethal to their foes than all the shells and bullets that they fired.

At six in the evening, in the dark, we reached Seliolo, and the burly, genial Kostoff was at once surrounded by a knot of friends, one of whom was a general, who spoke as one having authority, and not as a scribe. And immediately we were directed to push the motor from the midden in which it had stuck up a very steep muddy bank, and through a winding maze of narrow, thorn-fenced paths, until we reached, in the starlight, a house with a little verandah, quite uncommonly well-built and erect-looking, surrounded by countless white objects which seemed as though, like the prophet's coffin, they were suspended between Heaven and Earth, and which gleamed and stank merrily in the moonlight.

Although his yard was full of it this was evidently the residence of no man of straw; a fellow who could have fifteen or

twenty sheepskins hanging simultaneously up to dry must be a sort of Bulgarian Croesus ; or, horrid thought, was this all that the dear departed Turks had left him of his flock ?

Our doubts were speedily resolved by the Mayor of Seliolo himself, for to lodge in the house of no less a personage were we come. He was a brisk young fellow of about thirty, with a very honest, cheery face, clad in the brown clothes of the Bulgarian soldier, and a sheepskin which had had time to dry surmounted his tunic. He seemed very glad to see us, and ushered us across the little verandah into one of the two rooms which composed his dwelling. It was about eight feet square, with mud walls and floor scrupulously clean, with a tiny glass window that wouldn't open because it couldn't, and beneath it, on the sill, some moribund geraniums in a tin of soil. Women, God bless them, are the same all over the world and in every rank of life ; and here was the Mayoress of Seliolo, with her mud floors and her sheepskins, trying to hear the divine note that all flowers strike. She came, a worn-looking but still young woman, carrying her tiny baby, and threw a lot of rugs on the floor for us to lie on. The other room was evidently the only one the family of four used ; and it was four times the size of the one we were allotted. The most conspicuous objects in it were a huge pile of rugs—they reached from the floor half-way up the wall,—a rifle, and a large fireplace with a jack and several large pots. There was also a little string hammock suspended from the roof, in which the baby was left to squall, which it did very conscientiously whenever its mother couldn't hold it in her arms.

The thing which struck me most of all in Turkey was the extraordinary difference between the life of the peasants there and the life of peasants in England. It is no exaggeration to say that peasants in England live in Heaven, and that Bulgarian peasants in Turkey live in Hell.

Whatever Government may be in power in England, men go about without fear of imminent murder, though of course they know that Mr. Lloyd-George will rob them of nearly all they possess. But the Christian peasant in Turkey goes about in fear of his life, and, as in England, the taxes swallow up the best part of their scanty earnings. But the farther the comparison is instituted, the worse becomes the Bulgarian position. He has no weekly wage, paid regularly on Saturday, whether he does any work or not during the week. By genuine sweat of his brow he has to screw a pittance out of Mother Earth.

Towns and their shops and distractions are unknown to him ; he buys nothing ; he and his family make all they possess—clothes, boots, bedding, flour. Perhaps he buys, as perhaps his grandfather bought, a cooking-pot or so, and a picture of the Madonna ; but that is about the extent of his purchases. If his wife is ill, or his child is dying, he has no material aid. There is no doctor

within twenty miles, and he will not come out from the city to see a peasant, because the peasant cannot pay him, and so the peasant doesn't fetch him. Think of the diet of an English labourer, and compare it with the ever-recurrent bread of the poorer Bulgars. I do most heartily recommend any one (and he appears to be by no means rare) who takes a gloomy view of the present condition of England to travel extensively in countries like Turkey ; and if he does not return a happier and a wiser man I shall be greatly surprised.

But we must return to the Mayor of Seliolo, Bulgarian village in Turkey in Europe. He did everything to make us as comfortable as he could ; he brought in a brazier of charcoal, which, as the window wouldn't and couldn't open, ought to have asphyxiated the whole party ; and would have, if the cracks in the door had not been so large. Then came his young-old wife, having handed over the baby to his sister, aged six, whom, to judge by his uninterrupted lamentations, he did not regard with unmixed affection. The Lady Mayoress, poor thing, had a picture in one hand, and a nail in the other. Somebody supplied a boot, which was the only kind of undressing we could do for dinner, and in a few moments we had a picture of the Holy Family, a gilt-framed oleograph of the very worst type, hanging devoutly over our heads on the mud wall.

I guessed the motive in that good woman's heart : we might be Englishmen and strangers, but Englishmen and Bulgars worshipped the same God, and that God was not the God of the Turkish oppressor ; and here was the highest link that bound us all together.

Then she retired to the big room (although it was not really very big) to cook our two fowls for dinner ; and Arnaoudhoff, who, as Professor of Comparative Literature, is compelled to talk to young and pretty women in warm kitchens, when his male friends are all in a freezing outhouse, presently followed her on the flimsy pretext of wishing to take down a folk-song ; and though he very considerably returned to our outhouse for dinner, the folk-song was so long, that he had to return after dinner to the warm kitchen to take down more of it ; and when he finally rejoined us we were all in bed, that is to say, on the floor, and half-asleep.

The little six-year-old girl, who nursed the ungrateful baby and dusted the floors and porch with a grass broom, was a very pretty little creature, very prettily dressed. Her fair hair was done in two plaits, which escaped from a red coif bound with fillets of blue. Her plain black dress was fringed with a deep border of red, white, and then again black, and below it showed a snowy-white petticoat of woollen material, embroidered with red. Her mother wore a black sleeveless sheepskin Zouave jacket, with the wool inside ; on her arms were loose white linen sleeves ;



GEORGE
Late King of the Hellenes

on her head a white wimple, fastened with green fillets, and the dark hair loose below. Her black dress, cut low in front, was embroidered with red, and she wore two gold bracelets set with turquoises. Like some Biblical figure she took down the beautifully curved notched stick, and came back from the well balancing the heavy jars upon her shoulder with the easy grace that only Easterns know. The Lady Mayoress had an oven in the yard, close to the wood-stack where the hens lived. I watched her and the little girl and the Pope's daughter one day—all hard at work filling up the mud oven with wood, and bringing out round doughy things on platters, which were transferred to a long-handled bath-stirrer and popped skilfully into the very bowels of the earth.

That evening, before we went to bed, I said to Alexander, "Is the motor safe out there?"

"Safe?" ejaculated Alexander, in surprised French, "are there not four dogs in the garden?"

One dog was quite enough to scare the Armenian out of his seven senses; and so I presume he argued that no body of men, however well armed and courageous, would ever dare to attack a position guarded by four.

But now it is the day when fox-hunting begins in England, that dear old England which seems so extremely remote when one has spent the night with one's clothes on in a rug on the floor of a Bulgar hut in Turkey, and wakened in the small hours at feeling something in one's hair, and been horrified to grasp the fat and bestial body of an enormous parasite, and then to arise and find that all the dressing one can do is to put on a pair of field-boots that gall one's heels like anything. Oh, it was a filthy, awful experience that I will never go through again. Maxwell very kindly lent me one end of his towel and a razor, and knotted the end of the towel I was not to use, because that was his particular end, and I was so particularly dirty. So at six we turned out into the cold and slushy yard, and thought, perhaps, of all the lads at home hard at work on glossy, well-bred skins, and of the nice new pink coats laid out for the first time by dressing-room fires, and of that ham on the sideboard—but no! that was too awful; the remains of two chickens which had constituted the inadequate dinner of four hungry men was all they were going to get for breakfast.

We had about twenty miles to go to get to Kirk Kilisse. It was a cold, bright day; there was ice on the puddles; the sun shone with invigorating brilliancy. Be it here interpolated that, so far as I know, November in Turkey is a very pleasant month; the only pleasant thing about Turkey in November is the weather. Towards the end of the month my Fahrenheit thermometer stood at 74° day and night; I thought there was something wrong with it, but discovered it was the weather. There was hardly any wind, and very little rain. But, all the same, I should not recommend

anybody to go to Turkey in preference to the Riviera : the houses are not quite so clean as at Cannes, and the scents are not the scents of Grasse.

The dear little six-year-old came out to wish us good-bye, with a bright flower stuck jauntily behind her ear. So we rolled away, with flags flying, down the steep midden into the brook and up the dirty hill beyond, seeing the unfinished, roofless white church away to our right—evidence, if evidence were needed, which it is not, that this perennially young disagreement between Christian and Turk is not by any manner of means the result of religious intolerance on the Turk's part. The Christian could worship openly in any Turkish village. But a handful of Turks have had to rule Christians who outnumbered them greatly, and so a massacre, from time to time, was regarded as a valuable adjunct to a naturally high Christian death-rate. At last what the Turks always feared has happened : the Christians have united, and the Turks have gone.

For about ten miles we drove mainly due south, skirting the willow-dotted banks of the Hasi Dere, and getting nearer and nearer to Adrianople. Fortunately for us there was a lot of rising ground between us and the forts, for if we had been seen we should undoubtedly have been bombarded.

This was quite a nice bit of sandy road, with an extraordinary absence of the usual brand of glutinous mud, and there were lots of little round hills dotted about, which the Professor of Comparative Literature asserted to be artificial *tumuli*, the burying-places of the ancient Thracians, who inhabited these parts before the Pelasgi.

We got to a village with a beautiful slender minaret aspiring over it heavenwards ; and the filthy lanes between the thorn-fences were full of dirty, ragged old women and blear-eyed children. These aged cronies found a motor a fine object for the exercise of their senile curiosity ; and with a great show of intelligent appreciation they asked Alexander where the horse was. " In here, of course," replied Alexander, gravely pointing to the bonnet. The cronies gravely inclined their heads in comprehension as our invisible horse-power wafted us away.

Soon afterwards we got to the village of Haskeui, on the road between Kirk Kilisse and Adrianople. This was really a road, good, like the curate's egg, in parts, but with great white heaps of stones all along it which the Turks had been too lazy to put down. When Alexander saw it he got Delage on to top speed for the first time for a month, spat on his hands, cocked his cap, and looked round grinning at us. But his joy was speedily turned to sorrow. Beside us, on either hand, great black arable fields, in which the winter corn was just sprouting, stretched away for miles to the horizon. And there were other things in the fields besides corn, things which Alexander had to look at against his will. They

were like scarecrows which had fallen down and got covered with mud ; their arms were thrown wide apart, and their black faces stared up into the sunshine. Others, again, had fallen on their faces, and curious dark stains appeared on their greenish clothing. And every few yards there was a dead horse blocking up the roadway, and Alexander could only use one hand to drive with, because the other was employed in pressing a very dirty handkerchief very tightly over his nose and mouth. Once a bluebottle got in beside him and buzzed about under his legs ; and I really thought the man would have a fit, and that we should all be upset and perish. He made frantic passes and terrific dashes at that inoffensive insect ; and in his heart he was certain that it had come expressly, ptomaine-laden from a corpse, to infect him to his death. We were passing over the line of the Bulgarian advance on Kirk Kilisse—the advance of the enveloping right wing ; and there was plenty of evidence that the Turks had retreated in a great hurry. All along the road were overturned ammunition-wagons, and thousands of unfired shrapnel littered the ground. We told Alexander that if he drove over one of those big cartridges it would go off (as indeed it would have) and blow us all sky-high ; and for the first and only time that I can remember the insubordinate Armenian paid attention to his instructions, and would pull up dead ten or twelve yards away from some obstructive shells, and wait quite patiently, with pallid face and haunted eye, until the gallant Kostoff had removed the danger.

That road to Kirk Kilisse, a straight white streak across the black and greasy plain, seemed as though it would never end. Often we had to leave the so-called road and navigate a difficult course over the bogged plain, and the motor stuck frequently, and only the help of passers-by enabled us to get her out. Surely war correspondents were never in sorrier plight ? Miles behind the armies, under the jealous eye of two censors, one apiece, all in a motor meant to hold one less than it held, with no baggage, filthy, lousy, mud-bespattered, hungry, the acme of human misery seemed to have been touched.

At last we came to a steep descent, cut out of an apparently precipitous cliff with considerable engineering skill, and found ourselves suddenly in the village of Yenidje, round which had raged a terrific fight but a few days before. The place was crammed with wounded and medical corps, and in one of the groups Kostoff descried Captain Gueshoff, the son of the Prime Minister, and got out to have a chat with him. We then learnt, but not in any detail, that the Turks had made a very poor resistance at Kirk Kilisse itself ; as usual, our censors were the reverse of communicative as to military affairs. But, as usual, the atrocities committed by the Turks were dilated on, with an eye to the English papers ; when the Greeks entered Ellasona they

found a huge pile of Christians butchered in the church, and on the top of the pile the body of the priest; and the Turks had put their Christian subjects at all the posts of danger on the frontiers, hoping to get them killed off without scandal by their co-religionists.

So we passed on through crowds of sallow, bearded, tired-looking men into the orchard-swamps, on to a ploughed-up track screened by tall poplars, inconceivably impassable, the joint result of much rain and traffic. But the journey over the interminable rolling prairie was nearly over; presently the road was bordered with great vineyards dotted with almond trees—black sticks a foot long speckling the black earth in serried rows. And there, at last, ahead, Kirk Kilisse clung to her twin hills, and wandered into the cleft between the two—a white and yellow city dotted with the green of mimosas, set against the purple of the jagged and ferocious outline of the Istrandja Dag beyond.

The Turks call the city Kirk Kilisse, and the Bulgarians call it Lozengrad. The Turkish name is a product of what grammarians call false analogy. Kilisse is the same word as *ecclesia* and *église*, and once on a day there was one church here, in a swamp, for which the Turkish word is Kir; and so the place got the name of Kir Kilisse, or the Church in the Swamp. But somebody who couldn't spell, or who wished to exaggerate the Christian proclivities of a Turkish town, altered Kir to Kirk, which means forty, and so the place is now the City of Forty Churches, when, as a matter of fact, it has only got one. The Bulgarian name means the City of Vineyards, and is much the more sensible name of the two, because undoubtedly the circumambient vineyards are the distinctive feature of the place. Good wines, both red and white—the latter a full-bodied, dark wine of the Marsala type, and the former a heavy Burgundy—are made of these grapes.

The Bulgarian is a very moderate drinker.

Of wine in Turkey, Busbecq wrote in 1552: "To drink wine is considered a great sin among the Turks, especially in the case of persons advanced in life; when younger people indulge in it the offence is considered more venial. Inasmuch, however, as they think that they will have to pay the same penalty after death whether they drink much or little, if they taste one drop of wine they must needs indulge in a regular debauch, their notion being that, inasmuch as they have already incurred the penalty appointed for such sin in another world, it will be an advantage to them to have their sin out, and get dead drunk, as it will cost them as much in either case. These are their ideas about drinking, and they have some other notions which are still more ridiculous. I saw an old gentleman at Constantinople who, before taking up his cup, shouted as loud as he could. I asked my friends the reason, and they told me he was shouting to warn his soul to stow itself away in some odd corner of his body, or to leave it altogether, lest

it should be defiled by the wine he was about to drink, and have hereafter to answer for the offence which the worthy man was about to indulge in.”¹

Kirk Kilisse is a picturesque place. Little acacia trees fringe little awful side-walks, and nondescript, ramshackle, brown-tiled houses lean against one another in sympathetic attitudes. To the incredible filth of the roads and alleys one soon became accustomed, and splashed through the bogs with the calm *sang-froid* of men who could not get any dirtier if they tried, and could not get any cleaner for the same reason. And, sometimes, when you had emerged from a narrow slum of glass-fronted dens, where many shuttered shops proclaimed death or exile, the sun would flash on the white walls and emerald dome of a mosque perched high on the hillside ; and the filth was forgotten.

But it was a sad place, for it was crammed with wounded. Every other building was a hospital, and the streets were densely packed with soldiers with blood-stained bandages, most of them on the hands and arms, but some on feet that could not be put to earth, while their owners hobbled about with their rifles for crutches. The extraordinary number of men wounded in the hands and arms is easily explained. In well-constructed trenches (in which at Lule Burgas the Bulgarians lay for days) only a man's head and arms are exposed to the enemy's fire. Most bullets through the head finish the business at once ; the bullets through the arms and hands do not.

The hospitals were eternally besieged by crowds of “out-patients” who came to get their diurnal dressing from the over-worked surgeons ; in the filth of the street, muffled in their brown overcoats, the lean, tired, hungry-eyed men sat for hours patiently, diffusing around a horrid stench of gangrene and iodoform.

On November 2 we woke up after our first night in Kirk Kilisse, which had not been a particularly peaceful one. The bed that I had tried to sleep on may have accommodated itself to the anatomy of Greeks, but it must have resented the intrusion of a Britisher. The rain had come down in sheets, incessantly ; and as there appeared to be a corrugated iron roof above the apartment that Maxwell and I shared, the noise can be imagined, but not described. The wind was extremely high, and banged the open window about with a din that appeared emulous of the performance of the roof ; while it killed two birds with one stone, or very nearly, by blowing us off our beds on to the floor, which was certainly the softer resting-place. About one o'clock in the morning, just as I had fallen into an uneasy slumber, there was a great banging at the door, and in walked Arnaoudhoff, in his greatcoat instead of a night-shirt, shouting like a silly schoolboy that there was a great fire, and really we ought to come to see it.

¹ Forster and Daniell's translation.

In my haste I devoutly wished that Arnaoudhoff was spending the night in the burning building, and that the Fire Brigade had business elsewhere ; but there was nothing to be done but to turn out and shiver at a leaky window, watching the great tongues of flame rise and fall like the tongue of the Wild Worm in *Siegfried*, for it was a really good fire ; and it was so cold in our house that I wished it had occurred next door, instead of half a mile away ; besides, there would have been a better chance of disposing of Arnaoudhoff. Never was on this earth such a pandemonium as then. In addition to the noises already enumerated, the wind was banging the doors all over the house ; and outside every bell in the town was ringing, and every dog in the town was barking, and live cartridges were exploding by the dozen. Whether the bullets were let off by the fire, or whether the sentries were firing at an incendiary, or whether they were playfully attracting the attention of the neighbours to their danger, or whether they were putting victims of the flames out of their misery, I know not, and shall never know. At all events the firing (not the arson, if it was arson, but the bullets) lasted far into the morning, and agreeably impressed us newcomers with a sense of the security and peace of Turkish towns in war time.

It was so delightful to get off that Greek (I had nearly written Greecy) and Procrustean bed, and have none of the bother of shaving and bathing and dressing and hairbrushing ; on with the muddy field-boots, and there you are, equipped *cap à pie*, something like Venus Anadyomene rising in all her perfect beauty from the sea. I felt that if the cart with the baggage did not turn up soon I should go mad ; for the fleas in Greek houses, to say nothing of allied carnivora, are very large, and as the sand of the seaside for multitude. That morning we made a new acquaintance, a certain M. Mateeff, a Bulgarian who spoke perfect English, and who had been for some time with George Smith, the distinguished Assyriologist. He told us he had been Minister at Athens, and represented Bulgaria at the St. Louis Exhibition. He also told us a story about the great mosque at Adrianople which Sultan Selim had had built by the greatest architect in his dominions.

The Sultan ordered the architect to put in a thousand windows ; and that bewildered artist did his best to comply with the decree of his august lord. But at the last moment, when, indeed, by dint of making the interior exceedingly light, he had managed to get in 999, he discovered that another would ruin all. I do not mean that the mosque would have tumbled to pieces—it was far too well built for that ; but merely that the whole effect would have been marred. The architect was a great artist, as any one who has seen his mosque, even from afar, will admit ; and so, rather than spoil his handiwork by that impossible thousandth window, he resolved to die. He did not intend to

commit suicide ; but he meant to refuse to put in that absurd window ; and he knew his Sultan Selim intimately. One day the Sultan sent for the architect, and told him it was high time that the mosque was finished. The architect, somewhat mendaciously, replied that it was. " Take me to see it," commanded the Sultan. The architect's slippers quivered a little as he led the way. Arrived in front of the mosque, the Sultan at once began counting out loud. He had had an excellent grounding in arithmetic, and he was a very fair pedestrian, so that the mental and physical strain involved in perambulating the mosque, which is a very big one, and looking up at the windows, some of which are very high, to say nothing of the counting out loud, did not unduly distress him. It took him an hour and a half to make the complete circuit, and then, with a very red face, the Sultan turned to the architect and shrieked, " There are only nine hundred and ninety-nine ! " " I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied the latter, after an awkward pause, for he was more at home with fabrics than with fabrications, " but I think your Majesty must inadvertently have omitted to count one of the windows." " Me ! " roared the Sultan, getting redder and redder—" me miss out a window ? When I've got as good eyesight as any man in Turkey, and won the prize for arithmetic at Owens College before the premature deaths of my fifteen Elder Brethren brought me to the throne ! Is it likely, you dog, and son of a dog, and grandson of a dog ? I'll pay you out for that insult ! " The architect saw that the game was up. There would be a great deal of bastinado, followed by a very little rope. He fell on his knees and confessed. The Sultan was considerably mollified when he heard that his arithmetic was correct, for he had had very little practice since he counted the corpses of his Elder Brethren.

Besides, it was such a relief to know that he would not have to walk round that beastly mosque all over again, as he had severely resolved to do if the architect stuck to his guns ; though of course after the architect's demise.

" Well, now you'd better go home and get bastinadoed," genially remarked the Sultan, " and if you are able to walk you can come round and see me about five, and I'll give you further instructions." This was horrible ; the architect made a final effort. " Your Majesty, I carried out the spirit, and not the letter, of your august commands ; for in the minds of the people nine hundred and ninety-nine seem more than one thousand ; and they will say that any sultan could build a mosque with a thousand windows, but only the great and puissant Sultan Selim could build one with nine hundred and ninety-nine." " By Jove," said the Sultan musingly, " not a bad idea, that ; something in it, I do believe. And, after all, it's not half a bad mosque. Took me a jolly long time to get round it ; and another window would have given me a stiffer neck than I've got already. Yes, on the

whole, I think I'll let you off this time. Don't do it again. By Gad! how late it is! I shall miss that suffragette meeting in the Harim if I don't look sharp. Ta ta, old boy! and thanks very much for building me such a damned good mosque."

The above, taken down in shorthand from M. Mateeff's recital, shows that there are Bulgarians who combine both a sense of humour and a command of English.

What a filthy, stuffy, rambling place that Greek house was—all linoleum and falling plaster and chintz blinds; where you seemed to be going up and down stairs all the time. The only refreshing touch in the whole sordid picture is the little fair-haired lassie who brings in the plates, and helps Alexander to wash up, and generally acts as housekeeper in this deserted ramshackle abode, whence, from the back windows, you see tier upon tier of brown-tiled flat-roofed houses climbing up into the sky.

The enigma of the house was the biggest, ugliest, and far and away the dirtiest man I ever saw. His face was nearly black with the accumulations of ages; his huge protruding eyes looked dully into vacancy; the general effect was that of a Brobdingnagian pug who has got dyspepsia. He never spoke, and he never did anything. Outside the house, in the little courtyard where the chrysanthemums were wilting, there was an old pointer bitch, and a little wizened crippled man who spun all day with a distaff.

We were told stories of wounded Bulgarians whose lives were spared by the Turks if they had enough money to buy themselves off; but this applied only to the rank and file. No officer was ever spared; his nose and ears were cut off first, and thereafter he was butchered.

The black caps of the Bulgarians told against them; they were much more conspicuous than the green khaki caps of the Turks. People said that the Turks fired away about five times as much ammunition as the Bulgarians. To-day we heard that the 29th and 32nd Regiments marched from the sector north of Adrianople at 3 P.M. yesterday, and got here—a distance of sixty kilometres—at 7 A.M. It rained the whole time, and the troops went straight across country. Verily these Bulgarians are splendid fellows!

November 3. Sunday. Thought of a certain dear creature going to church in her pretty frock across the autumn-coloured garden, and how peaceful and beautiful life in England is compared to life in these wild, ferocious climes! Went through the wounded-crowded streets to the stinking post-office, which apparently has intimate relations with the Cloaca Maxima of Lozengrad, and wherein the briefest sojourn calls up unpleasant prognostications of imminent typhoid. And yet here men work like horses all day and half the night, and take no steps to mitigate the nuisance! Sanitation is the one thing the Bulgarians are Laodicean about.

At the post-office I encountered for the first time the excellent Russian Captain Mamontoff, a sturdy fellow of twenty-eight, who had commanded a mitrailleuse in the Russo-Japanese War. He was in uniform, looking exactly like a Bulgarian officer, and was sending off reams of copy about Lule Burgas. He kept me waiting for the operator such an unconscionable time that I vowed I would never come back to the post-office without a bottle of eau-de-Cologne and a very large bandana.

In the afternoon we walked to the northernmost of the two forts which were intended to defend Kirk Kilisse. They are both very much alike—huge semicircular mounds of earth protected by terrific ditches, with barracks and store-houses behind the shelter of the ramparts.

The country in front had been carefully denuded of trees, but the Turks had forgotten the rather essential matter of guns. The Bulgarians had got nine old Krupps into position at the north fort by this time. The fort is about a mile and a half from the town, and the track to it goes down a precipice into a ravine, and up the other side, through a jungle of vines and almond-trees, on which great bunches of mistletoe were growing.

November 4. The baggage question now superseded all others as far as I was concerned. For days I had not changed my clothes, or had a bath, or brushed my hair; and wild horses should not keep me from my kit. The scoundrel Alexis had returned, riding on my saddle on one of the horses, with some lie about the cart having stuck miles away back, which was not unnatural considering that he'd taken away the best horse! He was the most useless scoundrel I ever encountered; but he was a favourite of M.'s, who resented my importunities that he should be dismissed. M. Mateef kindly consented to accompany me with his Humber car in order to get all the baggage back if possible; and of course there was the inevitable censor in charge, which I managed to arrange should be Kostoff.

At 8.30 A.M. we started for Seliolo. It was a fine day, but previous rains, and the passage of thousands of bullock-wagons, had churned the tracks into indescribable morasses. Gleaming pools of dirty water, chance protruding ruts, and then a few yards of black greasy wheel-turned hills and valleys,—a mazy mountain system more erratic and difficult to pass than the Pennine Alps,—this was the charming landscape we motorists looked on for forty weary miles. I had managed to secure a spade at the fort on the previous day (I did not steal it), and this proved invaluable. Half a dozen times we literally dug the car out of the dirt, and with chance strips of wood and made-up ramps, built little causeways for the wheels.

A detour to avoid a hopelessly impassable lake outside Yenidje nearly ended in disaster. There was a choice between a lane full of water and a ploughed field with a narrow passage between two

trees in a ditch. Alexander, of course, wanted to go on down the lane, in which he had already stuck five times. I cut a ramp up into the ploughed field, we pushed the motor up, and then I filled in the ditch, and told Alexander to go slowly on between the trees. He gesticulated and swore that it was impossible; but I had taken measurements, and knew what a beautiful steerer was our poltroonish Armenian.

He went at it at last; there was a slight brushing of the hood, and a bump down the far side, but the car got through. And then Alexander smiled his ineffable smile, as of one who had engineered the feat from the very beginning. The road was crammed with men and transport coming from Adrianople to reinforce the Lule Burgas armies; and the number of carts we saw stuck and derelict defy enumeration. The worthy Mateef, whose chief failing is not a lack of self-confidence, was emphatic on the point that the Bulgars were retiring from Adrianople in order to let the Turks out, and then smash them up in the open. At length, *post tot pericula*, we arrive again at the Mayor of Seliolo's house, still girded with its zone of malodorous sheepskins, still echoing to the howls of the latest scion of the mayoral stock.

The poor tired-looking, prematurely-aged Mayoress had a terrible ear-ache, which the excellent Kostoff tried to relieve with eau-de-Cologne. What Kostoff really carried in that inexhaustible case of his will ever remain a mystery. Short of a white elephant, I firmly believe he could have produced anything out of it.

We were very hungry; we were always hungry in Turkey. The Mayor looked at his flock of hens, and they disliked his expression, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. One of them, less cunning than her sisters, took seeming asylum in the midst of a wood-stack—apparently a most excellent place of refuge. But not from the Mayor of Seliolo—I suppose he is the most expert hen-catcher on earth. It took him about five minutes to worm his way into the bowels of that wood-stack; but at length a terrified gallic scream was heard, and the hinder parts of the Mayor were observed to be in motion backwards. At length the complete Mayor emerged, hot, but triumphant, holding aloft a hen. She and another, smitten to earth with a pole, were speedily decapitated, and allowed to flutter into the very filthiest liquid-manure puddles to be found in the whole farmyard.

At 6 P.M. the excellent Mayor provided two white oxen and a youth to go to Pravodiya and fetch the cart. They were to start at once and march all night.

November 5. About 7.30 A.M. I observed a black sheep running about the yard. The Mayor also observed it, and suddenly seized it unawares, as deftly as though it had been a mere hen. He then pulled his knife out of his belt, and plunged

it into the neck of the sheep. As though fallen from the skies another man appeared, who skinned the sheep in a marvellously short space of time, pulling its hide off over its head as a man is divested of his sweater.

The greedy chauffeurs, watching vulture-like the process of gralloching, make away with the kidneys, the liver, and the best chops, which they grill privily over a wood-fire in the frosty dawn. Any old joint will do for those fools their masters, who consumed a portentous quantity of very fresh mutton, and felt like giants refreshed.

At the corner of the farmyard, hung about with sheepskins, to which gory collection the dripping trophy of our late black friend had been already added, was a little wattled patch of desolation a kind heart would have called the garden. In it were a few moribund specimens of artemisia, prickly pear, and snap-dragon, and in the midst a wild datura was giving up the ghost.

A Turkish village is a garbage-ridden chaos of straw stacks, thorn fences, brown tiles, and cur dogs. Many of the seeming stacks are wooden frames covered with thorns and straw, in which is kept chopped straw, the fodder of the kine. The white oxen and black buffaloes live inside similar sheds at night ; and to-day our Mayor produced from his pocket so unlikely an object as a comb, and proceeded to groom with it a favourite buffalo cow. The stream which flows through Seliolo is now only a series of muddy pools, fringed with limestone rocks, and bordered by hacked and mutilated poplars, willows, elms, and aspens. A couple of unfinished or ruined bridges project themselves uselessly half-way across the sandy flats. We came across an unfortunate soldier doubled up and groaning in all the fearful agonies of colic, or was it cholera ? From subsequent events I suspect it was the latter. We found a doctor, who rather ostentatiously pronounced it to be colic.

Then we visited the really immense farm of Delaver Bey, a progressive Turk who has been Mayor of Adrianople but who has had the sense to refuse office under the Young Turks. Several months ago, foreseeing war, he sold all his grain and stock and took his family away.

His farm-buildings are entirely surrounded by a wall ten feet high, flanked by a peel-tower loopholed for musketry, whose walls are three feet thick. This tower is only eighty years old, but it is in a ruinous state, the centre being choked with the huge stones used in the walls. Within the curtain-wall are two yards, each about eighty yards square, with roofed sheds for cattle, two threshing machines, an engine, granaries, a living house (now being used as a hospital), and a wrecked and ruined garden. The huge vine that a few weeks ago trailed over the long pergola lies, hacked and dying, in the filthy mud ; the pergola itself has served for fuel. It is possible to recognise the stumps of what were once

geraniums. Everywhere are strewn the dirty rags and indescribable litter of a Turkish camp ; with heaps of spent machine-gun cartridges, and all the evidences of men making haste to flee. Here was fought one of the most important actions which paved the way for the evacuation of Kirk Kilisse.

In this village of Seliolo, in 1903, many Bulgars tried to sell their property and emigrate. They were prevented by the Turks from selling, but nevertheless emigrated ; and in their houses Turks were installed by a paternal government. These Turks have now fled, and the woodwork of their purloined houses is being vigorously converted into firewood by their Bulgarian neighbours.

All day long the dogs bark, answering the boom of the big guns thundering round Adrianople. There is an unfinished white church on the side of the hill above the stream ; and the Papas, or Pope, or Pastor thereof is a dark-bearded man who wears a cassock and a miniature top-hat of silk.

M. Mateef is full of information, and his portmanteau is full of food. He plucked a plant and extracted the seeds, and gave them to me to eat, saying they were sesame and very good. When we got back he gave me some nougat-like stuff called sesame hulvar, which was quite nice, and reminiscent of " You shall each have a cake of sesame—and ten pound," Ruskin's immortal book, and Ali Baba.

In the afternoon we walked in the direction of the cart, and we had not gone more than a couple of miles over the oak-scrub-covered plain before Kostoff put up his glass and said, " Sie kommt." I could have sung a *Te Deum* for very joy ; there were fresh raiment, and a bath, and sponges and towels and soap in that approaching cart !

Yes, at length the little flags hove in view, and all doubts were at an end. I could have hugged the mud-stained form of George. That evening I discovered on the wall a cartoon representing a huge John Bull holding a duck in both hands, while a diminutive Greek on one side and a tiny Turk on the other tugged violently at his flowing yellow whiskers. I suppose it had some reference to Crete. We went to bed about nine, and the lice and fleas were perfectly awful. Even Alexander, who must have had a comprehensive acquaintance with such gentry, complained in the morning of the ravages of the "*petits enfants*."

November 6. We sent off the cart at 5 A.M., and got off in the motors at 9, after bidding farewell to the Mayoress and her little Irene. Mateef was furious because I put a modicum of baggage on to his car ; he said I should break the springs, and altogether made himself very unpleasant. The drive back to Kirk Kilisse was not agreeable ; Mateef was sulky because his predictions as to the springs of his motor were not fulfilled ; the farther we went without broken springs the sulkier he got.

We got safely back to Kirk Kilisse by one o'clock, and learned the glad tidings of the departure of Arnaoudhoff. In the afternoon we went shopping in the crowded, acacia-fringed, narrow little streets, where proud little ponies with blue beads on their harness jostled ox-carts full of bandaged men, sallow-visaged, bearded, and dull-eyed.

After ten days of filth what a joy to have a bath! Then dinner at the Officers' Club with three colonels, two of whom talk French, and one English; and all are very agreeable. They tell us they captured forty guns at Lule Burgas, and fifty elsewhere, and 150,000 rounds of ammunition. Back down the cyclopean-stoned alley, sliding and slipping, and through the massy door, and so to bed in my own camp-bed, where I sleep as in a palace, with the stove blazing by my head to the accompaniment of Maxwell's snores.

November 7. Last night there was another fire, and the usual concomitants of frenzied firing and bell-ringing. Little Irene, our small but efficient housekeeper, comes and helps us to pack up, wearing a pair of Maxwell's stockings that he had burned a great hole in by putting them too near the stove chimney. Poor little Irene has hitherto been used to bare legs and feet, even in the coldest weather, and a miserable little cotton frock, much too small for her; so to-day she surveys her nether garments with great pride, regardless of the large patch of pink leg surrounded by its circle of burnt stocking. With her black satin bow stuck jauntily on one side of her flaxen head she is quite a dainty little creature.

Then there is benzine to be sought for the motor, and Kostoff, for to-day we are off to the front, to see a battle at all hazards. I seek the benzine, and am refused it; it is all to be kept for the military. Fortunately we have a fair supply in hand. Mateef has left in a huff, doubtless because his motor did not break down when he said it would. So, after the appallingly difficult task of getting all our baggage and ourselves into the motor, we bid farewell to little Irene and depart. Kostoff is nowhere to be found; and the dirty, pug-faced person is fortunately absent. The road to Yenno is one dense, black mass of soldiers, 15,000 at the least, and the huge, serpent-like trail winds for miles up hill and down dale, men, guns, and transport moving to the south and east. An officer comes galloping by; he brings a report that Adrianople has fallen, and a great wave of cheering runs down the huge column. Probably this report was deliberately invented to hearten up the men.

Finally the road, such as it was, ended where a great mass of shrapnel and broken ammunition-wagons lay in the mud, and we emerged upon a boggy upland incredibly muddy, and dotted with pools of black water. The agonies of getting the motor over that abandoned Serbonian bog!

If it stuck once, it stuck fifty times, and at last, close above the village of Yenno, violent concussion against rocks knocked the bottom-plate into the fly-wheel, and the handle would not turn when we tried to restart the car.

If the exterior of Yenno was remarkable for its rocks, the interior was, even in Turkey, and that is saying a good deal, remarkable for its filth. The streets were so narrow that the motor could hardly get through them, and all alike were decorated with sheeps' heads and feet, paunches, and blood. We put up at the house of M. Kostaki, a very hospitable Greek gentleman, whose house was particularly clean and well furnished, and arrived very soon at the conclusion that in future the splendid little motor would be useless to us.

November 8. The house of M. Kostaki is blue-washed, and blue-washed also are the paraffin tins in the little garden, in which oleanders, stock, and geraniums flourish. The first business was to get horses. Of course we were told that there were none to be had. How could there be? First the Turks had carried off all those above ground, and then the Bulgars had searched the cellars. But it is unwise ever to believe natives; horses we must and would have. So at length we were conducted, by devious sewage-channels, to the house of a certain horse-coper, with Alexander in attendance as interpreter.

When the wicket in the huge door was opened we saw three woe-begone Rosinantes hanging their heads in the mud, and two wretched women sitting listlessly on their doorstep. When Alexander spoke to the elder one she burst into tears; all her belongings have been pillaged, first by the Turks, and then by the Bulgars. There is nothing left but the three horses, which they managed to hide underground. For two of these half-starved crocks the wily Greek wants £40. We realise that he will eventually take £20, and depart, with well-assumed indignation, for the house of the excellent M. Kostaki. As we sit in the little garden drinking black coffee provided by our kind hostess and her daughters, there is a knock at the garden door. A poor, broken-down, emaciated woman is admitted. She asks for bread; she has absolutely nothing, and is starving. We give her a little food and some money. But will that provide her with food in this sacked and pillaged village? I doubt it. There is a terrible sadness in such scenes as this. Such is war: mutilated men and weeping women, and children crying for their bread.

The haggling with the horse-coper dragged on, while I looked at the ivy on the wall, and the carnations in buckets, and a few meagre chrysanthemums; it was delightful to see a flower again. At last a white-haired professor took a hand in the chaffering, and I strongly suspect he hinted at the bastinado if a bargain were not speedily struck—a bargain in which he appeared to take rather more than a Platonic interest; for when the copper finally

came down to ten guineas per horse we closed, and the professor very kindly suggested that we should hand the money over to him, and that he would pay the coper. We smelt a rat here, and I at once handed my ten guineas to the coper in English gold, but whether the professor ever got any of it I am unable to say. I think he must have been a Professor of Political Economy, specially versed in the Theory of Exchange.

My purchase was a little bay stallion, about 13.3, called Harriet. Harriet is the Turkish for liberty; and so the name seemed doubly inappropriate; for there is no liberty in Turkey, and Harriet is a lady's name. However, I waived all that, and continued to address the stallion as Harriet. And then a horrible thing happened. I went to the cart for my saddle; it was not there. That scoundrel, Alexander the coppersmith, *alias* cook, had done me much evil. He had ridden on my saddle to Kirk Kilisse when he deserted the cart, and now he had left it behind by mistake. So he said. The villain, of course, had sold it. Without wages he was dismissed to return to Kirk Kilisse, and to fetch back the saddle. He burst into tears, and fawned on us like a dog; but I was in no mood to be placated. I had to borrow an old Turkish abomination from our host, the stirrups of which were so small that I could not get my feet into them. Stirrupless, then, I rode a couple of hundred miles; and every mile I rode I cursed Alexander the coppersmith with bell, book, and candle.

The village was full of burnt houses, and as we rode on our way southwards blazing villages were seen everywhere. At length we got to the now famous village of Bunar Hissar, the northernmost point of the long fighting-line which had extended thence to Lule Burgas ten days before. No correspondents had been allowed to escape from Kirk Kilisse until all was over.

Bunar Hissar was a filthy medley of burnt houses and mud, and our jaded, ill-fed mounts stumbled horribly amid the rock-strewn pools of the main street. Close to the church, about half of which is built below the level of the ground—a symbol of Christian inferiority,—was a long line of fresh graves; each had its rough, stick-like wooden cross. These were all officers. One of them, called Gregoroff, had four or five crosses, all jumbled together, large and small, some painted, some inscribed, and surmounted by a kind of miniature umbrella.

We were given some bread by a kind soldier (bread was a luxury for us!), and luncheoned without the village on a white stone, which stood solitary in a sea of mud in which a few tobacco-plants were eking out a miserable existence. A Greek priest came by, with a servant, both riding, and M. went off with them, and was seen no more.

I thought it my duty to stay with the cart, and that day's and night's work I shall never forget as long as I live. The huge mounds on the plain that marked the graves of 10,000 Turkish

and Bulgarian soldiers were a melancholy sight enough, but the jibbing cart-horses affected me more. The going was incredibly bad—ruts two feet deep, and black mud of a tenacity that defies description. The climax seemed reached when, in the dark, we stuck midway across a stream, against a boulder. The horses jibbed; George flogged: it was all no use. At last the brilliant idea occurred to me of dismounting and attaching Harriet to the cart, by means of a spare pair of traces I had providently bought in Kirk Kilisse. It was great fun wading about up to one's middle in that river, but Harriet was a good puller, and managed, with Alexander and me pushing behind, to get the cart off the boulder.

Here we passed some trenches, and saw a soldier skinning a not recently dead horse. Then we got lost. It was nearly pitch-dark; there was no track, and there was a steep ascent in front of us, and the horses were dead beat. So were we. It was a charming situation. We had very little food, and no idea of the direction to take. With fearful exertions we got the cart to the top of the bank, and then, to our intense delight, we felt ourselves on a hard road—quite a good road for Turkey.

One of the grey cart-horses—he who had jibbed and kicked so lustily in the stream—was so done that he had to be taken out and led. Alexander and I walked behind the cart, he dragging the horse along. Suddenly I heard Alexander stop George, and saw the wily Armenian clamber up the back of the wagon and lean drowsily over the top. Thus precariously perched, for a fall backwards would have killed him, Mr. Alexander the chauffeur went fast asleep like a stork, still dragging his horse behind him. The road and the darkness got worse, so I lit a candle-lamp and walked in front. It was lucky I did so, for soon I came on a chasm in the roadway that would have engulfed ten of our carts, horses and all, and assuredly broken everybody's neck. It was a terrific hole, over ten feet deep. We got past this obstruction with great difficulty, and then both men seemed inclined to chuck it. They sat down by the roadside and groaned. I also sat down and groaned. I gave them a drink of wine and some chocolate, and they felt better.

About half-past ten, after twelve hours of incessant hard work, we came on flickering bivouac fires, and the steep hill that leads up to Visa. At the top of the hill, just where the village begins, the road was completely blocked with medical transport. The carts were parked there for the night; the oxen had gone to bed. No chance of getting our cart through. It was the kind of thing that makes one swear. I got a stable for the horses, and the cart was put behind the great door of the yard, in a spot which had been used for all sorts of purposes. There I had to get out our scanty supper and eat it. I shall never forget the horrors of that meal. But some excellent doctor got wind of my misfortunes, and sent an orderly to fetch me down to the house

where he was quartered. As we passed along the silent and deserted street, suddenly, above our heads, rang out the most appalling shriek I had ever heard up to that day. I heard others like it later on. Then came groans and ejaculations and mutterings. "Turkish hospital," said the orderly. Cholera, sure enough. That shriek is unmistakable when you've heard enough of them; but at the time I supposed it was a wounded man, deserted and left to die alone. What a day! Every note of suffering seemed to have been sounded: women's tears; men's groans; dogs tearing madly at the bloody entrails of horses in the juniper-bushes.

The orderly took me down the village; and at about half-past eleven I was accommodated with a window-seat by the kindly medicos, and slept the sleep of the utterly worn-out.

November 9. We marched from Visa to Serai—the Palace—and overtook the headquarters of the Third Army, commanded by General Radko Dimitrieff. The day was chiefly remarkable for the sight of the evidences of the encounter at Tatarli, where guns, a motor-car, with two dead men inside, and the chauffeur dead beside it, and hundreds of corpses lay inextricably jumbled in the black mud. One of the ghastliest of sights. But not so ghastly as the sight at one of the sacked and burnt villages we passed that day, where a correspondent took a photograph of a disembowelled Christian woman, with the foetus beside her trampled underfoot.

Children were hacked to pieces by these dastardly Turks, particularly at Ivali, near Lule Burgas. These brutalities have excited in the Bulgarians the spirit of vengeance. In the oak-scrub which surrounds Serai we found poor women hiding in rude shelters made of boughs. What they had lived on, God knows. They looked like skeletons. As the Bulgarian troops came up they returned, a mass of muddy rags, to their houses. In one village I passed through, where the Turks had first outraged the women and then killed them, there was a large pig with its head cut half in two. The fanatics! There is no room in Europe for a religion which lays down what people and what animals are accursed in God's eyes.

We dine at the club (*sic*) in Serai, and drink coffee and listen to a prosy politician or a doctor. At dinner there were four French, three Russian, and two English correspondents crowded at a table hardly big enough for four. The food was perfectly odious: onions covered with vinegar, and black, greasy olives, with tough cold mutton. That was the first meeting of all the correspondents—nine then, and ten when Fox came—who, out of 150 who left Sofia, managed to see the battle of Tchataldja.

November 10. At Kirk Kilisse we had laid in two glorious Rehoboams of generous yellow wine, excellent stuff; and yesterday, apparently, George and Alexander drank most of it.

Our new censor-in-charge, a dark, pale-faced, quiet man, who talks English, hears us rebuking the servants, intervenes, and tells the guilty pair in their native language that he will give twenty-five lashes to any one who steals the smallest thing. At this Alexander turned pea-green.

We get the order to march 20 kilometres to the village of Istrandja, at the foot of the mountains of the same name.

The country now improves ; we get on to undulating ground, covered with oak-scrub, and in the dry, sandy soil grow heather and rock-roses, bracken and brambles. We came on two dead Turks, head to head in the roadway, and scores of dead horses. There is a tree hereabouts with foliage of a gorgeous apricot colour ; and against the purple hills I noted a patch of vivid crimson, in front of which a white minaret lifted up its slender head. A really pretty spot, and such a relief after the *triste*, drab monotony of the past fortnight.

Near Istrandja there are clumps of fair-sized oaks—all that remains of the great forest that once clothed this country. The village lies well against the furrowed hillside ; there are green grass, and red scrub, and yellow leaves, and a stream meanders through the lower fields. Two little white streamers float over a newly dug grave. Here is collected mile upon mile of ox and buffalo transport. The architecture of this Greek village is picturesque and peculiar. For about ten feet up the houses are built of stone, in which there are no windows ; above this the second floor is composed of thin red bricks set herring-bone-wise in mud.

We were given rooms at the house of the village priest, Papas Pandeli by name, where we were very hospitably received. The tall-hatted, bearded, dignified old man gave me the run of his kitchen ; and I soon had ready a savoury meal of onions and macaroni.

November 11. Have just returned from an interview with General Dimitrieff—a most amiable and courteous man, beloved by his troops ; middle-sized, dark, a black moustache, hair drooping Napoleonically over a square forehead, and an alert, direct expression. Amongst other things he said : (1) Tchataldja will be attacked. (2) The Nizam army there consists of about 105,000 men, already demoralised. (3) He has enough men to take the lines. (4) He has about 120 guns captured from the Turks, but no horses to draw them. (5) In the big fight at Bunar Hissar—Lule Burgas Turks probably lost 40,000 men, since the Bulgars lost about 6000. (6) Every available Bulgar is in the field, and the wounded keep returning to their corps ; boys and girls do the postal work in the towns. (7) The attackable part of the Tchataldja position is 20 kilometres wide, and defended by old guns. He feels certain he will take it. General Kutincheff commands the First Army, with which Dimitrieff will co-operate.

November 12. Perhaps the most tiring day I ever spent in

my life. Got up at six, and felt pains in legs, back, and head. This due to the stench and water of Istrandja, incomparably the dirtiest place on earth. We marched to Ermenekuei, close to Tchataldja. The track baffles description. The country is a series of oak-scrub-covered undulations, with narrow valleys holding streams of varying depths and impracticability. The previous passage of guns had churned the ground into ruts a foot deep. The headquarters' baggage was drawn by plucky little ponies, whose efforts were magnificent. I saw three of them down within fifty yards of one another. First one wheel is high in air, then the other; how the carts retain their equilibrium is a mystery. The soldier lying atop must have a rather shaky time of it.

The cavalcade is guided by a bare-headed, curly-headed, black-avised ruffian in a brown coat and red sash, mounted bare-back on a pony. The type of gentleman I should distinctly avoid on a dark night.

From 8 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. we laboured over the awful track. At 5.30 it was dark, and thenceforward life became almost unendurable. My pony fell several times, and then I got off and fell myself; after that he knocked me down, and a cart all but went over me; and then I got off the track and was tripped up in the oak-scrub, until at last I found salvation on the tail-board of a cart, to which I tied up Master Harriet, and so bumped and jolted on, until the ascents forced me to get off and help push. My long field-boots were covered with clay up to their very tops. De Segonzac, who has travelled all over Morocco, says that he never in his life saw such bad roads.

At 9 P.M., as we stumbled on in the dark, it was a splendid sight suddenly to see, far below us, the dancing bivouac fires of 50,000 men. Roueski, our censor-in-charge, was half afraid it was the Turks; but he was so done that he said he did not care whether he was killed or not.

The country we passed through to-day was far and away the most interesting of any yet seen. On the north the rolling hills faded into the Black Sea, of which I caught two glimpses; and under the ubiquitous oak-scrub grew heather and rock roses and hellebore. At one point we got into quite a respectable wood of good oaks, like a pheasant cover at home; and there wild roses grew tall, and a herd of white cattle roamed about with their tenor bells tinkling musically. We passed several villages, with the usual litter of maize and sheeps' paunches, but not a solitary inhabitant was to be seen. Here and there were bright emerald patches of grass and young corn, and occasionally a patch of tobacco. It was interesting to cross the great wall of the Roman Emperor Anastasius, now the home of the oak-scrub, and levelled almost to the ground, yet with the remains of a flanking-tower or two still discernible.

How glad I was when, at 10 P.M., I found my quarters, had a glass of water, and lay down in my clothes on the floor, feeling very ill, and soaked with sweat and mud !

November 13. One of the most perfect days imaginable. A bright sun, as hot as May in England, tempered by a breeze. We all feel too hot ; and this is the campaign in which we were to be frostbitten ! There are two regiments here (one Bulgarian regiment contains 4600 men), and one of them goes to-morrow into the hills.

Ermenekuei is a small village of about a hundred detached houses, prosperous because of its tobacco, now hanging up to dry in every hall, and permeating the whole house with its heavy, pungent smell. The streets are muddy, but not the V-shaped drains of Istrandja ; and the air is bracing and healthy. The village lies in a hollow, surrounded by low oak-scrub-covered hills.

The cart, with all that makes life worth living within it, turned up before noon ; and Alexander almost wept as he recounted the horrors of the march. The poor fellows spent the night out in the open with hardly any food. When the baggage came in, our room was a curious medley of East and West, of the retreating female and the advancing male. Rugs, pillows, valises, and a rubber bath jostled native-painted trunks, and a brand-new pair of stays, which Maxwell averred did not belong to him. From the walls looked down the Greek and Austrian royal families, and a curious " mausoleum " of the heroes of the war of Greek independence—blue-uniformed gentry ascending by steps into Heaven. The soldiers sit, naked to the waist, mending their washen shirts, and revelling in the sunshine. This village is a packed congeries of bandit-like soldiers (not their fault, brave lads !), cavalry horses, hairy pigs in wattled enclosures, and great wind-screens of tobacco stalks.

There is a large and excellent spring of water on the confines of the village, ever thronged with natives and soldiers. Nobody here will drink unboiled water, except myself : *Kismet*. There is a day fixed for the death of every man. The big guns at Tchataldja keep up an intermittent fire all day.

November 14. Night, and day too, for that matter, is made hideous in this house with the incessant wailing of children ; and the odour resulting from a combination of drains and drying tobacco is not conducive to health. Again a lovely day, and my little thermometer stands so persistently at 74° F. that I fancy that it must be out of order. The Papas is walking round the village with holy water, a sprig of hyssop, and a crucifix, blessing the troops before they go into action. Regarding the scene with the impartial eye of the Protestant, I suddenly find myself confronted by the good Papas, the hyssop is dashed into my face, willy nilly, and I did not dare to wipe my face with my handker-

chief. So, half-blinded and streaming, I stood in the sun, and told myself that I was now a Catholic. Close by, a lady, instead of opening a window, poked out her head through the aperture caused by a broken pane, and, thus aureoled, conversed at length with a friend in the street below.

This was a day of adventures. M. had two friends, a captain and a lieutenant, who offered to take us to a village called Kurdkeui, where lived a strange race of half-savage Kurds—men who say they left Bulgaria four hundred years ago, and eighty years ago became Moslems.

We rode to the village, half-hidden in an oak-wood, with a meadow of green grass stretching in front of it. The inhabitants were assembled in two groups for our inspection; the men in one group, the women and children in another. A more miserable-looking set of savages I never saw. They have the long black hair, hooked noses, and pale complexion of the Afghans; the women's noses are more hooked than the men's. They wear white homespun clothes, with a red sash, and no headgear. Most of the women's clothes were falling off them in rags, and the children were nearly naked, and covered with foul sores. They live by charcoal-burning, cattle, and a little cultivation. Their huts are tiled, and their bakehouses are in the open. All were terribly emaciated; a sickening sight.

Presently the two officers disappeared, and all of a sudden two revolver shots were heard, and shouting in the lower part of the village. I told Maxwell they must have found some Turks, and ran round a house to get a better view. There I saw our big captain, with naked sabre, slashing at the back of a man who was running for dear life with a sack behind him. The lieutenant was similarly engaged. When they had had enough running, they came back, and told us they were punishing looters out of their own army! This is the way the Bulgarians understand discipline! This is how they have made their army invincible!

As we rode back to Ermenekuei, M. asked the captain if he would ride with us in the afternoon to the top of a certain hill, from which is obtained a good view of the lines of Tchataldja, and both the Black Sea and the Aegean. After much importunity General Dimitrieff had given M. leave to go there. The captain refused point-blank, and said it was far too dangerous, as the hill-sides were full of lurking brigands, looking out for a stray Bulgar or two. (Certainly suspicious rifle-shots were heard at frequent intervals in the woods round Ermenekuei.)

M. now asked the lieutenant to go, and he also refused, alleging the same reason as the captain. M. was now on his mettle; he had so frequently declared his determination to get to the top of that hill that nothing could deter him. He went off to lunch with the lieutenant; and his arguments prevailed. The lieutenant consented to come, and would bring his sergeant. I was riding

the big grey cart-horse that day, and not the inadequate Harriet, and very glad I was when we had finished.

Our way lay at first through young corn, and then on to the hill slopes, where vines grew under fig and other fruit trees, and boys were herding cattle. There was no track; we could see the mountain; I took the lead and went straight for it. Presently we got out of the region of cultivation; the boys and tinkling cows were far behind; the sandy uplands were dotted with heather and dwarf arbutus. Then there loomed in sight a precipitous descent into a ravine, covered with brambles and rose-bushes and other obstructions.

To get up the mountain we must cross that ravine. I got off and led the good grey down that horrid declivity, with the brambles and rose-bushes doing their best to stop us. M. followed me, but the lieutenant and his sergeant made off to the left, and the last I saw of the lieutenant was at the top of a path leading down into the ravine, down which his sergeant had preceded him, and joined us at the bottom. It was now fairly plain sailing to the top of the mountain, though the going was none too good, owing to large stones and tough arbutus scrub. I pushed on as fast as I could, with the sergeant beside me, but M. dropped back, his horse not being quite as good as ours. Presently I heard him shout, and stopped and shouted back what was the matter. He replied, "I see a man lying down on that hill!" As he had a telescope, and was using it, and the top of the hill was only 400 yards from us, I thought it was no time for the sergeant and me to be doing nothing, and offering pot shots. I motioned to the sergeant to draw his sabre, and myself drew and cocked my revolver; and side by side we galloped as hard as we could go in the direction of the enemy. We saw no man; he had probably retired when M. shouted.

The view from this hill was very lovely in that clear yellow evening light. Rolling moorlike country stretches away to the north until it falls down to the Black Sea, covered with tinkling herds, and dotted with lone villages. In front a great plain rises into the misty undulations of Tchataldja; and to the south lie the marshy flats which border the inlet of Boyuk Tchekmedje. We could see a Turkish war-ship in the little landlocked inlet; and in front of it a village was in flames.

Down below us long sinuous lines of Bulgarian infantry were marching northwards to take up their positions. But we had to cut short the pleasure of gazing at that historic panorama, for it would soon be dark, and we had a longish way to go.

We now began to get anxious about the lieutenant. Where was he? Had he gone quietly back to camp? Or had a marauding Turk snaffled him? We got back to the gorge; and still no sign. Then we went up the steep path by which the sergeant had come down. I was leading, and suddenly I saw a sight which

gave me a shock. There was the lieutenant's cap, lying by the side of the path. I turned and went back to the others, with the cap in my hand.

When the sergeant saw it I thought he would go mad. Evidently he was very fond of the lieutenant. He turned his horse, and dashed at full gallop into the ravine, and up the far bank, and along the slope, shouting as he went. M. and I were left to examine the spot where I found the cap. There was no blood, no sign of a struggle, and the bushes had not been broken. I walked on and found the track of a horse going upwards. That settled it; the lieutenant had quietly ridden home to tea. I told M. this, but he jeered at the idea of an officer going home without his cap: *non bene relicta parmula* kind of idea.

When I said I was going home to find the lieutenant, M. was most indignant, and reproached me for my unfeeling conduct. But when the sergeant, who, like myself, had done a little tracking in his time, had come on the returning horse-tracks, and galloped past us up the path, with me in hot pursuit, M. eventually changed his mind about stopping out to look for the lieutenant, for when, ten minutes later, the sergeant and I ran into our quarry, coming back in a very battered cap to look for his new one, M. was not very far behind us, and not in the least disconcerted at the upsetting of all his theories. When I handed the lieutenant his cap he was very grateful, for in it he had hidden some valuable documents.

Our house is a veritable Inferno of noise and stench. The children yell continuously; the drying tobacco exudes its heavy, sickly smell; the hall is full of garlic-diffusing soldiers; upstairs No. 15 contributes its terrible quota to the poisonous compound. Garlic is eaten in huge quantities by everybody, from the general downwards, because of its microbe-destroying properties. It is held to be a prophylactic against cholera. The house is of wood, with plastered walls covered with a blue distemper which comes off on to one's clothes, bedding, and pyjamas; added to the yells of half a dozen children is the exasperating tick-a-tick of M.'s typewriter; outside cocks crow, asses bray, horses neigh, and oxen bellow; next door officers get up and go in and out at all hours of the night. Every banging door shakes the place to its rotten foundations. Outside are a few stunted acacia trees, a wooden belfry surmounted by a cross, not far from the little church; an open space, now walled in for cavalry horses; everywhere the reek of fires, and little groups of squads squatting round the central pot, into which each man thrusts his spoon in turn, and ladles out not undelectable soup.

November 15. Wake up feeling very ill; turn to the invaluable Burroughs & Wellcome, whose tabloids are a real boon to travellers. I stated my complaint, through the medium of the eyes, to Messrs. B. & W.; they had already printed my prescription; it was salol. I took salol, and was cured. Wonderful telepathic, not homoeo-

pathic, doctors are Messrs. B. & W. ! See Von Dreyer, who says Angus Hamilton,¹ correspondent of the *Daily News*, was taken prisoner by the Bulgarians at Tchorlu ; and as he was in Turkish dress they manacled him.

Saïd Pasha, the Turkish commander at Tchataldja, has sent a flag of truce to the Bulgarian outposts to discuss terms. The Turks will surrender with the honours of war. The Bulgarians want unconditional surrender. It is still 74° F. in the shade.

In the evening all the bands play gaily, for General Savoff, the commander-in-chief, is expected. However, he does not come.

The men of the Seventh Regiment hold a great sing-song, and stirring patriotic airs draw hundreds of poor homesick fellows to the open doors and windows. Brave as lions as they are, the tears run down many a bearded cheek.

In the mess to-day a medico told the story of a man of twenty-five who lost his way in a wood. The Turks took him ; cut off his nose, ears, and tongue ; and then conducted him back to his parents' house. There he lingered three days and died.

The most celebrated doctor in Sofia went on active service. He had just dressed a Turk's wounds. The Turk raised his rifle and shot him dead.

November 16. At 7.30 A.M. the temperature is 60° F. Slept well, and feel all right again. A glorious day ; what a pleasure to see so much of the sun ! The Pomaks in the woods have cut up ten men close by here ; and a lot of Macedonians are being sent to wipe them out. We were lucky not to meet them the other day. I walked with the Frenchmen to see the blown-up railway bridge at Karabachkeui, and the pace set by Segonzac was terrific. On the way we met a cavalryman sitting on his saddle by the roadside, and in the road was his dead horse. We had to jump a fairish brook, which Puaux cleared in grand style. He told me that yesterday he was watching some troops march in, and saw an officer knouting a soldier over his face, from which the blood ran down in streams. The poor fellow was so done that he could hardly struggle along. And this was the gentle persuasion ! Verily iron is Bulgarian discipline.

The bridge at Karabachkeui is the ordinary iron structure, built on girders, and it has been most thoroughly demolished. Its loss is of little strategic importance to the Bulgars, since stores can be brought up by rail to Sinekli, a very few miles in rear of Karabachkeui.

The following were dictated to me by Colonel Asmanoff, chief censor at Ermenekuei :

" *November 3.* To-day at Bunar Hissar the following *procès verbal* has been addressed by the Commander of the First Brigade of the Fifth Division—Colonel Abadjieff—to the Commander-in-chief of the Third Army. ' After the battle which, during four

¹ Angus Hamilton died in June last.

days, took place to the south of Bunar Hissar, when we began to bury our dead, we found among them some on which we saw traces of mutilation and atrocity, as well on the dead as on the wounded who had remained some time in the enemy's zone. The fate of thirteen men of the Twentieth Regiment of infantry—His Royal Highness Prince Cyril of Preslav's Own—was particularly atrocious. These soldiers, being wounded, had received first aid from Bulgarian doctors, and had been grouped in a position, but for want of time had to be left in the hands of the enemy, who then atrociously murdered them. In proof of which, etc., etc.' ”

“BUNAR HISSAR, *November 4.* After the battle to the south of this place, among the dead we found soldiers whose heads had been cut off, others who had been murdered with picks ; others had their ears cut off ; among them Captain Tzanikaramad-Drakoff ; others had their tongues cut out, etc.

(Signed) *Dr.-in-Chief of Second Regiment, ISKER.*
Dr. Major, TODOROFF.
Dr. of Battalion, MILOUCHEFF.
Dr., ASCHER.
Dr., ASTROOK.
Papas, RAITCHEV.”

November 17. The day of days has arrived and passed ; we have seen the first episode of the battle of Tchataldja.

We correspondents, whose number has now been increased to ten by the arrival of Mr. Fox of the *Morning Post*, an Australian who has made a plucky ride with a craven servant across a dangerous country in order to see the battle, were assembled under the command of M. Tcheprouchikoff, the King of Bulgaria's secretary, and filed off into the hills about 7 A.M. The ground rose gradually until at length, after about an hour and a half's ride, we came down into the white village of Arkalon, clinging to its steep brown hill across the stream. Then we climbed a steep flank above the village, and found ourselves at the Bulgarian headquarters. In front of us was a deep valley, with a village to the north, and the dressing-station in front of us ; in front of these again loomed big hills, on which the Bulgarians had disposed their batteries ; to north and to south gleamed the seas ; and in front, ridge after ridge culminated in the peaks of the distant mountains of Asia Minor.

It was a grey, cloudy day, with some rain. At 9.30 the artillery cannonade began ; at eleven the machine guns joined in the fray, and by 11.30 the rifles were speaking. When the concert achieved its fortissimo, the noise was splendid. The whole heaven was white with the little shrapnel clouds ; below us the ground was torn up with ineffectual bullets. It was soon apparent that this was a reconnaissance, in order to test the lines

of advance; and before the day closed, it seemed equally obvious that the Bulgarians were massing their men to the north, in order to force the Turkish right. I cannot give any details; none of us saw any. The King's secretary occasionally moved us a few yards to the right or left, as the shrapnel moved him; but to see anything more than a great twenty-mile panorama of warfare, with all the broad outline and none of the detail, was of course impossible.

All of us felt that we had witnessed one of the most magnificent spectacles, in a magnificent setting, it is given to mankind to see. Going home to Ermenekuei our censor, Rueski, a banker of Rustchuk, lost his way; and we had to find a way through the oak-scrub before it got dark, which was no easy matter. Fox was on a borrowed cavalry horse, which bolted with him on every opportunity.

November 18. Last night there was a terrific wind, which broke a branch off a tree near the house, which fell into the window of the room Fox and I now inhabit. The crash woke both of us up at 3.15 A.M., and subsequently we had rather more ventilation than we deemed essential to health.

At eight we ride out again to the battlefield, carefully shepherded by the King's secretary and Rueski, over the road across the hills, now being corduroyed in the worst places. The rain falls fast, and there is a driving mist which obscures everything. At Arkalon the houses are full of sick and wounded; dysentery and cholera are playing havoc with the army. There is no forage for the horses, and food for the men is getting short. In my humble opinion it is a thousand pities that this misguided attack was ever made.

It was absolutely impossible to see anything at all of the fight, owing to the fog. I saw one sight I do not want to see again, and that was a soldier rolling on the ground in the agonies of cholera. As the day wore on, the lines of ox-wagons taking back the wounded grew ominously long. One thing was evident: the Bulgarian attack on the north was being pressed with the utmost determination.

The Bulgarian guns have advanced a little since yesterday, but not very much. These French guns are infinitely superior in every respect to the Turkish-German guns—in length, in accuracy, and in the fusing of their shrapnel.

The rain of bullets that their *rafale* poured down upon the unfortunate Turks must have done fearful execution. At one moment of the fray a huge vulture, as large as a condor, hovered greedily high in air.

One of the French officers calls this “une bataille sur une digue” (breakwater or jetty). The comparison is apt. There is a front of 20 kilometres, and neither side can effect a turning movement; it must be all straight slogging. As for the greater part of the day we could see absolutely nothing, most of the

correspondents spent their time lighting fires in trenches, at which to warm their hands and dry their handkerchiefs. It was raining all the time, and the cold was awful. I had a thick fur coat on, and shivered in it. Headquarters very kindly gave us lunch; and the grilled mutton and hot tea was decidedly refreshing. Then the slightly wounded began to stream past us to the rear. One fellow, fearfully bloody about the head, was led tenderly by the hand, like a little child, by a wounded comrade; another was carrying his long boot, and limping along with his gaiter a mass of clotted gore; others went on one leg, and used their rifles as crutches. There was that uncanny battle-tired look in the eyes of them all. One beardless lad had an expression on his face that I cannot describe and shall never forget.

At the outskirts of Arkalon, as we returned to camp, we passed two stretchers being carried reverently into the town. They held the bodies of the colonel and major of the Fourth Regiment. We none of us were in very good spirits as we rode back; evidently the decisive attack had failed.

These Bulgars are such splendid fighting-men that a repulse will only tend to make them more than ever determined to get through.

9 P.M. Have just returned from mess, and sit down to write out statement spontaneously given by Colonel Jostoff, Chief of the Staff of the Third Army, which practically amounts to a confession that the Bulgarians have bitten off more than they can chew.

"1. Dysentery is accounting for thousands.

"2. Cholera has appeared.

"3. To-day the Fourth Regiment, in the fog, got between two Turkish forts, and was nearly wiped out: the colonel, a major, and several captains killed.

"4. We hoped to cross this wall, but we didn't expect to have to reckon with sickness.

"5. To-morrow we shall do nothing, and you correspondents will remain at home."

How sorry I am for the gallant Dimitrieff! It is said that the country between Tchataldja and Constantinople is a seething mass of refugees, and that the epidemics originated there. Altogether not a very bright outlook. There were 450 Bulgarian guns in action to-day.

November 19. I left London exactly a month ago: how much has been crowded into it! Everybody is dejected about the repulse, and a good many are frightened about cholera. The precautions against it in the mess are rather amusing. The mess, by the way, is in the former inn of the village—a brown wooden two-storied house; and the long arm of Britain appears in the legend, "British America," over the door. I suspect it is an insurance company.

The room on the left of the door is the kitchen, the room on the right the mess. Upstairs are the censors' offices ; but as no news whatever is allowed to get through, both they and the correspondents may be said to be *functi officiiis*.

The mess-room is quite a small place, and is always most uncomfortably crowded. It is full of flies and smells, and a couple of canaries are hung up in a cage near the roof. In the middle is a fearsome lamp, which is pumped up with air, and then emits a flare which would put the biggest acetylene head-lamp to shame. In fact, there is rather too much light. On the wall is a coloured print of a bloodthirsty character, all over-turned guns and slaughtered blue-uniformed Italians ; while the majestic equestrian Turks drive the remnant of the invaders through the palm-forest into the sea.

The head cook is an officer of sorts : an obese gentleman in a blue frock-coat, who wears his hair long, and his cap on the back of his head. If the food is not up to standard he can be court-martialled and shot. I cannot for the life of me understand why he is still alive. But General Dimitrieff is universally beloved for his kindly nature.

The first operation is the solemn disinfecting of knives, forks, and spoons. Several large bowls full of boiling water are brought in and passed round ; and into the bowl each man dips his cutlery, holds it there a second or two, and passes the bowl on to his neighbour. The only logical outcome of this system would appear to be, that if one man's fork should chance to have the cholera, it would give it to all the others.

After the aseptic treatment of the cutlery, boiled water, nice and hot, is brought, and each man's glass filled. I always had a suspicion that the water which went out after the knife-disinfecting reappeared to appease our thirst ; but this may be doing the head cook officer a cruel injustice.

The food is frankly horrible—greasy, ill cooked, nauseating. Brown gritty bread and the goat-scented soft white cheese are about the best things on the menu.

November 20. Horses' backs in very bad state, especially M.'s, which has a hole two inches deep. I doctor them as best I can. Read *Turkey in Europe*, by Odysseus, who is really Sir Charles Elliot—an excellent work, which, though nearly twenty years old, would not be out of date to-day if there were any Turkey in Europe left. I cooked a chicken in butter for lunch, and it was much approved of. The Frenchmen are going to Jamboli, they say. Saw Dimitrieff, who says the two days' cannonade of Tchataldja was a reconnaissance, which has fixed the Turkish position. "It is a fortress which must be reduced by siege operations." He is sending for siege-guns. Sickness very greatly retards things. Of peace negotiations he has heard a rumour, but nothing official. "Il faut de patience." Walk in afternoon

with Fox and M., and discuss question of staying or going. Fox, in his khaki suit, putties, Sam Brown belt, and enormous furry gloves and cap, looks like a Territorial under orders for the Arctic. We finally decide to go, and return if any developments occur.

November 21. A beautiful day, sunny and hot, and the cart is loaded up, and the jaded nags got out and our leave taken of Ermenekuei. We marched to Karabachkeui, and past its broken bridge to Sinekli, and as we crossed over the high ridges above the latter place we looked back and saw the last of Ermenekuei, nestling in its green hollow amid the fulvous woods.

Sinekli is the rail-head, and it is also a cholera camp. There is a dingy brown house, with some clothes hung out to dry from a window, about sixty yards from the line, and round it walks a sentry with fixed bayonet. We have to wait for our train and load up our baggage within a hundred yards of this plague-spot. The fourgon we are given holds baggage in ordinary times, but to-day it holds twelve men, including the Frenchmen's four servants, and all our baggage, which produces a state of congestion impossible to exaggerate. Just before the train started, at 7 P.M., there broke out the ghastly, oft-repeated, blood-curdling screams of a soldier struck down with cholera. They lasted about three minutes, and during that time not a soul in our wagon spoke.

Segonzac and Puaux have got a bed of straw, but I find my camp chair, close to the great open side of the fourgon, very comfortable. It is a delight to watch the dark clouds scurrying across the brilliant moon, and the great cumuli of engine-steam trying to imitate the clouds. The Man in the Moon smiled broadly all night.

November 22. When the train stopped in the early morning at Baba Eski—a featureless place on a drab plain, with only barrack-like buildings in sight beside the new red-tiled station, terrible scenes took place, quite indescribable. Suffice it to say that we were in the same train with the cholera and dysentery patients. One poor fellow, wounded in the hand, and suffering from dysentery, dragged himself back to the train, and hung his head on the footplate of the engine, tired of everything. It was a pathetic sight. Even the tops of the tall fourgons are covered with white-robed figures getting by hook or by crook to Lozengrad.

There we arrived about 11 A.M., and found our old quarters, where nice Irene and the dirty, pug-faced man live, now tenanted by two generals; and we have to apply to the Municipality for lodgings.

The Mayor is apparently a deaf-mute; he never opens his mouth, or even moves in his chair; but, huddled up, consumes an appalling number of cigarettes, and watches, with lack-lustre eye, his subordinates at work. While we were in the august abode of the Mayor—the Town Hall, I suppose I should call it—a

row broke out in the hall, and a sentry with a long bayonet in his rifle burst into tears, while his unarmed opponent made off laughing.

November 24. After threading the maze of dirty little rat-runs that call themselves streets we found the Municipality again, and in front of it was waiting a cart and two ponies, driven by a Turk—a brown-faced youth from Anatolia, as most of these *arabajis*, or drivers of carts, are. A lusty fellow, as strong as a horse, and very good-tempered. Then we got half a barrel of benzine for the motor, and some hay to sit on, and were off. The road to Yenno is as dull as it was before—burnt villages, drab thorn-fences, and yellow mud, with the Istrandja Dagħ lit up by fitful gleams of light far away on the left. The corpses have had rough mounds of earth heaped over them; and into these the lean dogs are burrowing and tunnelling.

The grey-backed crows flock together near the carcasses, and some dogs loiter near the remains of a horse, of which everything has been eaten except the bones and the hoofs. The brown boy flogs his ponies with a thick stick, and they trot on gallantly. The springless cart jolts terribly, and the wooden sides heave and sway as though tenanted by a tortured soul.

We met some fellows with ox-wagons bringing round water-worn stones to repair the road, and two great oxen were dragging about ten stones in each wagon. They do not consider economy of time in the East. Alexander bandies jokes with the roadmen over what he calls "*cinq kilos de pierres*." At last we gain the ridge, and look down on the stony, undulating valley, backed by the Istrandja Dagħ, in which lies brown-tiled Yenno. There are a few, a very few poplars—that is the whole extent of the vegetation—with here and there a patch of green, which means young corn. The Kostaki family are very pleased to see us again, and are most kind and hospitable; they kiss our hands, give us bread, wine, cheese, and cherries, and put us into an excellent clean room. There are six daughters and one son; one of the daughters, married, is a revelation of Parisian modishness in her Sunday gown. I have to read the Greek essay of one of the younger ones; I can understand it all right, but my Etonian pronunciation excites some laughter. The Greek girls gave us large posies of chrysanthemums, daisies, and carnations, and the scent of these perfect creatures, after all the stench we have endured, is a breath from heaven.

A crowd watches us start out of the dirty yard, and into the dirtier streets, as we wave farewell to the good Kostakis. The car travels excellently, and only once do we have to invoke the aid of our *arabaji* to pull us out of a bog. At 3 P.M. we were back at Kirk Kilisse, and Alexander was very proud of himself. We overtake some English-looking youths near the hospitals, and find that they are part of the English Red Cross detachment,

consisting of thirteen surgeons and twenty-two dressers. Our return with the car to the house of Michaelis, where we lodge, is quite an event for the neighbourhood, the small boys of which tire not of blowing the hooter.

November 26. The streets are incredibly clean, and flags wave everywhere; everybody talks about peace, but nothing is known. Savoff, Daneff, and Fitcheff are said to be negotiating at Tchataldja. Puaux tells me that Dimitrieff was dressed down by Fitcheff, because he let us see the Tchataldja fight.

November 27. Beautiful day. Walked the streets, and suffered more than ever from the awful feeling of boredom and weariness which the place seems to engender. Saw a dead man, eyes staring, hands clenched, being drawn uncovered on an ox-wagon. The crowds of waiting wounded round the hospital greater than ever. Segonzac and Puaux say they are going home at once. Found a notice on Fox's door: "In this house lived Mr. Fox: he leaves a horse for the English nurses." How very perspicuous! Is the horse in the drawing-room, or upstairs?

The censors can tell one nothing; Lyon knows no more than we do; people say that at noon to-day we shall know whether there is peace or not. The best thing to do is to go back to England; there is nothing to be done here. So bored that we eat no lunch. The eating-house in the town is too filthy for words.

November 28. Walk out with M. to the eastern fort, where there are huge earthworks but no guns. From the great mound of yellow earth you see both the fantastic, serrated peaks of the Istrandja, and the saddle-like white, brown, and blue town of Lozengrad, with many a league of purple plain stretching away southwards.

We meet two soldiers in ragged overcoats and battered black slouch hats—a queer uniform! They were coal-mining at Denver, Colorado, when the war broke out. They are gunners of the reserve, but beneath their greatcoats they still wear their blue working overalls. They came back in twenty-five days *via* New York and Havre, the fare costing them £22 apiece.

"Ja, we come back fight. When the war over we go back again, unless we dead. Plenty dead this war. Not Turkish-Italian war; Bulgarian-Turkish war." The patriotism of such fellows splendid, and shows what stuff the people are made of.

A wireless telegraph is thrumming and buzzing in front of the fort, and our friends tell us it is in communication with Tchataldja.

As we return through the high upper part of the town we find 103 Turkish guns stretched in long lines in front of the barracks, and a great crowd of wounded waiting to be attended.

An epidemic of cleanliness, probably pursued with so much zeal because of its novelty, seems to have seized on all classes and sexes and ages of the population. Yesterday we found small

girls with large shovels in the kennel of the roadway bespattering passers-by with filth, while demurely pretending to be removing garbage.

To-day an aged Papas, white-haired and black-gowned, is to be seen resolutely grappling with the ordure outside his dwelling, while a few paces away a small boy brushes up clean dust with a grass-broom; and across the street a tiny girl draws down upon her head the imprecations of an adult male relative by removing the grass that grows on the outer limit of the footpath.

And as the aged and the infants toil at the dirt-problem, robust youths sit on their hunkers regarding them curiously; even as critics at a new play of which the plot is undecipherable.

We meet Fox again, who is always going and yet never goes; and the Frenchmen, who are really going; and Beaumont of the *D.T.*, who has just returned from Tchataldja, and is also going; in fact, if we stay we shall be the only correspondents left in the town. We go for lunch to the eating-house, where the grimy waiters skip about with almost supermanlike agility, and the food is greasier and nastier than it is possible to conceive. There is yellow, gleaming, wicked-looking grease on everything; vinegar in all the soups, dirt and grit in all the rice, and the tablecloth, and the knives and forks and spoons—oh! And then, suddenly, into the swarm of unshaven, dirty men, into the dark reek of that unsavoury den, comes the blue-clad figure of a young girl, with a white handkerchief over her hair and a Red Cross on her arm—a dark, pretty, fresh-looking creature. Thank you, Miss, whoever you are! We are all the better for the sight of you.

November 29. I go to censor's office to send a wire to *The Times* about the capture at Dedeagatch; M. remains outside. There are three telegrams for him: he reads them and hands them to me. They all say the same thing: "Come home at once." In the afternoon we go to the Attaché's and play bridge.

There were Lyon, and Lewis the Swiss, and Romanoffsky the Russian, and the Dutch attaché. Puaux and Segonzac come in; this is said to be the twelfth time they have come to say good-bye. "À la gare comme à la gare," says the Dutchman as he shakes hands.

Then we visit Mrs. Stobart's excellent hospital, entirely organised by herself, and entirely run by women doctors—a notable achievement in a strange land. M. cruelly says that their uniform is a cross between those of a policeman and a rifleman.

Then we visit Major Birrell's hospital on the road to Yenno, and are shown all over the place by that enterprising and able officer. It is a model of cleanliness and order, and there is a strong staff of thirteen surgeons and twenty-two dressers, besides an X-ray expert.

We were spared nothing. There was the man with a hole in his face, caused by shrapnel, so large that you could see right

through his jaws ; we were shown a man actually undergoing an operation of a terrific kind, but we did not stay long there ; we came on a girl dressing the back of a poor fellow who was groaning with pain. Birrell said the worst thing was the gangrene set up by dirt and neglect : lots of them came too late.

It was good to see British method and cleanliness here ! Piles of dirt had been thrown out through the windows and used to fill up holes ; the paths were neatly marked with white stones—you might have been at Aldershot.

November 30. Leave Kirk Kilisse, I hope for ever, after giving superfluous stores to Lyon. The Bulgarians have done more for the road in three weeks than the Turks have done in three hundred years. Alexander takes a wrong turn out of Seliolo, and lands us at Timurjeli, where we find a delightful N.C.O.—an enormously powerful, black-bearded fellow, 6 ft. 2 in. high.

The evening star is, as usual, taken for a fire-balloon over Adrianople. The cannonade continues. M. says the Ladysmith people also fancied the stars were balloons. Our giant friend then held his roll-call of dirty, red kummerbunded, blue-turbaned old Turks, who are shepherded into the precincts with bayonets, and driven like oxen into a stable till the morning.

The giant visits his posts at 4 A.M. He has a lot of forage under his care, for he is on the main road between Mustafa Pasha and Kirk Kilisse.

December 1. Early this morning there was a great hubbub outside, and the giant and his two myrmidons sprang out. The unfortunate gentleman with a bayonet, whose business it had been to guard the superannuated Turks last night, had counted his prisoners and found one missing. So he came screaming to the sergeant, as one anticipating a speedy doom. "He didn't like work !" he yelled. I never heard a man make such a row. The sergeant took it philosophically, and the guard departed, with still within his bosom a spark of hope that his life will be spared.

It is a day of much pushing of the car. At 1 P.M. we arrive at Provadya, where a pretty little stream runs under green hills topped with horizontal limestone outcrop, which is perforated with holes in which thousands of birds have made their nests. The village, perched on the steep flank of an opposite hill, is one of the most picturesque we have seen. We run across an excitable and loquacious Swiss correspondent, who tells us that the remarkable amount of information he has secured is due to the two facts that he walks and knows the language. "In your motor you see and hear nothing. Now yesterday I found scores of women crying because the Servians had stolen the wood out of their houses. The names of the places are all wrongly spelt on your map." And so on.

We managed to buy eight eggs, boiled them, and had a royal

lunch. Swiss gentleman infallible in the matter of wine also. "There is a house below where splendid wine is to be got : I send a boy for you." Our last precious Rehoboam is despatched per boy ; but it never returns. We tire somewhat of the Swiss gentleman, and depart. We expected George and the *charrette* to be at Provadya, or at all events to get news of him ; but none is forthcoming, and our ill-luck culminates in three punctures.

Dusk comes on, and with it an appalling place to cross—a muddy stream at the bottom of a deep gully. We wait for a bullock-wagon to come up, and then compel the boy in charge to unharness his bullocks and drag the motor across.

A soldier with fixed bayonet throws down his musket and helps. There is a burning village a hundred yards away, and the leaping flames give us a good light to work by. Presently Alexander, in conversation with the soldier, turns the greenest green : "It is a cholera village, and this man is the sentry !" Good Lord ! What are these fires ? They are burning the corpses in the houses. The two bullocks are no good ; their iron-shod feet slip on the greasy bank, and they fall down helplessly. We manage to get two more, and the cholera sentry is invaluable, or the sight of his bayonet. With four bullocks we get Lalage up to the top in triumph, and pay off the boy. But silver does not console him ; he cries bitterly, and will not be comforted. Why ? I fancy it was the sight of his dearly beloved bullocks straining and falling in the mud.

Farther on darkness overwhelms us ; Alexander cannot see to drive ; we stick helplessly. We commandeered a third team of oxen, but the devil is in one of the pair, who gallops, kicking, away, when brought near the inoffensive Lalage. Finally the attempt is abandoned ; we get into the ox-wagon, and, tired to death, eventually arrive at Sekun. There the Servians, with 50,000 men, hold the north-west sector of the siege-lines.

The officers we found in a hovel were decidedly suspicious at first. They stared at us with hostility, and took our papers to be examined by the general. At last our identity was established, and after some talk on the threadbare subject of when Adrianople was going to surrender, we were taken to the abode of the surgeon-general, who received us most hospitably in his tiny room, and gave us cakes to eat. There was just room for the three of us to sleep on the floor. The room was terribly hot and stuffy, for the gallant surgeon-general had pasted paper over the windows and fireplace, and hermetically sealed himself against fresh air.

December 2. At breakfast the surgeon-general talks of nothing but cholera. He is very gloomy about it, and says the shadow of it is over the whole force hereabouts. Enter then, hurriedly, a pale, distraught-looking officer, who begs for medicine. The panic is on him. Soon the patients outside, all with the fear of the plague written on their faces, number a score or so. Sekun

is nothing but a dung-heap ; I never saw a filthier place, and apparently no effort whatever is made to improve matters. Under such conditions can they wonder if they get cholera ?

In the surgeon-general's garden, or dung-heap rather, soldiers are engaged in killing a sheep and several hens not three yards from his door. Truly life in Sekun is barbaric. It was with joy that we said farewell to the good Servian doctor and departed.

Up and down we went over the black mud—a greasy wilderness. We crossed the Tundja by a wooden bridge, and found ponies very useful in hauling us up the steep banks beyond that stream.

At last we struck what Alexander calls the *chaussée*, and the sight of it was too much for him ; his emotion brought on a stomach-ache, for which whisky was the only cure. We gave him some, and he then drove so furiously that we burst a tire.

It is good to see the yellow Maritza once more, now in full flood, as when it bore down the head of Orpheus, and its thickets of tall poplars standing out against the low blue hills. Mustafa Pasha knew what he was about when he selected this spot for his town.

The Turks captured at Dedeagatch have brought the whole population into the streets ; but we are thinking of food, and at a new restaurant—new since our day—we simply gorge bacon and eggs. I have been hungry for three weeks.

At dinner at the restaurant—surely Lucullus never ate such food as this ?—a merry Dutch lad who talks excellent English gives us a graphic description of the hanging of two Bashi-bazouks in a garden in the city, and how the crowd hung on to their legs to assure themselves that it was thoroughly done.

The correspondents had the execution transferred from one garden to another, because in the first the light was not good enough for photography. When the men let go of the dead men's legs they were cut down, and women and children came and pulled their ears.

December 3. Walk out to the station, and see the old sights—burning houses, filthy roads ; the kennel a mass of liquid mud, bordered by huge irregular stones, on which two men passing each other, balance, and then one of them falls prone into the morass. The surrounding country is a mass of floods, out of which the pollarded mulberries, hacked and mutilated, rise forlornly. There are belts of silver-boled poplars still faintly yellow, and on the huge plain the ploughmen are getting to work again. The streams of bullock-wagons are as thick as ever ; in one a dead Turk, with bloated red face, as though recently hanged, is carried by uncovered. At the station the hospital camp is surrounded by bullock-camps ; hardly sanitary.

At night the cannonade round Adrianople becomes terrific.

At the censor's office one gentleman is full of M. Isvolsky and

his power in Europe : he rules the Tsar ; he made the Anglo-Russian *entente*, the Franco-Russian alliance. He is now engaged in turning Rumania into the ally of Russia, and winning her help for the great war which is to be fought against Austria and Germany. He planned the Balkan War ; he is the arbiter of Europe ; if he is made Foreign Minister, and M. Delcassé returns to his old office in France, let Germany and Austria beware !

Correspondents pleasantly inform us that we shall be kept six days in quarantine at the frontier. Possible, but hardly likely. If so, why send all these Turkish prisoners into Bulgaria ? The truth is, these immured correspondents have got into such a state of quidnuncism that every rumour is a certainty, and every possibility a scare.

December 4. Spent all last evening packing and getting ready for the start, which took place in heavy rain at 1.30 A.M., when all the house was asleep, and our shutting of the massy front door made a hideous row. We plodded on through rain and slush, past the bayoneted sentries and the mouldy shops, over the atrociously paved bridge. And then I could not keep up with the striding grey, so I turned George out, and balanced on a pile of boxes for an hour and a half.

The parting with the servants was very affecting. Alexander gave me a note for his wife ; and after we had shaken hands (poor old George's horny fists all covered with disgusting ulcers) they both kissed our hands before we knew what they were doing. And then Alexander came back round the corner of the carriage, weeping, his face all puckered up, like a child's, and managed to stammer out : " You'll not be long before you send for us to Sofia, will you, M. le Colonel ? " Pathetic, very.

I felt a brute to be plotting fresh adventures at Adrianople for the peace-and-comfort-loving Mr. Mamegonian, who is to await a telegram telling him what to do.

Timed to start at 3.40, the train did not go till 6.30 A.M. Rain and colder. Interminable waits at roadside stations. A Bulgar doctor combats M.'s assertion that there is cholera in both camps with that venerable, if now discredited, argument : " Oh, but it can't be cholera ; the proportion of deaths is only 2 per cent, and *those are the official statistics !* " This would be an excellent joke, if the doctor had any sense of humour, but he has not. Had a wait of a couple of hours at Tirnovo Semen, where a battalion of boyish recruits go by singing, and the rain comes down in sheets. At 6 P.M. we got into Philippople ; train besieged by crowds. Von Dreyer and Mamontoff, and a wounded corporal educated for the law at Grenoble, in same carriage. Sofia at 1 A.M.

December 5. Jolly to see Bouchier again, who has had the narrowest squeak for his life. His pony slipped on the cobbles

just as a tram was passing, and the tram went within two inches of B.'s head as he lay on the ground !

His escape is a sort of national event in Sofia, where a street has been named after him.

Get a small boy as interpreter. He has been at Robert College, Constantinople, and speaks excellent English. His pastime is base-ball. Sofia appears a city of the dead. Snow is falling ; there is a weird silence ; and hardly a soul stirs in the wide streets. Lunched at Union Club. Noel Buxton and his brother there, and had a long talk. N. B. a person much and rightly respected in the Balkans. He is by no means the Little Englander he is sometimes depicted. It is a happy time for him. He tells me that he has to look after the finances of the English hospitals at Lozengrad, and finds the ladies are much more economical than the men.

Leave Sofia, after long chat with Bourchier, at 10.30 P.M.

December 7. In the dead of night we reach the Servian frontier. There an exhaustive examination for cholera suspects is made. I was had out twice, but they were finally satisfied, after asking a lot of very embarrassing questions as to where I had come from, to which I had to reply in a diplomatic manner.

Next morning found that we were four hours late, due to the fact that the doctors had nosed out a suspicious case in the person of a Servian captain, who had refused to be detained in quarantine. So a squad of infantry had to be sent for, to remove him by force, and that had taken time.

Delighted to see Segonzac and the Russians on the train. If we are four hours late at Vienna we shall miss the Orient Express, and that is a calamity not to be contemplated, so we subscribe seventy-five francs, and tell the engine-driver it is his if we catch the express. The gallant fellow imperilled all our necks and did it.

CHAPTER IV

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THRACE

ADRIANOPLE has a long literary history. Hadrian's city was Roman before it was Turkish, and the Thracian Orestia before it was Roman ; and its original inhabitants seem to have set up a standard of senseless brutality very faithfully adhered to by its late possessors. Placed at the wedding of Maritza, the ancient Hebrus, and Tundja, it has ever drunk of a stream immortalised by Virgil.

No passage in that wonderful poet is more beautiful than his description of the death of Orpheus (*Georgics*, iv. 515-527) :

Nulla Venus, non ulli animum flexere hymenaei ;
Solus Hyperboreas glacies Tanaimque nivalem
Arvae Rhipaeis numquam viduata pruinis
Lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque irrita Ditis
Dona querens ; spretae Ciconum quo munere matres
Inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi
Discerptum latos iuvenem sparsere per agros.
Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum
Gurgite quum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus
Volveret, " Eurydicen " vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
" Ah miseram Eurydicen ! " anima fugiente vocabat ;
" Eurydicen " toto referebant flumine ripae.

I have been rash enough to attempt a translation :

No love that's carnal dalliance his purpose could prevent ;
Alone across the icy wastes by Tanais he went.
The snows eternal clinging to Rhipus' flank he crossed,
Seeking the fruitless gift of Dis—Eurydice the lost.
The Thracian dames he'd slighted, when Night to Bacchus yields,
Rewarded Orpheus with his doom, and strewed him o'er the fields.
Then did Oeagrian Hebrus whirl down upon his stream
A head torn from a neck that shone like marble in a gleam.
" My poor, my poor Eurydice ! " his fleeting spirit cried.
" Eurydice ! Eurydice ! " the river-banks replied.

In Plato's *Republic*, Book x. p. 620, Er has a vision of the soul of Orpheus. Jowett translates the passage thus :

" Er sees the souls choosing their lot in the next life from

samples submitted to them by Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. There he saw the soul which had once been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan, out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman, because they had been his murderers."

Distant connections of the ladies who did Orpheus to death were not always so ambitious of a reputation for the undivided affection of a lover's heart. When their husbands died they took particular pains to make it appear that their husbands and they had never really quite hit it off. This mental attitude was the outcome of their peculiar customs.

Herodotus (Terpsichore v. 5) wrote: "The up-country Crestonians do as follows. Each man has many wives. And when a man dies, his wives hold a great trial; and the deceased's beloved take tremendous pains to find out which of them really was the man's best beloved. And she who is adjudged to have been so, and is honoured and applauded by both men and women, is slain at the tomb of her husband. And when she is slain she is buried with her husband. And the rest of them have a great meeting. And the thing has become a perfect scandal."

The Crestonians inhabited a district of Macedonia between the Axios and the Strymon, near Mount Cercine; their chief town was Creston, or Crestone, founded by the Pelasgians. This is no doubt the modern Kustendil.

"Doriscus," wrote Herodotus, "is the seashore of Thrace, and a great plain. Through it runs a great river, the Hebrus. On it was built a royal castle, called Doriscus, in which Darius had kept a guard of Persians since the time when he was fighting the Scythians. And it seemed to Xerxes a convenient place in which to set in array and number his army, and he did so" (Polymnia vii. 59). The old historian goes on to tell us that the host amounted to 2,641,610 fighting men. With this vast army Xerxes marched, in the spring of 480, through Macedonia and Thessaly against Greece. Thermopylae was won by the invaders, and Leonidas and his Spartans fell, but at Salamis the Greek fleet saved Europe from Oriental domination. Doriscus is no longer Doriscus, but Enos; well known to-day as the line, with Midia, once proposed by the Powers as the boundary of the New Bulgaria.

On July 3, A.D. 323, there was a great battle at Adrianople between Constantine, the Emperor who built the city of Constantinople, and his rival Licinius. Gibbon thus describes it:

"... The prudent Licinius expected the approach of his rival in a camp near Hadrianople, which he had fortified with an anxious care that betrayed his apprehension of the war. Constantine diverted his march from Thessalonica to that part of Thrace, till he found himself stopped by the broad and rapid stream of the Hebrus, and discovered the numerous army of Licinius, which filled the steep ascent of the hill, from the river to the city of Hadrianople. Many days were spent in distant and

doubtful skirmishes ; but at length the obstacles of the passage and of the attack were removed by the intrepid conduct of Constantine. In this place we might relate a wonderful exploit of Constantine, which, though it can scarcely be paralleled either in poetry or romance, is celebrated, not by a venal orator devoted to his fortune, but by an historian, the partial enemy of his fame. We are assured that the valiant emperor threw himself into the river Hebrus accompanied only by *twelve* horsemen, and that by the effort or terror of his invincible arm he broke, slaughtered, and put to flight a host of one hundred and fifty thousand men. . . . Thirty-four thousand men are reported to have been slain. The fortified camp of Licinius was taken by assault the evening of the battle ; the greater part of the fugitives, who had retired to the mountains, surrendered themselves the next day to the discretion of the conqueror ; and his rival, who could no longer keep the field, confined himself within the walls of Byzantium."

Later on, on August 9, 378, "a day," says Gibbon, "among the most inauspicious of the Roman calendar, there was another battle at Hadrianople. Thence marched the Emperor Valens to attack the Goths, and was defeated and killed.

"The Roman cavalry fled ; the infantry was abandoned, surrounded, and cut in pieces. The most skilful evolutions, the firmest courage, are scarcely sufficient to extricate a body of foot encompassed on an open plain by superior numbers of horse ; but the troops of Valens, oppressed by the weight of the enemy and their own fears, were crowded into a narrow space, where it was impossible for them to extend their ranks, or even to use, with effect, their swords and javelins. In the midst of tumult, of slaughter, and of dismay, the emperor, deserted by his guards, and wounded, as it was supposed, by an arrow, sought protection among the Laucarii and the Matarii, who still maintained their ground with some appearance of order and firmness. His faithful generals, Trajan and Victor, who perceived his danger, loudly exclaimed that all was lost unless the person of the emperor could be saved. Some troops, animated by their exhortation, advanced to his relief : they found only a bloody spot, covered with a heap of broken arms and mangled bodies, without being able to discover their unfortunate prince either among the living or the dead. Their search could not indeed be successful, if there is any truth in the circumstances with which some historians have related the death of the emperor. By the care of his attendants Valens was removed from the field of battle to a neighbouring cottage, where they attempted to dress his wound, and to provide for his future safety. But this humble retreat was instantly surrounded by the enemy ; they tried to force the door : they were provoked by a discharge of arrows from the roof ; till at length, impatient of delay, they set fire to a pile of dry faggots, and consumed the cottage with the Roman emperor and his train."



M. VENEZELOS

Thirty years later the tables were turned, and Claudian was enabled exultingly to write the lines chosen as a motto for this book :

Unoque die Romana reppendit
Quotquot ter denis acies amisimus annis.

And in one day the Roman line regained
All we had lost in thirty long sad years.

At Lule Burgas, and at Salonika, and at Kumanovo, old civilisations also regained from the barbarians what they had lost in more than thirty long sad years.

Adrianople has, indeed, been a place chosen by the Almighty to lay life's riddles before the human mind. There the Germanic barbarians put their heels on the neck of Roman law, Roman civilisation, and Roman despotism, and, as it seemed, gave the world over to confusion and to savagery. At Adrianople John Hunyady was foiled at the very moment when to all appearance he had saved the Byzantine Empire, and had thrust back the Ottoman power into the Asia whence it sprang. His failure meant in the end four centuries of Turkish tyranny.

But who knoweth the ways of Wisdom, and who can search out her paths? It may be that the defeat of Valens saved individualism, and has prevented Europe from being dragooned into a more than Chinese uniformity, a uniformity in which all that means Progress would have been stifled in the cast-iron mould of Roman Order and Roman Law.

Constantinople might pass under the crescent, and the sacrifice might cease in Santa Sophia, but the precious leaves of her libraries were swept over Europe by the fierce Eastern gale, and freedom of the intellect sprang from the soil whereon they fell. On the other hand, Austria was called into existence as a bulwark against the Turkish onrush westwards.

Germany in the sixteenth century had been on the point of becoming one of the greatest colonising powers in Europe; but German thought and German civilisation dwarfed the individual.

The desolation which the Catholic Reaction, in the main the work of Austria, brought on Germany, gave England and France space in which to develop and expand; and the colonisation of the New, and the conquest of the Old, World fell to those who could give the individual mind a plot in which to grow and to blossom. And the fruits of that tree are the United States of America, and all that the British Empire stands for.

Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, Seigneur of Bousbecque, knight, and Imperial Ambassador in the middle of the sixteenth century, tells us more about Turkey, in his admirable letters, than perhaps any other author.

"We cannot turn to our gardens without seeing the flowers of Busbecq around us—the lilac, the tulip, the syringa. So much

was the first of these associated with the man who first introduced it to the West, that Bernardin de Saint Pierre proposed to change its name from lilac to *Busbequia*!"¹ Gardeners will be profoundly thankful that his proposal was not adopted.

Old Busbecq wrote in 1554: "In order to descend to the level country in front of Philippopolis it is necessary to cross the mountain by a very rough pass. This pass the Turks call *Capi Servent*—that is to say, the Narrow Gate. On this plain the traveller soon meets with the Hebrus, which rises at no great distance in Mount Rhodope, which stood out cold and clear with its snowy covering. The inhabitants, if I am not mistaken, call the mountain *Rulla*. From it, as Pliny tells us, flows the Hebrus, a fact generally known from the couplet of Ovid:

*Qua patet umbrosum Rhodope glacialis ad Haemum,
Et sacer admissas exigit Hebrus aquas.*

In this passage the poet seems to refer to the river's want of depth and its scant supply of water, for though a great and famous stream, it is full of shallows.

"I remember, on my return, crossing the Hebrus by a ford close to Philippopolis, in order to reach an island, where we slept under canvas. But the river froze during the night, and we had great difficulty next day in recrossing and regaining our road.

"There are three hills which look as if they had been torn away from the rest of the range. On one of these Philippopolis is situated, crowning the summit with its towers. At Philippopolis we saw rice in the marshes growing like wheat. The whole plain is covered with mounds of earth, which, according to the Turkish legends, are artificial, and mark the sites of the numerous battles which, they declare, took place in these fields. Underneath these barrows, they imagine, lie the victims of these struggles.

"Continuing our route, we followed pretty closely the banks of the Hebrus, which was for some time on our right hand, and leaving the Balkans, which ran down to the Black Sea, on our left, we at last crossed the Hebrus by the noble bridge built by Mustapha, and arrived at Adrianople, or, as it is called by the Turks, *Endrene*. The name of the city was *Orestia* until Hadrian enlarged it and gave it his own name. It is situated at the confluence of the *Maritza*, or Hebrus, and two small streams, the *Tundja* and *Arda*, which at this point alter their course and flow towards the Aegean Sea. Even this city is of no very great extent, if only that portion is included which is within the circuit of the ancient walls; but the extensive buildings in the suburbs, which have been added by the Turks, make it a very considerable place.

"After stopping one day at Adrianople, we set out to finish the last stage of our journey to Constantinople, which is not far

¹ Forster and Daniell, Introduction.

distant. As we passed through these districts we were presented with large nosegays of flowers, the narcissus, the hyacinth, and the tulipan (as the Turks call this last). We were very much surprised to see them blooming in midwinter, a season which does not suit flowers at all. There is a great abundance of the narcissus and hyacinth in Greece; their fragrance is perfectly wonderful, so much so that, when in great profusion, they affect the heads of those who are unaccustomed to the scent. The tulip has little or no smell; its recommendation is the variety and beauty of the colouring.

"The Turks are passionately fond of flowers, and though somewhat parsimonious in other matters, they do not hesitate to give several aspres for a choice blossom. I, too, had to pay pretty dearly for these nosegays, although they were nominally presents, for on each occasion I had to pull out a few aspres as my acknowledgment of the gift. A man who visits the Turks had better make up his mind to open his purse as soon as he crosses their frontier, and not to shut it till he quits the country; in the interval he must sow his money broadcast, and may thank his stars if the seed proves fruitful.

"But even if he gets nothing else by his expenditure, he will find that there is no other means of counteracting the dislike and prejudice which the Turks entertain towards the rest of the world. Money is the charm wherewith to lull these feelings in a Turk, and there is no other way of mollifying him. But for this method of dealing with them, these countries would be as inaccessible to foreigners as the lands which are condemned (according to the popular belief) to unbroken solitude on account of excessive heat or excessive cold. Half-way between Constantinople and Adrianople lies a little town called Tchourlou, famous as the place where Selim was defeated by his father, Bajazet. Selim, who was only saved by the speed of his horse Caraboulut (*i.e.* the dark cloud), fled to the Crimea, where his father-in-law exercised supreme power.

"Just before we reached Selimbria, a small town lying on the coast, we saw some well-preserved traces of an ancient earthwork and ditch, which they say were made in the days of the later Greek emperors, and extended from the Sea of Marmora to the Danube.

"These fortifications were intended to defend the land and property of the people of Constantinople which lay within their defences, against the inroads of barbarians. They tell of an old man in those days who declared that the existence of these works did not so much protect what was inside, as awe the surrender of the rest of the barbarians, and so encourage them to attack, while it damped the spirit of the defenders.

"At Selimbria we stopped a while to enjoy the view over the calm sea, and pick up shells, while the waves rolled merrily on to

the shore. We were also attracted by the sight of dolphins sporting in the waters ; and, in addition to all these sights, we enjoyed the heat of their delicious clime. I cannot tell you how warm and mild the air is in this charming spot. As far as Tchourlou there was a certain amount of cold, and the wind had a touch of the north about it ; but on leaving Tchourlou the air becomes extremely mild.

"Close to Constantinople we crossed over bridges, which spanned two lovely bays (Boyok Tchekmedje and Kutchuk Tchekmedje). If these places were cultivated, and Nature were to receive the slightest assistance from Art, I doubt whether in the whole world anything could be found to surpass them in loveliness. But even the ground seems to mourn its fate, and complain of the neglect of its barbarian master. Here we feasted on most delicious fish, caught before our eyes.

"While lodging in the hostels, which the Turks call Imaret, I happened to notice a number of bits of paper stuck in the walls. In a fit of curiosity I pulled them out, imagining that there must be some reason for their being placed there. I asked my Turks what was written on the paper, but I could not find that they contained anything which could account for their being thus preserved.

"This made me all the more eager to learn why on earth they were kept ; for I had seen the same thing done at other places. My Turks made no reply, being unwilling to answer my question, either because they were shy of telling me that which I should not credit, or because they did not wish to unfold so mighty a mystery to one outside the pale of their religion. Some time later I learned from my friends among the Turks that great respect is paid to a piece of paper, because there is a possibility that the name of God may be written on it ; and therefore they do not allow the smallest scrap to lie on the ground, but pick it up and stick it quickly in some chink or crack, that it may not be trodden on. There is no particular fault, perhaps, to be found with all this ; but let me tell you the rest. On the day of the last judgment, when Mahomet will summon his following from purgatory to heaven and eternal bliss, the only road open to them will be over a red-hot gridiron, which they must walk across with bare feet. A painful ordeal methinks. Picture to yourself a cock skipping and hopping over hot coals ! Now comes the marvel. All the paper they have preserved from being trodden on and insulted will appear unexpectedly, stick itself under their feet, and be of the greatest service in protecting them from the red-hot iron. This great boon awaits those who save paper from bad usage.

"On some occasions our guides were most indignant with my servants for using paper for some very dirty work, and reported it to me as an outrageous offence. I replied that they must not be

surprised at such acts on the part of my servants. What could they expect, I added, from people who are accustomed to eat pork ?

"This is a specimen of Turkish superstition. With them it is a fearful offence for a man to sit, even unwittingly, on the Koran (which is their Bible) ; in the case of a Christian the punishment is death. Moreover, they do not allow rose-leaves to lie on the ground, because they think that the rose sprang from the sweat of Mahomet, just as the ancients believed that it came from the blood of Venus. But I must leave off, or I shall tire you with these trifling matters." ¹

The vivacious and encyclopaedic Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu travelled to Constantinople in 1717, by way of Buda-Pesth (or Buda as it was called then), Belgrade, Sofia, and Adrianople ; somewhere about as long after Busbecq as the author of *Eothen* went after her ladyship. She writes :

"We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was taken by Solymán the Magnificent, and since by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria, who held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier, and is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janissaries, commanded by a pasha seraskier, *i.e.* general. This last expression is not very just ; for to say truly the seraskier is commanded by the janissaries, who have an absolute authority here, not unlike a rebellion, which you may judge of by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the admirable intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pasha about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed on, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling), to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people ; but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill-informed, and this is the real truth of the story. The late pasha fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, he was of intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople ; but, redress not coming quick from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their pasha before the *cadi* (judge) and *mufti* (priest), and these demanded justice in a mutinous way ; one crying out, Why

¹ Forster and Daniell, pp. 106-111.

he protected the infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? That (*sic*) easily guessing their purpose, he calmly replied to them that they asked him too many questions; he had but one life, which must answer for all."

Kinglake begins *Eothen*, the record of his travels in 1835, as follows:

"At Semlin I still was encompassed by the scenes and the sounds of familiar life; the din of a busy world still vexed and cheered me; the unveiled faces of women still shone in the light of day. Yet, whenever I chose to look southward, I saw the Ottoman's fortress—austere, and darkly impending high over the vale of the Danube—historic Belgrade. I had come, as it were, to the end of this wheel-going Europe, and now my eyes would see the splendour and havoc of the East.

"The two frontier towns are less than a gunshot apart, yet their people hold no communion. The Hungarian on the north, and the Turk and the Servian on the southern side of the Save, are as much asunder as though there were fifty broad provinces that lay in the path between them.

"Of the men that bustled around me in the streets of Semlin there was not, perhaps, one who had ever gone down to look upon the stranger race dwelling under the walls of that opposite castle. It is the plague, and the dread of the plague, that divide the one people from the other. All coming and going stands forbidden by the terrors of the yellow flag."

Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu wrote of Adrianople:—

"I went, two days after, to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I., which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple; though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the doorkeeper to show me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished and of very lively colours; the whole pavement being white marble, the roof of the cloisters being divided into several cupolas or domes, leaded, with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court, fine fountains of white marble; before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars. It has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome.

"I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It had two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters; the pavement marble, covered with Persian carpets, and, in my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty that it is not divided into pews, and encumbered with forms and

benches like our churches ; nor the pillars, which are most of them red and white marble, disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures that give the Roman Catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed to me inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, I could not imagine what stones had been made use of ; but going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver, gilt ; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size.

" This must look very glorious when they are all lighted ; but that being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt ; and just by it, a fountain to wash, which you know is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery, inclosed with gilded lattices, for the Grand Signior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and, standing before it, two silver-gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with four towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *imaums* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully, as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other ; a contrivance very much admired.

" Behind the mosque is an exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I saw several dervises at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high-crowned hat without brims. I went to see some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England ; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen."

Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu to the Abbé Conti.

" CONSTANTINOPLE, May 29, O.S., 1717.

" I have had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey ; and the summer being now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects ; and the meadows being full of all sort of garden flowers and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The Grand Signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women.

" We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages

coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents ; but I chose to lie in houses all the way.

“ I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Tchiorlu we were lodged in a *conac*, a little seraglio, built for the use of the Grand Signior when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains ; but I was surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distiches of Turkish verse written with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned ; though I easily believed him, that they lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English :

We come into this world ; we lodge, and we depart ;
He never goes that's lodged within my heart.

“ The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Seliorla, anciently a noble town. It is now a very good seaport and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous ancient Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady who desired the conveniency of travelling with me ; she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill-built place, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, than the Roman Catholic churches. They showed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money ; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his painting ; but, however, the very finest Madonna of Italy is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a most monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has ; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging.

“ We lay the next night at a town called Bujuk Checkmedji, or Great Bridge ; and the night following, Kujuk Checkmedji, Little Bridge ; in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, are the most agreeable I have seen, and show that monks of all religions know how to choose their retirements.

“ 'Tis now belonging to a *hogia* or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here ; and asking him to shew me his own apartment, I was surprised to see him point to a tall cypress tree in the garden, on

the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and, a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer ; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it the best way to come down again."

CHAPTER V

BULGARIA—ANCIENT HISTORY

BULGARIA is in one sense the oldest, in another sense the youngest, of the Balkan States. At a time when the names of Servia and Montenegro were yet unknown the Byzantines trembled before the onslaughts of the Bulgarian hordes, from whom Constantinople itself was only saved by its strong walls. Yet Bulgaria was the last of the Balkan States to be freed from the Turkish yoke. Until the time of the Crimean War Western Europe had scarcely realised the existence of the Bulgarians.

A race of Finnish origin who at the end of the seventh century had migrated from the Volga across the Danube to rule amongst the Celts, the Slavs, and the relics of Roman colonies who dwelt in the wide plains of the ancient Moesia, the Bulgarians had soon become Slavs in habits and in language. Whilst still heathen under their Kings Crum and Cok, they had in 809 driven the Greeks from Sofia, captured the Greek Emperor Nicephorus, who sought to recover the city, and used the skull of an anointed and consecrated Caesar as a drinking-cup at their banquets.

In 810 Omortag, one of Crum's immediate successors, laid aside his designs on Constantinople, and made a truce for thirty years with the Emperor Leo.

Under Omortag, Christianity was introduced into Bulgaria, and spread rapidly despite barbarous persecution, but it was not until the time of Boris (862) that Cyril and Methodius made Christianity the dominant religion, and first reduced a Slavonic tongue to writing. Boris became a Christian for political reasons, for he saw that only thus could he maintain his kingdom amongst such powerful neighbours as the Frankish, the Moravian, and the Byzantine Emperors, but he was far from being wedded to the Greek Church, and quickly entered into negotiations with the Latins, who were then parting for ever from Byzantium. In August 866 his envoys appeared at Rome before Pope Nicholas I., but want of tact on the part of that pope and of his successor, Adrian II., lost Bulgaria, and with Bulgaria the great mass of the Slavonic peoples, for ever to the Church of Rome, and in 869 a

Council decided that Bulgaria was subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Simeon, the son of Boris, was the greatest of all the Bulgarian rulers, and brought the old Byzantine Empire to the verge of destruction.

In 913 Simeon's army appeared under the walls of Byzantium ; in 914 he held Adrianople for a time ; in 917 the Greeks were finally crushed in a great battle fought within sight of the Balkans.

At that time the boundaries of the Bulgarian realm extended from Mesembria on the Black Sea past Adrianople to Mount Rhodope.

In the south the boundary went from Olympus to the mouth of the Kalamas, opposite Corfu, from sea to sea. The Albanian coast, with a few exceptions, was ruled by Simeon as far as the Drin. Towards Servia the Bulgarian border was formed by the Drin, the White Drin, and the Ibar ; from there it reached to the Save. Belgrade was under Bulgarian dominion. Beyond the Danube, before the Magyar invasion, Wallachia and perhaps also parts of Hungary and Transylvania seem to have belonged to Bulgaria.

In the terms of modern geography, the first Bulgarian Empire comprised Bulgaria proper, the northern and western parts of Eastern Rumelia, with a boundary extending from the Black Sea at Misivri north of Bourgas, but not including Adrianople itself, to the Despoto Dag, with the greater part of Macedonia, excluding, however, Salonika, Epirus, though without Janina, and Albania and the eastern portion of Servia down to the river Ibar, whilst Servia comprised but little of the present kingdom, and extended chiefly over Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. Nor did Skutari in Albania form a part of Simeon's dominions.

Simeon's residence was at Preslav, in a beautiful mountainous district, near a village now called by the Turks Eski-Stambul (Old Stambul), lying ten miles south-west of Shumla. Like the Kremlin at the present day it was a fortress, a palace, and a sanctuary. "When the stranger crosses the threshold," writes John the exarch, "he sees buildings on both sides ornamented with stones and covered with different sorts of woods. And when he goes farther into the court, he sees lofty palaces and churches with countless stones, woods, and frescoes, their interior inlaid with marble and copper, silver and gold, to such an extent that he does not know with what to compare it, because in his own land he has never seen the like, but only poor huts of straw. Wholly beside himself he will sink down in bewilderment. But if by chance he catches sight of the prince, sitting in a robe embroidered with pearls, with a chain of coins about his neck, with bracelets on his arms, girded with a purple girdle and with a golden sword at his side, and sees his boyars sitting on each side of him in golden chains, girdles, and bracelets, then, if any one

on his return home asks him, 'What hast thou seen there?' he will answer, 'I know not how to describe it. Only your own eyes could be able to comprehend such magnificence.' Once again the charm of captive Greece had taken captive the fiercest of her European conquerors. 'Now there is nothing left of all this splendour but a few stones.'

"The ruler of such a monarchy could not be satisfied with the simple title Prince, which Boris and his predecessors had borne, but took the Imperial title Czar of the Bulgarians, and Ruler of the Greeks. Such an Emperor could not be imagined without a patriarch at his side; the Archbishopric of Bulgaria was elevated to a patriarchate. Simeon received the Imperial Crown from Rome, not from Constantinople. He died on May 27, 927, after appointing his younger son Peter his successor."¹

A curious memorial of the transitory connection between the Slavonic peoples and the Chair of St. Peter still exists at Rome. On the Forum, facing the Coliseum and the ruins of the temple of Venus and of Rome, stands the Basilica of St. Clement, the third successor of St. Peter, who died a martyr at Kertch in the Crimea. This church was restored about 866 by a wealthy devotee, and contains frescoes recording the deeds of St. Cyril and St. Methodius.

But the first Bulgarian Empire was brought to an end in 1018 by the Greek Emperor Basil the Bulgar-Slayer, and became subject to the Greeks, who had been called into the country to expel the Russians.

Byzantine supremacy lasted from 1018 until 1186, an epoch during which the country was ravaged by barbarian invaders and plundered by its nominal protectors. A trivial incident led to the expulsion of the Greeks. "Two brothers, Peter and Ivan (John) Asen, descendants of the old family of Shishman, made the tour to Constantinople which sons of good family were expected to do. They asked, like well-bred youths with ambition, for what they probably deserved—a grant of certain lands, this in right of their descent. They expressed a desire also for an official appointment if the Emperor should be so disposed. Both demands were refused, and a high court functionary emphasised the refusal by slapping the younger of the two brothers on the cheek. It is due to this event that the Empire staggered still more feebly; that the Turk, who was strenuously encroaching from the south, received fresh encouragement, and that there was a second Bulgarian Empire."¹

This Bulgarian Empire lasted from 1186 until 1398. Its history is not altogether unimportant even to-day, as it is upon the memories of this second Empire that modern Bulgaria has been in part built up.

Amongst its chief sovereigns were Kaloyan (1197–1207) and Ivan Asen II. (1218–41).

¹ *Historians' History of the World*, vol. xxiv.

Kaloyan was an implacable enemy of the Greeks, and allied himself with their enemies whether political or religious. He remained friends with the Bogomils (Bulgarian dissenters), and yet established himself on a friendly footing with the Pope. That Pope was Innocent III. (Giovanni Lothario Conti, 1198–1216), who raised the Papacy to the height of earthly power. Kaloyan (Joannice) allied himself with the fierce Kumani by marriage, and in conjunction with them made inroads into the Byzantine Empire as far as the very walls of Constantinople. Finally (1201) the Byzantines were obliged to conclude peace with Kaloyan. All the territories he had captured were left in his power, and his Empire extended from Belgrade to the Black Sea, from the mouths of the Danube to the Struma and the Upper Vardar. Kaloyan, however, saw how necessary it was for him to have a confirmation of his title from the Pope. Three times the embassies he sent to Rome were detained by the Hungarians or Byzantines. The report, however, reached Innocent III., and in 1199 a papal messenger, a Greek priest from Brindisi, arrived in the Bulgarian capital, Tirnova, wholly unexpectedly. He brought Joannice a letter from Innocent stating that he had heard of the King's descent from a Roman family (a statement which may quite possibly have been true), and admonishing him to manifest his allegiance to the Papal throne. The fierce Bulgarian seized this opportunity with pleasure. He was delighted that God had reminded him of the race and of the fatherland from which he had sprung, and he asked the Pope to bestow upon him the Imperial Crown and to receive him into the Roman Church (1202). In order to obtain his wish more quickly he conferred his land in perpetuity on the Pope.

It is interesting for Englishmen to remember that Innocent III. was the Pope who received from our own King John the gift of the English kingdom which but the year before His Holiness had bestowed upon Philip Augustus of France.

In 1204 Constantinople was taken by the Latins, and Count Baldwin of Flanders was placed on the Imperial Throne. Kaloyan offered to enter into a Treaty of Peace with him, but received the answer that he was not to treat with the Franks as a King with friends, but as a slave with his masters, since he was wholly unjustified in assuming dominion over the land which he had torn from the Greeks.

Kaloyan wrote later to Innocent III., "They proudly replied to me that they would have no peace with me unless I returned the territory which I had wrested from the Empire. I answered that I possessed this land more justly than they themselves possessed Constantinople." To Joannice's professions of descent from the Romans of Trojan the crusaders opposed their descent from Francus, son of Priam. "Troy," said they, "belonged to our ancestors."

The "King of Blaquie and Bouguerie" (Wallachia and Bulgaria), as the Franks styled him, at once allied himself with the Greeks, who hoisted his banner over Adrianople. Baldwin hastened to recover it, but on April 14, 1205, was met before the city by Joannice with a host of Vlachs, of Bougres (Bulgarians), of Greeks, and of fourteen thousand unbaptized Kumani. The latter, fighting after the fashion of nomads, by a feigned flight attracted the French cavalry, which they riddled with arrows. Baldwin after a brave resistance with his battle-axe was taken prisoner. He died in a Bulgarian dungeon. Two years later Joannice, who was known by the Greeks as *Skylojohannes*, "Dog John," laid siege to Salonika. He was found murdered in his tent. Report said he had been slain by St. Demetrius, the patron of the city. "His character is stained with blood, and it cannot be washed clean." Among the Bulgarians the memory of the "great and most pious Czar" is held in high esteem. He still figures to-day in the myths of the Thracian Bulgarians.

His successor, Ivan Asen II. (1218-41), raised the power of Bulgaria to its highest point. "For the first time since Samuel (974-1014), the Bulgarian Slavs were united under one sceptre; Asen's Empire touched three seas. At Tirnova he built a Cathedral in which an inscription records his victories as follows: 'In the year 1230 I, Ivan Asen, czar and autocrat of the Bulgarians, faithful to God in Christ, son of the old Asen, have built this most worthy temple from its foundations, and have completely decorated it with paintings of the forty holy martyrs with the aid of whom, in the twelfth year of my reign, when the temple was being painted, I fought in the war against Rumania and defeated the Greek army, and took captive the Czar Theodore Comnenus himself with all his boyars (nobles), and I have conquered all lands from Odrin (Adrianople), to Drac (Durazzo), the Greek, the Albanian, and the Servian land. Only the towns around Carigrad (Constantinople) and that city itself did the Frazi (Franks) hold, but these two subjected themselves to my rule, for they had no other czar than me, and lived out their days according to my will since God has so ordained. For without Him is no deed or word accomplished. To Him be honour for ever. Amen.'"¹

His ideal was a Slavic monarchy with its capital at Constantinople, and he bore the title of Tsar of the Bulgarians and of the Greeks.

The Bulgarian national church was recognised by the Greeks. An active commerce, splendid buildings, and a rare religious liberty testified to the progress of civilisation.

When he died, Asen II. left an empire which touched three seas; within sixteen years all his possessions had reverted to Greek, Macedonian, and Servian rulers, and the Asen dynasty had come to an end with the murder of Kaliman II. (1257), who

¹ *Historians' History of the World*, vol. xxiv.

in his turn had murdered his cousin Michael, the son of Asen II., and successor of his brother Kaliman I.

Bulgaria gradually broke up into independent states, and the last shadow of a united kingdom vanished at the death of John Alexander in 1368, whose sister had married the great Servian ruler Stephen Dushan, and who had tried to maintain an alliance between the Bulgarians and the Servians. The Turks invaded the country. The battle of Kossovo had sealed the fate of the whole Balkan Peninsula, and in 1393 Bayazid I. (1389-1403) sent his son Djelebi against Tirnova. The city was suddenly surrounded on all sides, but it was not taken until after a three months' siege. In the absence of its Czar Shishman (Shishman III., 1365-93), who was trying his fortune elsewhere against the Ottomans, the patriarch Euthymius was the chief person in the city. He went manfully out to the Turks to soften the anger of the barbarian prince. Bayazid's son, when he saw the patriarch approaching, "undaunted and serious, as though all the terrors of war were only paintings on a wall, stood up, received him kindly, offered him a seat, listened to his petition, but followed up his promises with few deeds."¹

In 1396 Widdin passed into the hands of the Turks after the defeat of Sigismund of Hungary at Nicopoli, and Bulgaria sank into Turkish slavery.

Of the cities many were destroyed, but others received new protection through Turkish privileges. The boyars maintained themselves for a long time chiefly by accepting Islam. The villages were terribly depopulated, for the Turks transformed whole regions into deserts, and everywhere burned cloisters and churches.

The inhabitants of the plains fled to the mountains and founded there new cities. A large mass of the people, together with boyars and clergy, escaped to Wallachia.

Bulgaria sank into Turkish slavery, but the mass of the population remained Christians, and some trace of freedom survived amongst the outlaws who carried on a guerilla warfare in the mountains for centuries.

It was only in the eighteenth century that the literary revival began with the writings of the monk Paisii and Bishop Sofronii. In 1835 the first Bulgarian school was opened at Gabrovo. Such schools spread over Bulgaria, and a vigorous effort was made to break down the rule of the Greek clergy who had dominated the intellectual life of the country since the Turkish conquest. In 1870 the Turkish Government established the Bulgarian Exarchate with jurisdiction over fifteen dioceses, to which other dioceses could be added in case two-thirds of the Christian population so desired. The first exarch and his followers were excommunicated by the Patriarch of Constantinople in 1872. It

¹ *Historians' History of the World*, vol. xxiv.

is to the decree establishing the Bulgarian Exarchate that all the troubles between Greeks and Bulgarians in Macedonia owe their origin.

In 1876 a rising, inspired by fears of a general massacre of the Christians, broke out in the Sanjak of Philippopolis. It was put down with terrible atrocities. The report of these massacres reached London. The tale was treated by Disraeli as "coffee-house babble." Mr. Gladstone was fired by his cynicism and took up the cause of the Bulgarians, although his first efforts were but coldly received; he himself has told us that he had all but desisted from them when he saw a report of a meeting organised by working men to denounce the Bulgarian massacres. He wrote a pamphlet: that pamphlet roused the indignation of Europe. Russia vanquished Turkey in a war which was suspended by that Treaty of San Stefano which called Greater Bulgaria into life. England put her money on the wrong horse and sprang into the breach to defend the Turk. A Congress was held in June 1878 at Berlin, and by the Treaty of Berlin, Macedonia was once more handed over to Turkish tyranny, and a greatly diminished Bulgaria was formed into a principality for Prince Alexander of Battenberg. In 1885 a revolution united Eastern Rumelia with Bulgaria, from which it had been severed by the Treaty of Berlin. A war with Servia followed. Russia, seeing that Bulgaria was now grown too strong for her purposes, deprived Prince Alexander of his throne. He was succeeded by Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who in 1896 was named by the Sultan Prince of Bulgaria and Governor-General in Eastern Rumelia, and was officially recognised by the Powers. Bulgaria in 1909 became a Kingdom, its ruler took the old national title of Tsar, and it was as a Kingdom that Bulgaria entered into war with Turkey on October 17, 1912, Turkey having declared war on Bulgaria and Servia.

The object sought was to force the Porte to apply to the Turkish Provinces in Europe the reforms instituted by Article XXIII. of the Treaty of Berlin, which provided for the introduction into these of organic laws, the details of which should be settled in each province by a special commission, containing a large representation of the native element, and which were to be put in force by the Porte, after consulting the European Commission instituted for Eastern Rumelia. Nor did Bulgaria, doubtless, forget that by the Treaty of Berlin she had been deprived of large territories which had been granted to her by the Treaty of San Stefano, extending from the Black Sea to the Albanian Mountains, and from the Danube to the Aegean, enclosing Ochrida, the capital of her ancient Tsars the Shishmans (1186-1398), Dibra and Kastoria, as well as the districts of Vrania and Pirot, with a port on the Mediterranean at Kavala, Adrianople, Salonika, and Chalcidice being left to Turkey. Of the districts named,

the Berlin Treaty gave Vrania, Pirot, and Nish to Servia, the others, which included the greater part of Macedonia and part of the vilayet of Adrianople, being replaced under Turkish rule. The reforms promised to these provinces under the Treaty had never been carried out. Such had been the outcome of the interference by England with the work of the Tsar Liberator.

CHAPTER VI

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

Through midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

Hymns Ancient and Modern (Rev. S. J. STONE).

PAUL, when slumbering at Troas, in the land which Rome was proud to hail as the birthplace of her greatness, saw that vision of the man of Macedonia whose bitter cry for help in the end brought Europe and all the lands through which her influence has spread to the foot of the Cross. King Ferdinand, the descendant of princes who had done much to save Christianity and Western civilisation in Europe, heard the cry of Macedonia. Like St. Paul of old, he lent his ear to that cry, and the outcome of his daring has been the liberation of that land which was the first in Europe to hear Christ's name, and which has been the last to groan under the tyranny of the Moslem.

Montenegro, it is true, rushed into the fray without waiting for her allies, but the formation of the Balkan League, which alone saved her from perishing the victim of her rashness, had not been the work of the little mountain state. That League, as Mr. Bouchier, *The Times* correspondent in the Balkans, has shown in his articles on "The Balkan League,"¹ was the work of Bulgaria and of Greece. His modesty forbids him to add that his own name will live in history as that of the man who inspired the sovereigns and prime ministers of the two states with the thought of laying aside the differences which for so long had kept them apart, and of working together for freedom and for the Faith,

¹ *The Times*, Wednesday, June 4; Thursday, June 5; Friday, June 6; Wednesday, June 11; Monday, June 16, 1913.

with one heart and one soul. It was nought to the Balkan nations that they jeopardised the lives of their sons, perhaps their very existence as free peoples, that they poured out like water the modest wealth which they had accumulated by their labours during the short space since they had themselves been redeemed from Turkish slavery, if at the price of their blood and of their treasure they could end the misrule and murder which was turning Thrace and Macedonia into blood-soaked, fire-blackened deserts. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

But Divine Providence has brought these nations and their rulers a rich reward for their sacrifices for their brethren. To quote the words of an old Spanish ballad, addressed to Tsar Ferdinand's ancestor, Alfonso VI., who in the eleventh century ruled Castile and Leon, and which breathes the very soul of those who wrested Spain from the Moors in eight centuries of unceasing conflict:

Y vos sois en grave parte
El instrumento de Dios.
En ese arqueton de plata
Vos endono un rico don,
Estimadlo, Alfonso, en mucho,
Que merece estimacion.
Cinco coronas van ende
Cada con su real pendon,
Cinco cetros de oro puro
Que de cinco Reyes son,
Cinco llaves van tambien
Que como à Rey y señor

Farta sangre asaz me cuesta
Su prolija acquistacion.

El Romancero del Cid, Romance 138.

You, sire, in this weighty matter
Are the instrument of God.
In this mighty chest of silver
I bring you an offering rare;
Treasure it, my Lord Alfonso,
For there lies a treasure there.
Five royal crowns are borne within it,
Each its banner royal beside,
Royal sceptres five of pure gold
Which five kings have grasped in pride;
Five keys, too, I bring you with them,
I, a vassal to my Lord.

Blood enough in floods hath cost me
Their long winning with the sword.

The Romance of the Cid, Ballad 138.

When, under the influence of that righteous anger which arms even the weakest with the strength which overcomes the

strongest foes, Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece flew to arms to support Montenegro, they little thought that a few short months would see them the masters of Epirus, Macedonia, Old Servia, Thrace, and Candia, with the Archipelago, or that five great cities, Adrianople, Salonika, Yanina, Skutari, and Prizrend, would have brought their keys to their conquerors. Such successes had never been foreseen when the Balkan League was founded.

As Bouchier has shown, the idea of a Balkan League is not altogether a new one. The conception dates from the time when, to the great and just dissatisfaction of the young Balkan States, the Great Powers at the Congress of Berlin, which followed on the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, remodelled the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano, by which most of European Turkey had been liberated from the Turks, to suit their own supposed interests. Many years afterwards Lord Salisbury, speaking as Prime Minister of England, owned that, at Berlin, England had put her money on the wrong horse. M. Ristitch, the Servian statesman, suggested that the young states should combine to protect their own interests, and believed that a reformed, constitutional Turkey might find a place in such a scheme, an idea which apparently has only lately been abandoned by certain Balkan politicians. The idea was regarded with favour by King Charles of Rumania and by Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, but was frustrated by the revolt of Eastern Rumelia in 1885, which, as both Greece and Servia demanded compensations for the aggrandisement of Bulgaria, led to the war between Servia and Bulgaria, and, in the end, to the deposition of Prince Alexander. In 1891, however, the idea was revived by the Greek statesman M. Tricoupis, who thought that the Balkan States might combine against Turkey, after having settled the division of the prospective spoils on the principle of *do ut des*. His idea was received with favour at Belgrade, with courtesy at Sofia, but M. Stambuloff, the then Bulgarian Premier, thought that the still unstable position of Prince Alexander's successor, Prince Ferdinand, rendered it too great a risk to launch the country into such an adventurous policy, and declined to accept the proposal. He is even said to have, at Austrian instigation, denounced the project to Constantinople, but the Porte had already got wind of it through the Turkish Minister to Servia, Feridun Bey, thanks to an indiscretion committed at Belgrade.¹

The project slept during the next twenty years, mainly because Bulgaria wished to constitute Macedonia as an autonomous state under Turkish suzerainty, whilst Greece and Servia desired its partition. Indeed, Greece preferred a *rapprochement* with Rumania in place of one with Bulgaria, and even arranged in 1901 a Greco-Rumanian *entente* against her under the auspices of

¹ Mr. Bouchier's articles, "The Balkan League, the History of a Memorable Alliance," are in *The Times* for Wednesday, June 4; Thursday, June 5; Friday, June 6, 1913, etc., etc.

King Charles and the late King George, who met at Abbazia, but the combination proved a short-lived one. The long struggles between the Bulgarising and Hellenising elements in Macedonia, which dates from the introduction of foreign "control" under Austro-Russian auspices, also kept the two races yet farther apart, and these internecine contests lasted up to the time of the Turkish Revolution of 1908.

By that revolution the Young Turks came into power. By an ill-inspired policy of centralisation to be carried out by the destruction of all the varied nationalities and religions in the Turkish Empire, they endeavoured to make Turkey a nation. But it was owing to this ill-starred attempt, carried out by violence and cruel wrong-doing, that those nationalities, at least in European Turkey, were led to lay aside their secular feuds, and thus it gave the opportunity for the Balkan League to come into being. Readers of Macaulay may remember that we have had a similar experience in England, when during a few halcyon months all parties, united for a moment by the ill-judged policy of James II., joined in bringing about the Revolution of 1688, despite the threats of the overwhelming world-power France.

In the spring of 1910 Albania, where the Young Turks had endeavoured to abolish both the language and the peculiar institutions of the Albanian race, broke out in revolt. The rising was put down with merciless severity, and, though Macedonia had remained passive, the authorities determined to take the opportunity to disarm the Macedonian population. The Great Powers had withdrawn their military representatives from the country, and the horrors which then took place have, consequently, never been reported.

A community of suffering led the Christian races of Macedonia to forget their quarrels. "The reconciliation, which began from below—it would hardly be exaggeration to say that Macedonian peasants laid the foundation of the Balkan Alliance,—passed upwards and outwards."¹ The Greek Patriarch and the Bulgarian Exarch eventually began to exchange amenities, and to make joint representations to the Porte; friendly conversations passed between Balkan statesmen.

The position of affairs in Macedonia became known to Bouchier through a chance conversation with Apostol, the famous Bulgarian *voyvode* or guerilla leader, who had for some time been sheltered from the Turks in the houses of the Greek peasantry of southern Macedonia. "The Greeks had always regarded Apostol as their worst enemy; he was now their friend, but the fact brought home the conviction that a wonderful change of sentiment had taken place."¹ In the autumn of that year King Ferdinand and the Heirs-Apparent of Servia and Greece met at the Jubilee celebration of King Nicholas of Montenegro,

¹ Bouchier, in *The Times*.

and the fact showed the growing harmony of the Balkan States. It was increased when it became known that Rumania, as the humble servant of the Triple Alliance, had offered the support of her army to Turkey in case she went to war with Bulgaria. The Balkan statesmen believed also that Austria, but a few years before, had offered Rumania, in such an event, a liberal share of the Bulgarian territory. Such at least is the story told by a Vienna correspondent. The Austrians forgot, perhaps, that the Rumanian population in Bulgaria only numbers some forty thousand; in Hungary, in Transylvania, and in Bukovina, some millions.

The foreign policy of the Young Turks also did much to consolidate the Balkan League. Austria had become an empire under the pressure of the Turk, when the Sultan was the most dreaded potentate in Europe. The pressure of the Turk in his decay was to consolidate the populations of his European possessions into a power which was to expel him from them for ever. Pressure misapplied by Austria may yet unite the Balkan League into an Eastern Empire.

During the autumn of 1910 the relations of Turkey with Greece and Bulgaria became exceedingly strained, and shortly before the offer of Rumanian military help was made to the Porte, large bodies of troops had been brought from Asia Minor and distributed along the Greek and Bulgarian frontiers. Doubtless, these troops included some of the savage Lazes, and the Kurdish Hamidieh cavalry. We have seen the excesses of which these warriors have been guilty during the present war. The constant refusals of Turkey to consent to the construction of the railways needed to connect the Bulgarian network with Salonika, and the Greek railways with Europe, added fuel to the fire; whilst by the persistency with which Turkey asserted her shadowy rights of suzerainty over Crete, she gave continual pin-pricks to Greek feeling in Greece, a country which was greatly injured by the "boycott" of her goods organised by the quay porters of Salonika.

Unfortunately, too, for Turkey, the leading statesman in Greece was himself closely connected with Crete. Early in 1910 the Military League had brought M. Venezelos to Athens to champion their cause, and in October of that year he undertook to form a Government. In his speech on taking office he advocated a complete understanding with Turkey, and by a curious coincidence, M. Gueshoff, the late Bulgarian Premier, who was then in opposition, in the same week made a speech advocating a similar policy in the Bulgarian Sobranie.

In March 1911 M. Gueshoff became Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and at once prohibited the formation of bands for Macedonia in the kingdom. Already the announcement of the Rumanian offers to Turkey had led to negotiations for an under-

standing between Athens and Sofia, but on the advent of M. Bratiano in January 1911 to power at Bukarest, these negotiations were put a stop to.

M. Venezelos, however, was cordially detested by the Young Turks, and their conduct towards Greece became so aggressive that Count Aehrenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, hinted to the Grand Vizier, during his visit to Vienna in the autumn of 1910, that he ran a grave risk of driving Greece to conclude an understanding with Bulgaria. Instead of following his advice the Young Turks continued their policy of repression in Macedonia, whilst asserting the existence of a Greco-Turkish *entente*. Their efforts were in vain. So grave was the situation in Macedonia that M. Venezelos proposed to the Bulgarians to enter into an understanding with Greece which might develop into a defensive alliance if Turkey attacked the two states. The offer, which Bouchier modestly refrains from stating was entirely due to his own exertions, was transmitted to Sofia in April 1911. Five months later negotiations were also commenced with Servia, where a Serbo-Bulgarian Alliance was suggested as a counterpart to that between Greece and Bulgaria, the proposed objects of which were, firstly, to secure an *entente* with a view to common action for the defence of the Christians in Turkey, and, secondly, an eventual defensive alliance to provide against a Turkish attack.

Bulgaria did not, at first, reply. King Ferdinand, indeed, was supposed to be in favour of some such plan being adopted, but a war between Turkey and Greece seemed likely to break out about Crete, and the Bulgarians were, perhaps, no very great believers in the military value of the Greek army. Still the matter was not lost sight of. The heads of the four great Christian communities in the Ottoman Empire, the Greek, Armenian, and Chaldean Patriarchs, and the Bulgarian Exarch, for the first time acted together in approaching the Sultan, and soon an opportunity for intervention seemed to be afforded by the outbreak of the war between Turkey and Italy. King Nicholas wished the Balkan Powers to declare war against the Turks forthwith, but Italy had engaged to respect the *status quo* in the Balkans, and M. Venezelos thought that the Greek forces needed three years' further training under their foreign instructors before they could take the field. Hence nothing was done for the moment, but the events of the war in Tripoli inclined Servia to join the alliance, and in April 1912 Bouchier was sent from Sofia by M. Gueshoff to Athens with a verbal message asking the Greek Government to transmit definite proposals on the lines already sketched out. Formal diplomatic negotiations were, therefore, begun through the sole medium of M. Panas, and, as it was very desirable that it should be ascertained whether the Greek and Bulgarian Churches would agree to act in harmony, Bouchier was despatched to Con-

stantinople to consult the Greek Patriarch, Joachim III., and the Bulgarian Exarch.

These two great dignitaries were evidently on very friendly terms, and the Greek Patriarch expressed himself as being ready "to abolish the schism," although he put forward conditions which the Bulgarians could not well accept. It was thought best, therefore, to leave ecclesiastical negotiations alone.

M. Panas finally succeeded in arranging a treaty consisting of four articles and a preamble between Greece and Bulgaria, which was signed in April 1912.

The objects in view were stated in the preamble to be the desire of the contracting states to secure equal civil and religious rights for the various Christian nationalities in the Ottoman Empire, and to strengthen the *entente* between the Greek and Bulgarian elements in Turkey. Their policy, however, was in no sense to be an aggressive one. If in consequence of their adopting this line of action they were attacked by Turkey, they pledged themselves to defend one another. They were to endeavour to induce their kindred in European Turkey to contribute to the peaceful relations of the inhabitants of the Empire, and to act together in defence of their common interests. The third article provided that the treaty should remain in force for three years, but that it could, on their expiration, be renewed for a year; the fourth, that it should be kept entirely secret. In a declaration annexed, Bulgaria pledged herself to a benevolent neutrality should war break out between Turkey and Greece over the question of admitting the Cretan deputies to the Greek Parliament, and that she would not hamper the Greeks in their efforts to settle the Cretan question or any other arising out of the events in Turkey in 1908.

In the summer of 1912 the atrocities, which still continued in Macedonia, culminated in the massacre at Kochana, a town with a Bulgarian population in the province of Uskub, close to the Bulgarian frontier, and facing the Bulgarian town and garrison of Kustendil.¹ A cry for war arose all through the kingdom. The time to act was come.

But before matters came to a climax in Macedonia, the Bulgarians had already come to an agreement with Serbia. The Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty was signed on March 15, 1912, whilst their treaty with Greece dates from May 29—the 459th anniversary of the day on which Constantinople was entered by the Turks.²

The Serb element in Turkey was comparatively small, and although feeling was aroused by the Albanian outrages in Albania and in Old Serbia, yet there was little hostility to Turkey in the

¹ *Czar Ferdinand and His People*, by John Macdonald (London, T. C. & E. C. Jack, 1913; 1 vol.), pp. 330-331.

² *The Times*, Wednesday, June 11, 1913, "The Balkan League," iv. "The Arrangement with Serbia."

popular mind. Indeed Turkey was sometimes, as in 1908, looked upon as the natural ally of Serbia against Austria. However, ever since Bulgaria and Russia had become reconciled in 1895 Russia had cherished the idea of bringing about a Serbo-Bulgarian understanding as a counterpoise to Austrian influence in the Balkan Peninsula and to block her advance to Salonika, and at the same time to effect the union of the Serb race. On the other hand, Bulgaria was, as I have already said, anxious for an autonomous Macedonia, in order that the greater Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano might some day be realised by its absorption in Bulgaria. It was believed that the dearest wish of Russia was to revive the Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano, which so long kept Bulgaria and Serbia apart. In 1908 the Revolution in Turkey brought the Young Turks into power, but the Young Turks favoured Serbia in order to lessen the influence of Bulgaria in Macedonia, and the Servian propaganda, therefore, made headway amongst the Macedonians. Moreover, Austria had irritated Servian opinion by closing the frontier to Servian pigs in 1909, whilst Bulgaria made no objections when the Austro-Hungarian monarchy annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina. This increased the ill-feeling between the two countries, and it was not known at Belgrade that Tsar Ferdinand had declined certain offers which the Austrians had made him in order to subvert Servian independence.

In October 1909, however, M. Hartwig arrived as Russian Minister at Belgrade, and his first effort was to bring about a *rapprochement* between the two Slav states, and the plan was discussed between M. Isvolsky and M. Milovanovitch, the Servian Prime Minister, when the latter was with King Peter at St. Petersburg in March 1910. The proposals were not lost sight of, and when the Turkish-Italian War broke out in September 1911, M. Milovanovitch proposed a Serbo-Bulgarian *entente*, with a view to protecting the interests of the two states. M. Gueshoff was then in Western Europe, but on his way home had an interview with the Servian Minister, who agreed to set negotiations on foot. The coming of age of Prince Boris, King Ferdinand's heir-apparent, was celebrated at Sofia early in 1912—the year which the King at the New Year's Reception at the Palace had called an *année énigmatique* (an enigmatical year), and all the heirs-apparent of the Balkan States were present at the festivities. The gathering was, at the time, regarded as significant, but the only person amongst the guests who was acquainted with the negotiations was the Grand Duke Andrew Vladimirovitch of Russia. In a conversation with Mr. Bouchier, M. Milovanovitch expressed his fears that a rupture with Turkey would lead to the commercial isolation of Serbia, but the distinguished statesman was destined to die before he could see the triumph of the Balkan Cause.

The treaty between Serbia and Bulgaria was signed on March 13, 1912. Like the Bulgarian-Greek treaty, it was a purely defensive one formed for the purpose of securing the political and religious rights of the various nationalities in the Turkish Empire without any aggressive action against Turkey. However, should this policy lead to a war in which the allies were victorious, it was arranged that any territorial acquisitions made by them should be divided between them according to a plan laid down in the treaty. This is said to have been done at the suggestion of M. Pashitch, who wished, as Serbia was the weaker power, to secure her rights beforehand. Bulgaria was to take the whole of the territory south and east of the Rhodope range and the Struma river, whilst Serbia was to take that north of the Shar range, including Old Serbia and Kossovo. The remainder of the territory was to form the autonomous Macedonia which Bulgaria desired to see constituted. Should it prove impossible to form such a state, a line was drawn from the point at which the Bulgarian, Servian, and Turkish frontiers meet, a little north-west of Kustendil, to Struga at the north end of Lake Ochrida, leaving Kratovo, Veles, Monastir, and Ochrida to Bulgaria, whilst the Tsar of Russia was to act as arbitrator with regard to the rest of the region, including the Kazas of Kumanovo, Uskub, Krshevo, and Dibra, with the Nahié of Struga. Neither Adrianople nor Albania was named in the treaty.

By an annexe to the treaty signed on May 12, 1912, Bulgaria was to mobilise 200,000 men, and Serbia 150,000. The idea was that Macedonia would, if war broke out in Turkey, be the seat of war so far as the allies were concerned, and that Russia would take the field farther east. If Austria threatened Serbia, Bulgaria, under a clause couched in language in which Austria was not named, undertook to send 200,000 men to support Serbia, whilst Serbia, in her turn, undertook to lend 100,000 men to Bulgaria against Turkey.

These agreements were cancelled when it was found that Turkey was massing her troops in the Adrianople district, and by a convention signed on September 28, within three days after the Turkish mobilisation became known to the allies, they agreed to distribute their forces according to the needs of the situation.

The military convention between Greece and Bulgaria was signed on September 25, 1912. Under it Bulgaria engaged to place at least 300,000 men and Greece 120,000 men in the field. The two staffs were to inform one another of their general plan of operations and of any modifications which they might make in it. Bulgaria undertook to send considerable forces into the vilayets of Kossovo, Monastir, and Salonika, but should Serbia employ 120,000 men in those regions, the Bulgarians might be concentrated in the Adrianople district. The Greek fleet was to control the Aegean and prevent any communication between European

and Asiatic Turkey by sea. Such were the bases of the Balkan League so far as its three chief members are concerned. It only remains for us to deal with the accession of Montenegro to the League.

As early as 1889, King Nicholas had addressed a memorandum to Russia suggesting that the Balkan States should combine to expel the Turks from Europe. Just before the Italo-Turkish War broke out in 1911, he made proposals for joint military action with Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria for that object, which he had previously mooted to the Russian Embassy at Constantinople. Servia at first declined, but, after the visit of Crown Prince Danilo to Belgrade early in 1912, changed her attitude. Greece accepted the idea from the first, and in April 1912 a definite understanding was arrived at between Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, to which Greece subsequently acceded, to take common action on behalf of the Christian nationalities in Turkey. This action was to be diplomatic, but it came to be seen after the massacres of Kochana and Berane in the summer that military intervention would be required.* A formal convention between Servia and Montenegro with this object was signed in September 1912. One of its articles stipulated that in no case should any town or village occupied in Turkish territory be held jointly by Servian and Montenegrin troops. This measure rendered it possible to carry out the Servian advance on Durazzo and Alessio without friction, although it was by no means agreeable to the Montenegrins.

That King Nicholas was the first of the allied sovereigns to take up arms was due to the pressure put upon him by his ministers, General Martinovitch and M. Plamenatz. They pointed out to him that the expansion of her territory was an absolute economic necessity for Montenegro, which was cut off from the Adriatic by Austria to a very great extent, and could not hope to wrest an accession of territory from a reformed and regenerated Turkey if the reform of Macedonia were taken in hand by Europe. *Now or never* was the word, if the mountaineers were to win a fresh kingdom with their yataghans. Such were the motives why Montenegro plunged into the fray without waiting for the decision of her allies. There is no doubt that the Balkan League profited by her bold resolution, for had not the war broken out so suddenly they would have found the Turks far better prepared to meet them.

Such is briefly the history of the origin of the League which has driven Asia to the utmost bounds of Europe, and which may yet form an Eastern Empire which will be one more guarantee for the peace of the world, by removing from the arena that apple of discord Constantinople and the Straits.

CHAPTER VII

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

THE mobilisation of all the Balkan States began about September 30, but the Bulgarians, who had shorter distances to traverse and a far better organisation, were able to complete their mobilisation long before the Turks. The Bulgarian infantry war units were formed at their depots in four days, the artillery in six. The strength of the cavalry is practically the same on a peace and on a war footing. As two Turkish army corps, the Third and the Fourth, had their headquarters close to the Thracian frontier in Kirk Kilsse and Adrianople respectively, they might easily have raided Bulgaria and disturbed the process of assembling these units in their concentration areas, especially as the Adrianople corps possessed some ten thousand free cavalry. To guard against this danger all the eleven Bulgarian cavalry regiments were, a few days before mobilisation began, despatched from their peace stations to the Thracian frontier, one regiment only being left with the 7th or Dubnitz Division south of Sofia.

The Bulgarian armies were organised for active operations as follows. The 7th Division, of which the headquarters in peace time are at Dubnitz, was told off to operate in Macedonia, the 2nd (Philippopolis) in the Rhodope, whilst the cavalry, on reaching the frontier, was so distributed as to guard it against all possible Turkish raids. The ten regiments were formed into two bodies, one of some 24 squadrons, or about 3500 men, under Major-General Nazlumoff, which had its headquarters at Kizil Agatch in the Tundja Valley, and watched the main approaches from Kirk Kilsse and the north of Adrianople, whilst the other of 9 squadrons, or about 1300 men, was at Hebibtchevo under Colonel Taneff to guard the Maritza Valley. At the same time the 7th (Dubnitz) Division occupied the passes south of Sofia, the 2nd (Philippopolis) held the Rhodope, and the 3rd (Sliven) supported the cavalry division in the valley of the Tundja.

Behind the screen thus formed three armies were rapidly concentrated. The First Army consisted of the 1st (Sofia), 3rd (Sliven), and new 10th Divisions; the Second Army, of the 8th

(Starazagora), the 9th (Plevna), and the new 11th Divisions; the Third Army, of the 4th (Shumla), 5th (Rustchuk), and 6th (Vratza) Divisions. But until they had actually reached their concentration areas, even the divisional commanders did not know to which army they were allotted, and throughout their journeys units of divisions never knew their destinations for more than one day ahead.

The Turks, under the inspiration of Marshal von der Goltz, had carried out manoeuvres in Thrace, from which they had derived the impression that the Bulgarians could only invade the country by certain well-defined routes, one of which passes Adrianople on the east and the other one by the west, both uniting on the line Hafsia-Dimotika, so that a Turkish army concentrated about Lule Burgas would completely protect Constantinople. Moreover, the country between the Tundja Valley and the Black Sea could be regarded as absolutely impenetrable by any regular forces. The only measure of special precaution taken was to construct a railway from Mandra to Kirk Kilisse. The Bulgarian Staff were well aware of the extent to which the Turks were influenced by these ideas, and, consequently, arranged to deceive them. Elaborate orders were issued for the Second Army to assemble at Haskovo, south of the Maritza, but as each train arrived at Seimenli, the nearest station to that point, the troops were ordered to keep their seats and despatched to Yamboli, a place in the Tundja Valley north of Adrianople. The 3rd (Sliven) Division was already on that river, and was soon joined by the 1st (Sofia) and 10th Divisions, whose headquarters were fixed at Kizil Agatch.

Thus the Turks were completely deceived. They had every reason to suppose that they were faced by an army in the Tundja Valley, another in the Maritza, and a third farther west towards Dubnitsa, which, however, could easily be marched to cover either flank. In reality the Third Army was in a very different quarter.

Directly the 3rd (Sliven) Division had arrived to support the cavalry in the Tundja Valley, the latter marched eastwards and was distributed to protect the frontier between Kaibilar and the Black Sea. The Third Army then concentrated east of Yamboli, with its headquarters at Straldja. The 4th (Shumla) and 5th (Rustchuk) Divisions marched to this area, as the railway from Starazagora to Tirnovo was not then completed, but the 6th (Vratza) was sent round by rail from Sofia, its commanders, until they reached Seimenli, remaining under the impression that they were on their way to Haskovo.

The 6th (Vratza) and the two new divisions were made up of two brigades, the remainder all of three. Each brigade includes 10,000 fighting-men, so that roughly there were 300,000 rifles under arms. The field-guns numbered 800, the cavalry 37 squadrons

(four regiments of four squadrons, seven regiments of three squadrons), or 5500 sabres. Excluding the forces detached to Macedonia, and the 11th Division, which was not fully mobilised until October 17, the Bulgarian forces destined to invade Thrace consisted of 230,000 rifles, 5000 cavalry, and 600 guns.

The General Headquarters assembled at Starazagora. The commander-in-chief was nominally the King, but he delegated the executive command with a very free hand to Lieutenant-General Michael Savoff. The Chief of the Staff was his old assistant commandant at the Military School, Major-General Fitcheff.

The combination was said to be an admirable one—Savoff a man of great personality and determination, enjoying the full confidence of all ranks, ready always to accept responsibility, to take rapid decisions, and to run necessary risks; Fitcheff a deep student, a master of detail, and blessed with a placid temperament, enabling him to restrain on occasion the somewhat more impetuous disposition of his chief.

The command of the three field-armies was vested in the three Inspectors-General Kutincheff, Ivanoff, and Radko Dimitrieff, with Colonels Papabapoff, Jaykoff, and Jostoff, respectively the commandants of the Military School, the new Staff College, and the School for Reserve Officers, as Chiefs of their Staffs.

The concentration was completed, with the exception of the 11th Division, on October 17, the day on which the Turks declared war, although for four days afterwards they failed to make any move whatsoever. The Bulgarians knew that the Turkish forces were collecting about Adrianople, Kirk Kilisse, and Lule Burgas, whilst they had massed cavalry round Haskeui or Havsa between the two former places. The Bulgarians prepared to take the offensive. Their plans were, firstly, to surround and mask Adrianople, with the smallest possible force; secondly, to storm Kirk Kilisse even at the cost of the greatest sacrifices; and lastly, to meet the main body of the Turkish forces, wherever they might be, with every available man.

National sentiment in Bulgaria was unanimous. The population of 3,500,000 included 500,000 Moslems, yet when the National Assembly on October 5, 1912, voted the mobilisation, the Turkish deputies voted with their Christian colleagues, and it was opposed only by one deputy, and he was not a Turk.¹ On the 16th, Tsar Ferdinand left Sofia for his headquarters at Starazagora, where on the 18th, at a great religious ceremony in the Cathedral, he published his declaration of war against the Turks. I may, perhaps, quote its most impressive passages:—

“The tears of the Balkan slaves and the groaning of millions of Christians could not but stir our hearts, the hearts of their

¹ *Czar Ferdinand and his People*, by John Macdonald (London, T. C. & E. C. Jack; 1 vol.), pp. 331-334.

kinsmen and co-religionists, who are indebted for our peaceful life to a great Tsar Liberator, and the Bulgarian nation has often remembered the prophetic words of the Tsar Liberator, 'The work is begun, it must be carried through.' Our love of peace is exhausted. To succour the Christian populations of Turkey there remains to us no other means than to turn to arms. . . . Our work is a just, great, and sacred one. . . . I bring to the cognisance of the Bulgarian nation that war for the human rights of the Christians is declared. I order the brave Bulgarian army to march on the Turkish territory; at our sides, and with us, will fight for the same object against a common enemy, the armies of the Balkan States allied to Bulgaria—Servia, Greece, and Montenegro. And in this struggle of the Cross against the Crescent, of liberty against tyranny, we shall have the sympathy of all those who love justice and progress. . . . Forward, may God be with you." ¹

The venerable patriot Archbishop Methodius then blessed the Bulgarian army, and the Tsar was deeply moved. Well did he know what the liberation of Macedonia would cost Bulgaria in blood and tears.

On the same day, October 18, the Bulgarian armies began to move. The Guard Regiment of Cavalry with the advanced troops of the Second and First Army Corps, to the former of which it was attached, crossed the frontier and seized Mustafa Pasha, where is the only bridge over the Maritza, a river about the size of the Thames at Hampton Court, for a stretch of 30 miles between Seimenli in Bulgaria and Adrianople town. This bridge is 17 miles north-west of Adrianople and was built by the Romans. Over it runs the great road from Constantinople to Europe. The Turks had tried to blow up the massive old Roman masonry, but had only chipped a chunk off its side. In advancing on Adrianople the Bulgarian army had only two slight skirmishes with the Turks, one at Hadikeui on the west and one at Fikele on the north, and by October 21 all the Turkish troops had withdrawn behind the outlying screen of redoubts, and the place was invested on all sides save the east.

It was impossible to foresee that the garrison of Adrianople, some 60,000 strong, would remain passive, and so the First Army Corps slowly moved southwards from Kizil Agatch to support the Second, and by the 21st had reached Tartarlar, about 16 miles to the north-east of the fortress.

The Third Army, in the meantime, moved slowly from Straldja to Kaibilar, which its advanced troops reached on the 21st. As its existence was unknown to the Turks, it was hoped that these forces would find an opportunity of attacking the Turkish garrison of Kirk Kilisse, should it expose its right flank by moving westward to attack the Bulgarians at Tartarlar. The advance was not an easy one, for as the frontier is approached the terrain becomes

¹ Mr. Macdonald quotes the translation published in *The Times*.

hilly and very rough and broken, forming part, as it does, of a chain of low hills which run across the Maritza plain, some 15 miles north of Adrianople, and form the frontier of Bulgaria. So difficult, indeed, was the ground in places that whole companies had sometimes to be turned out to man-handle the vehicles and guns. The Bulgarian cavalry, relieved of its protective duties on the frontier, was sent southwards to scout towards Adrianople, and, according to the Military Correspondent of *The Times* with the Turkish army in Thrace, was so exhausted by its arduous screening duties that it was unable to pursue the enemy effectually after their defeats at Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar, at a moment when an energetic pursuit might have proved the ruin of Turkey. But would it have been wise for the Bulgarian army, which compared with the Turks was so weak in mounted troops, to advance without such a screen? They could not have foreseen that, though according to the same writer the Turks were quite aware of their concentration at Yamboli and that their objective was Kirk Kilisse, the enemy would remain passive until October 21. On that day Abdullah Pasha suddenly ordered a general advance. It would have been, perhaps, wiser for him to remain upon the defensive, as "with a first-class fortress at Adrianople and an intrenched camp at Kirk Kilisse, with a space of only 30 miles between these two and with almost impassable country beyond their outer flanks, the Bulgarian field armies could not advance without first taking one or the other; and whichever was attacked, the other must be masked." The attack upon fortified positions would certainly entail great loss of life upon them, and their forces would thus be weakened before they met the Turkish main army. But these considerations were thrown to the winds. On October 21, as I have said, the Turks moved forward in apparently two main columns, the Third Corps under Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha from Kirk Kilisse towards Petra and Erikler, the First from Yenidje towards Tartarlar: the Second advanced towards Adrianople; the Fourth remained at Kavakli. Although the Army Operation Orders were captured a few days later at Kirk Kilisse, the Bulgarian Staff was utterly unable to ascertain Abdullah Pasha's object in making these moves. At best, as a German-trained officer, he may have acted under the influence of Marshal von der Goltz's teaching, that the offensive is the one object in war—attack, attack, attack, whatever the odds against you. By acting in this spirit Abdullah Pasha became the author of the first Turkish disasters in Thrace. Meanwhile the picturesque side of warfare was to be seen at Sofia, and peace reigned unbroken at Starazagora.

Thousands of Macedonians had flocked to Sofia, and officered by their priests, were being trained by General Geneff for guerilla warfare.¹ They numbered some 36,000, and all that they needed

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, October 19, 1912.

to live upon was 2½ lbs. of bread and a ration of cheese per day. Many of them were stationed at Shumla and at Varna within striking distance of the frontier of the Dobruja. In the review at Sofia, 5000 of them were mustered in companies of 180. "Each wears the traditional sandal or upuka, common to all Balkan inhabitants, rough brown coats of various patterns, but all short and thick. Many wear leggings made of white or brown woollen cloth, fastened with leather straps or thick whipcord. No other uniform is supplied them, as their national costumes make them sufficiently distinctive in appearance. Each company is ranged under the particular banner or sort of religious society to which they belong. The exiled chaplain comes to harangue them, and makes them promise on solemn oath to liberate their country and brethren from the Turkish yoke. The religious fervour and enthusiasm with which they respond, though the Macedonian is not usually a religious fanatic, shows the depth of patriotic sentiment which animates these rude volunteers, who, after spending the greater part of the day in drill, return to their hovels in the town, or workshops, where they sleep with the priests.

"The camp also has another picturesque character in the person of a noble Russian lady, who leads them on and stirs them up with patriotic exhortations. It is the most peculiar army I have yet seen. The Government only furnishes them with knapsack, rifle, and overcoat. In this outfit they are capable of scaling most difficult mountain defiles, enduring all kinds of hardships, and fighting desperate guerilla encounters. The officers told me that they will get through the rudimentary training in ten days, when they will be shipped to the border, where they will be incorporated, in detachments of 50 or 100, with regular Bulgarian troops. They are excellent shots, and seem to handle the rifle by instinct.

"On the day of the Proclamation of War a great service of intercession for the success of the Bulgarian arms was celebrated at Sofia. The cathedral was packed full, even the roof was crowded, and blazed with lighted yellow tapers, the votive offerings of peasant women, all clothed in black, the only bright spots being the scarlet on the collars of the officers' service overcoats. On a crimson-canopied throne to the right of the great yellow and white sanctuary screen, with its panels of painted saints, before which hung burning silver lamps, sat the Queen of Bulgaria, following the service with bowed head."¹

"The congregation was so tightly packed that I could see the mass sway forward and back like one individual, as the worshippers listened or made the sign of the Cross.

"The only open space was between the Queen and the sanctuary, where twelve bearded priests of all ages made impressive figures in bright yellow copes. They stood six on each side of the

¹ *Daily Express*, Saturday, October 19, 1912 (Percival Phillips).

sanctuary entrance. Between them, facing the congregation, was the aged Metropolitan with a long snow-white beard, wrapped in a heavy cloth-of-gold embroidered cope, and wearing a massive silver mitre over his flowing hair.

"He grasped his pastoral staff in his left hand and held aloft a gold and crystal crucifix. On either side of the Queen stood a priest, each holding two lit candles slanted in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross and tied with the national tricolour. Another priest carried the great book of the Gospels bound in jewelled covers. Near the Queen stood the Minister of War in uniform, with M. Gueshoff, the Premier, and other Ministers, in black."¹

"The voice of the celebrant, like a deep bell, intoned the service. Occasionally could be heard the rippling cheer of the crowd outside, saluting a passing transport column.

"Then, as the candles with the tricolour were held aloft, a black-bearded priest spoke for fifteen minutes of the great task before the country, of the coming fight of Christianity against Islam, of the fruitless efforts of the Powers to prevent this war, and of the consecration of the waiting army to the noble task of freeing their downtrodden countrymen in Macedonia.

"The Queen listened, evidently deeply moved, and the congregation swayed in responsive emotion.

"When it was over, the Patriarch approached the Queen. She kissed his hand, and, headed by the crucifix, the procession of clergy filed from the body of the cathedral into the enclosed sanctuary.

"The Queen left with her ladies, moving slowly down the narrow lane between Ministers and officers, pausing as each touched her gloved hand with his lips. She was exceedingly pale. I thought she looked very sad, although she repeatedly tried to smile.

"The choir burst into a triumphant anthem which almost drowned the pealing bells and the cheers of the crowd which thundered outside the open doors.

"It was a moment that made the heart of every Bulgar beat faster with patriotic enthusiasm, but through the enthusiasm which pulsated in the notes of the music there ran a note of sadness, of regret for men about to die.

"At Starazagora, meanwhile, things outwardly looked peaceful enough. Children play around the great cream-coloured barracks where the staff sit night and day at their telegraph instruments and maps.

"The town itself shows how Bulgaria is regenerating the Balkans. A new community, living in modern French houses, is steadily overlaying the ruins of the old Turkish Eski Sagra, which Suleiman's troops laid waste when fleeing from the Russians. Patches of broken walls still remain as a souvenir of that massacre

¹ *Daily Express*, Wednesday, October 23, 1912.

when the town was drenched in blood. You still see wells which were filled with the corpses of Bulgars.

"To-day Starazagora pursues its usual placid life. The benches of the flowered park are occupied by idlers reading the latest bulletin. Broad, right-angled streets sloping gently towards the plain contain little evidence that battles are being fought within a few hours' journey.

"Patient donkeys, hidden under firewood, stumble along the cobble-stones, and boot-blacks pursue every stranger.

"In the poorer quarters peasant women sit outside their sky-blue cottages unconcernedly weaving cloth at their looms. Grave merchants kneel behind piles of fruit, vegetables, and sweetmeats in the central bazaars, where there is plenty of food of all kinds for sale, while the tables outside dilapidated Turkish cafés are filled with old men sipping coffee and watching the orderlies ride up and down.

"The leaves are still on the trees, but they are changing colour and are thinning. Save for the passage of motors and transport, and numbers of soldiers, it would not easily be realised that the nation is engaged in a tremendous struggle. Churches and minarets, lifting their heads above the trees, present a peaceful spectacle, and the Christian and Mohammedan populations dwell together in amity. Old turbaned Turks, returning from prayers, and others are quietly walking the streets.

"The Moslem community pursues its tasks in the very shadow of the staff headquarters. Red-fezzed bootmakers sit cross-legged, as they have done for years, under the walls of the ancient mosque.

"King Ferdinand makes frequent excursions by motor-car. He has several houses as temporary headquarters in various districts, and is in constant consultation with the staff, watching every step of the campaign, and making his personality felt everywhere.

"The town, which is on a slightly tilted plain, ends abruptly against the foothills of the Balkans, as though sliced with a knife behind a rise of rugged hills covered with brown scrub.

"If you walk a little way up, as the attachés did this morning, you see a plain like a billiard-table at your feet, stretching to infinity. All eyes turn instinctively to the south-west along the railway, which vanishes in a thin line of haze. There lies Adrianople."¹

Meanwhile the Bulgarians were steadily advancing into northern Thrace. The upper reaches of the rivers Struma, Bregalnitz, and Mesta were also in their hands, and it was reported that many Moslem Bulgarians, who had been armed by the Turks, were surrendering their rifles and welcoming their presence.

On the night of October 21-22, the First Bulgarian Army Corps was advancing southwards from its bases upon Tartarlar on a front Buyunli-Sari-Talisman-Omar Abbas-Terzi Dere, over a

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, October 23, 1912.

front some 30 miles long, whilst the Turkish forces were also advancing on Tartarlar from Erikler, Petra, Yenidje, and Haskeui, over a terrain consisting of open undulating downland. A Bulgarian cavalry division was pushing forward from Karamza towards the line Kaipa-Seliolo, south of Tartarlar, and on this line the two armies came into collision. These downs extend southwards to the Sea of Marmora, and, like Salisbury Plain, are covered with turf affording excellent ground for a cavalry advance, except where it has been ploughed up within recent years, when, after rain, the going is extremely heavy. Early on October 22 the Bulgarian cavalry reported large camps of Turkish troops of all arms about Kukiler, right across the line of advance of the First Army Corps, but, as that corps had detached the 3rd Division to help the Second Army to surround Adrianople, for the moment it was too weak to take the offensive. It was reinforced by a brigade of the 4th Division of the Third Army, which accordingly advanced from Karamza towards Seliolo some time during the 22nd.

During that afternoon the Turkish advanced troops became engaged with the leading advanced troops of the 1st Division of the First Army a few miles north and north-west of Seliolo. The three Bulgarian divisions seem to have been somewhat scattered, and only two brigades and six batteries took part in the actual fighting. The Turks deployed their right on the hills just east of Seliolo, which lies in a cup, but is commanded by a knoll to the east, on which a Turkish brigade was placed, and their left on hilly ground, mostly covered with scrub, which extends west to Gechkenlia. The Bulgarian divisional commander Tosheff attacked the Turkish centre with four battalions, and tried to envelop the Turkish left; whilst a brigade (two regiments) of the 4th Division attacked their right. On the western front the 1st (Sofia) Bulgarian Regiment happened to meet the 1st (Stambuli) Turkish Regiment, and a fierce struggle took place. The numerous trenches held first by one side and then by the other, the thousands of spent cartridges and shrapnel shell, the number of the graves, all bear mute witness, even now, to the severity of the conflict.

In the meantime a separate battle was going on to the eastward. The Third Army was advancing from Kaibilar on Kovchas, at the western extremity of the Istrandja Balkan range, and Karamza, when on the afternoon of the 22nd its advanced troops came into contact with the Turks of the III. Corps, just north of Eski Polos and Erikler, the former of which the Bulgarians seized during the night. Eski Polos is a fair-sized village situated at the foot of a comparatively isolated peak with an old fortress, which commands a view over the plains of Thrace extending from Lule Burgas to the heights near Adrianople, and is therefore of great value as an observation point.

The Turkish forces under Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha were deployed along some ridges extending from just south of Eski Polos southwards towards Petra, which were entrenched by the Turks during the night. They consisted of two divisions, a Turkish division, however, being only equivalent to a Bulgarian brigade; whilst two or three miles farther north, beyond the river Teke Dere, the 7th (Kirk Kilisse) Division was in touch with the 5th Bulgarian Division about Erikler.

On the morning of the 23rd, the Bulgarian 4th Division, under General Boyagieff, using Eski Polos as a pivot, attacked the Turkish left. The Turks made some stand upon a hill just west of Petra, but elsewhere their resistance quickly collapsed, and they fled towards Kirk Kilisse in a disorderly rout. Their artillery retreated early and so was saved for one day, but all their transport was taken, and their right was all but enveloped by a Bulgarian column working south from Kovchas.

On the night of the 23rd General Dimitrieff's headquarters were at Petra, and he slept in the room which had been occupied by Mahmud Mukhtar the night before. It was decided to attack the famous forts of Kirk Kilisse on the morrow, but when the Bulgarian advanced guard reached the town early on October 24, they entered it without resistance, for the Turks had stampeded during the night. The town was soon occupied by the Bulgarian 6th Division; whilst the 4th and 5th Divisions, passing respectively east and west of the town, became engaged with Turkish rearguards on the line Kavakli-Uskubdere on the 24th, and eventually halted there for three days.

Meanwhile Abdullah Pasha's army was in full retreat before the First Bulgarian Army Corps, pursued by the Bulgarian cavalry, which having been ordered to fill up the gap between the First and Third Armies, advanced from Karamza, halted near Seliolo on the 22nd, and on the 23rd occupied the village of Yenidje, on the road between Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, thus threatening to cut the line of retreat of its garrison, and took numbers of fugitives, only halting when it approached Kavakli, where Abdullah Pasha had established his headquarters and lay with a considerable force. The Turkish cavalry never showed itself at any time during these operations.

Gossips at Vienna attributed the collapse of the Turks to differences between Abdullah Pasha and the War Minister, Nazim Pasha, who, thinking the theatre of war in Macedonia more important than that in Thrace, had sent the reinforcements from Asia Minor to Macedonia. Others attributed the breakdown to the want of transport and supplies, to the fact that there were few first-class troops at the front, and even to the treachery of Christian soldiers who had been enrolled by force in the Turkish ranks.

Although the Bulgarians occupied Kirk Kilisse with practi-

cally no opposition, it may be interesting to put on record the version of the occupation of the place which appears to have been circulated at Sofia on the morning of its fall.¹

"The series of attacks on the positions at Kirk Kilisse began in brilliant moonlight after 10 o'clock, preceded by a vigorous bombardment. It appears that General Savoff, the Commander-in-Chief, issued peremptory instructions to General Dimitrieff that the fortress must be taken yesterday morning. The order recalls the Tsar's famous command, 'Let Plevna be taken.'

"The troops, who appear to have suffered nothing in *moral* from the unsuccessful issue of the previous attacks, advanced to the assault with alacrity. Throughout the night successive positions were stormed at the point of the bayonet, a weapon in the use of which the Bulgarians excel, and before 10 o'clock yesterday morning the situation of the defenders became desperate. Mukhtar Pasha, the Commandant, Prince Abdul Halim, and other Turkish superior officers, with a portion of the garrison, had already succeeded in escaping in the direction of Bunar Hissar, some 15 miles south-east, and in saving a considerable amount of war material. An hour later the remnant of the garrison hoisted the white flag and surrendered.

"The Bulgarian losses are estimated in well-informed quarters at 5000 killed and wounded. All the Turkish dead and wounded were left on the field. The care of the wounded will prove a serious embarrassment to the already overtaxed Bulgarian hospital staff."

The Bulgarians had also by now advanced and were firmly planted round Adrianople, where they had strengthened their positions, whilst the Turks had lost twelve guns in a sally from the place. The Adrianople forces had advanced before the fall of Kirk Kilisse to co-operate with Abdullah Pasha, but had, as was ascertained after the surrender of Adrianople, lost their way and returned to the city without having fired a shot or seen an enemy.

In the meantime General Todorov² with the 7th Division had been instructed to advance down the Struma Valley towards the Constantinople-Salonika railway, which runs comparatively close to the coast of the Aegean, and after cutting it, thus destroying all land communications between Constantinople and the Turkish armies in Macedonia, Epirus, and Albania, to proceed to Salonika. His base was Dubnitza, near the head of the Struma Valley, and he had with him large irregular forces, who guarded the roads leading from Tatar Bazardjik and Philippopolis to the Mesta Valley. The Turkish forces opposed to him consisted mainly of Redifs, and were commanded by Ali Nadir Pasha, whose headquarters were at Seres.

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, October 26, 1912.

² *United Service Magazine*, June 1913, "The Balkan War of 1912-13," by Captain H. T. Russell, late R.A., pp. 316-317.

The first week of the war saw Todorov in possession of the upper parts of the Mesta, Struma, and Bregalnitz Valleys, whilst the Turkish garrisons at Djuma-i-lala and Mehomia, whose line of retreat across the Kresna and other passes had been intercepted by Bulgarian irregulars, soon surrendered. A force marching to their relief was ambushed by the irregulars at Kresna on October 19, and sustained heavy losses. The Bulgarian advance was hampered by small Turkish forces on their flanks, so that Nevrokop was only reached on November 1. The same day the irregulars seized the railway station at Buk, thus isolating Macedonia from Thrace, but their advance across the mountains between the Mesta and the Struma Valleys was so slow that they did not reach Seres until November 9, and they occupied the place after scattering a large Turkish force in an engagement fought to the south of the town.

Thus, as the Greeks had entered Salonika on November 8, Todorov saw that the main object for which he had been detached into Macedonia had escaped his grasp. The race for Salonika was thus the origin of the disputes which have since so sharply divided the Balkan League. About the same time a Bulgarian detachment occupied the seaport of Kavala.

CHAPTER VIII

MONTENEGRO UP TO THE ARMISTICE OF DECEMBER 1912

THE first State to declare war against Turkey was Montenegro. On October 8, 1912, his own birthday, King Nicholas I., the father-in-law of the King of Italy, took up the sword which Victor Emmanuel III. was upon the point of laying down. Nor was it, perhaps, unfitting that the Balkan country, over whose rude crags the Crescent had never flown, should be the champion to throw down the glove of defiance in that death-struggle which was to free the Balkans from the Turk.

Pretexts for war were not wanting, for the normal state of life upon the frontier between Montenegro and Albania is one of disguised warfare. A Montenegrin post had been besieged by the Turks, and the apologies of the Turkish Minister at Cettigne were not accepted. Nothing further was needed to set alight the conflagration.

War against Turkey was declared, and at once every Montenegrin sprang to arms. They have been used to bear them. When Ivan the Black was in 1484 forced back by the Ottomans into the mountains of Czornahora, he caused the general assembly to pass a law somewhat as follows: "In times of war against the Turk no Montenegrin shall be able, without the order of his chief, to leave the field of battle; he who takes to flight shall be dishonoured for ever, despised, and banished from the midst of his family, who shall give him a woman's dress and a spindle; the women shall drive him out with blows of the spindle, as a coward and traitor to his country." Such were the conditions under which the Montenegrins began that struggle against the Ottoman which has lasted until our own day.

The object of that struggle can be best explained by a few sentences on the history of the Montenegrins. The country takes its name, the Black Mountain, from the forests of black pines which once covered its mountains, and which furnished timber to the ship-builders of Rome and of Venice. Under the Romans it formed part of Illyricum; later as the Principality of Dioclea it belonged to the old Servian Empire, which had its

headquarters under a *Zhupan* at Novi-Bazar, but which in 900 held Ragusa. From that Empire it passed to the Byzantines, but was recovered by Servia under the Nemanya dynasty, which descended from one of its princes (1180-1389). After the death of Stephen Dushan (1336-1355) and the murder of his son Stephen (Urosh) V. (1355-1367), a noble Servian called Balsha or Basha founded a principality which included Montenegro.

From 1360 to 1421 Balsha's descendants are said to have reigned as independent princes in Northern Albania, and one of them proclaimed himself prince of Zeta in 1367, after seizing the fortress of Skodar (Skutari), and is sometimes said to have extended his territories as far as Cattaro, which, however, voluntarily accepted the suzerainty of Venice in 1420. His dominions included the present Montenegro, Podgoritzza, Spuzh and Jabliak, the isles of Lake Skutari, and the territory of Antivari. In 1484 one of his descendants, Ivan Czernowitz (Ivan the Black), was driven from Jabliak by the Turks, and forced to take refuge in the Black Mountain. He installed a printing-press at Cettigne, and the splendid missals printed at it are the oldest specimens of printing in any Slavonic tongue. His successor, George V. Czernowitz, abdicated in 1516, and placed the government in the hands of its metropolitan (Vladika), who ruled the country as Prince-Bishops, aided by a civil governor, from 1516 to 1833. Until 1696 the dignity was an elective one, but in that year it became hereditary in the family of Petrovich, which had immigrated from Herzegovina in 1476. The first of the dynasty, Daniel I. (1696-1735), made a treaty with Peter the Great of Russia in 1715, since which time Montenegro has always been the spoil child of the Russian Tsars. Nicholas I. ascended the throne in 1860. In 1876, in alliance with Milan of Servia, he waged a successful war against Turkey, and in 1878, by the Treaty of Berlin, Montenegro received Niksic, Spuzh, Podgoritzza, Plava, Gusinie, and Antivari, thus more than doubling her territory. As the Moslem inhabitants of Plava and Gusinie objected to annexation, a conference of the Powers in 1880 decided to give those towns to Turkey, and Montenegro received Dulcigno in exchange. Two daughters of King Nicholas married two grand-dukes of Russia in 1889, one has become Queen of Italy, and a fourth Crown Princess of Servia. In 1905 a national assembly was established, which proved a failure. In 1910 Prince Nicholas took the title of King of Montenegro.

There is a tradition that at the creation the Lord passed above the earth distributing stones out of a bag, and that when He was passing above Montenegro the bag burst and all the remaining stones fell upon the Black Mountain. The Kingdom of Montenegro has an area of 3255 square miles, being less than that of the united counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. The centre of the country is composed of Triassic and Cretaceous rocks, and

forms a portion of that high arid tableland called the Karst which extends southward along the east coast of the Adriatic from the Triglav, the highest summit of the Julian Alps (in Gradisca and Carniola), to the Shar-Dagh Range, near Prizrend, in Macedonia. The name is derived from a Celtic word akin to our "Cairn," and means the Land of Stones. This district has a rolling surface, with numerous oval-shaped depressions ("sinks") and deep fissures, with a severe climate subject to great extremes of heat and cold. It ranges in height from 2500 ft. to 5000 ft. The vegetation is sparse (grass, scrub-oak, and beech), and there are few streams. The east side of Montenegro is also a high tableland, but is intersected with the well-wooded valleys of the Tara and the Lim, which produce a good deal of fruit, including melons and grapes, tobacco, corn, maize, and potatoes. The coast-belt is fertile, mild, and well cultivated, and two harvests are generally reaped in a year chiefly of fruits (grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, mulberries, almonds) and corn. The wealth of the people consists in sheep, cattle, goats, swine, horses, and bees. A little wine is made. They number about 250,000, nearly all of whom are of Servian descent, and of the Greek Orthodox faith, but there are about 5000 Albanian Catholics. The Montenegrins are thus closely akin, not only to the Servians and to the inhabitants of the sanjak of Novi-Bazar and of the vilayet of Kossovo, but are separated only by religious differences from the Croats, who inhabit the Austro-Hungarian provinces of Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. The trade of Montenegro is mainly in Austrian hands. The little kingdom, however, is unable to support its population, and many thousands of Montenegrins are to be found, chiefly as miners, in the Western States of America and in the Pacific Coast Belt of Canada. Curiously enough, many Italian masons and navvies have found employment in the public works of Montenegro.

The only really fertile territory adjacent to the frontiers of Montenegro is to be found in the plains round the lake and town of Skutari, which, as we have seen, from 1367 to 1484 formed a part of the Principality. Their population is, however, Catholic and Albanian, and is profoundly hostile to the Montenegrin rule. The high tableland of the sanjak, with its rigorous climate and bare grazing lands, although much of the pasturage, especially in the region extending between the rivers Lim and Ibás, is excellent, is claimed by Servia, and in any case would have but little attraction for Montenegrin immigrants.

Consequently the main object of Montenegrin policy has been for centuries to recover Skutari, although their efforts have been opposed not only by the Turks but also by the Catholic and Moslem Albanian clans who inhabit Skutari and the territories to the north and east of it, and whose road to the coast pastures near Alessio, where they winter their sheep, lies through that

city. To the Montenegrins the capture of Skutari became the chief object of the war.

The Montenegrins began the war by an advance from Podgoritzza upon Tusi, a position upon the eastern shore of the Lake of Skutari, which bars the road to that fortress. At Shiroka they had been ambushed by the Turks, who fired upon them from the heights and even from guns mounted upon the steamers which ply upon the lake. Two of these, the *Chioggia* and the *Liceni*, played an important part in the defence of Skutari.

From Shiroka the wounded had to be brought to Cettigne, over a distance of about forty miles, part of the way being in cabs and carriages over roads that must have jolted them agonisingly, then by steamer to Rjeka, where the motor-omnibuses brought them down the mountain passes to Cettigne. It was a journey of six hours across the rough mountain roads, and many of them had legs and arms broken by the Turkish shrapnel, bits of glass, zinc, and iron, tearing their bodies in the most hideous fashion, yet they bore it unflinchingly. They even smoked.

The Montenegrin preparations for war, so far as offensive operations were concerned, were very complete, but so far as her hospitals were concerned she was miserably prepared.

When war broke out the Montenegrins had at Cettigne just a thousand odd beds, but they had not enough drugs, instruments, or nurses, and they had only one doctor to a division. It is true that all the Red Cross Societies in Europe were sending them supplies, but in the meantime the mountain warriors had to lie suffering tortures, suffering silently and gladly for their country.

It is good for Englishmen to remember and, as a Herefordshire man, I am proud to relate that the chief organiser of such hospitals as existed at the outset of the campaign was a brave Herefordshire lady.

"Miss Edith Mary Durham, who acted as lady war correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* jointly, is a sister of Dr. Herbert E. Durham of Dunelm, Hampton Park, and for some time resided with her brother at Broomy Hill. Miss Durham, whose father was the late Mr. Arthur Durham, a famous Brook Street surgeon, is an artist of considerable reputation. She studied in the Royal Academy School, and has had her pictures hung in the Academy, but she abandoned art for travel, and for the last twelve years or more she has been frequently in the Balkans, where she has on many occasions had the distribution of the relief funds for the benefit of families who have suffered as a result of massacres by the Turks. Miss Durham is especially well known at the Court of the Royal House of Montenegro. The philanthropic and literary work which she has done in connection with the Balkan States has earned her the gratitude both of rulers and people. In consequence of this she has, of course,

been the object of much suspicion on the part of the Austrian Government, who have regarded her as an emissary engaged in promoting the interests of some rival Government. It is needless to say that there is no justification for this suspicion, Miss Durham having spent her life with no other object than that of benefiting the oppressed peoples of that country. She has great courage, lively wit, remarkable powers of conversation, and a common sense which immediately impresses those who meet her. She has already taken the lead as the most successful correspondent in the field. Her telegrams were the first full ones to reach London."¹

To these mountaineers it is heaven to die for Montenegro. Long ages of conflict with the Turks have made their country to them what Spain was to the Spaniard of the Middle Ages. It is only those peoples who have had such a training who nowadays understand what the word "country" means.

On October 14 there were not more than forty thousand Montenegrin troops in the field, and in the first week of the war the official list of killed and wounded was more than a thousand. Not one wounded man could be spared, and it was clear that such heavy casualties were not expected.

Writing from Podgoritzza, the Montenegrin headquarters, on October 15, Mr. Courlander said: "When God made the world, and was distributing stones over the earth, so the saying runs, the bag that held them burst and let them all fall on Montenegro. But the road stretching through these wilds held in it all the astonishing faith and strength of these people of the Black Mountain. Every yard or so brought with it some sidelight, some proof of the grandeur of these men and women and the pity of war.

"I remember the sight of a yellow diligence that we overtook—a rough coffin with purple trimming jutting from it. The lid was tied down with a piece of cord. At the far end of the diligence a woman sat silently, with her handkerchief to her lips, alone in a grief that made her face impassive and beautiful.

"The yellow diligence jolted over the rough road, and the coffin bumped with the jolting, and the bells jingled merrily on the shaggy necks of the horses.

"We passed them, but later the bells came jingling into Rjeka, and the diligence drew up outside a poor house opposite the river, where the women paddled boatloads of provisions to and fro. A curious wailing began. Girls and women, drawing their black shawls closer round their heads, gathered round the diligence. The woman sat now majestically looking down on them. Her face was lit with great pride. They did not weep; they set up a curious subdued murmur, thin and frail, like the whimpering of a child. One of them bent down and kissed the coffin.

¹ *Hereford Journal*, Saturday, October 19, 1912.

"But the roads were covered with other passengers. The hospitals of Rjeka were filled with wounded, but the warriors in their simple drab-coloured uniforms, who were wending their way down the slopes towards where Lake Skutari lay still and blue under the sunshine in the distance, exchanged cheery greetings with them. There was a continual procession of them. Their rifles were slung on their backs; the coloured sashes were an arsenal of great revolvers, a dagger or so, and cartridges; whilst they carried the swords which, 'since the King of Montenegro ordered that his soldiers were not to behead the Turks,' have made a speciality 'of neatly slicing the throat without severing the head literally.'" ¹

"Their women trudged behind them along the mountain roads, their backs bent with the burden of bedding and food,—old women with faces as yellow and wrinkled as the tobacco-leaves that dry in the sun outside their cottages; young wives with the round Montenegrin cap, scarlet and gold and black, set over their shawls; and once I saw a child taking quick little steps to keep up with his father, carrying proudly a bandolier full of cartridges.

"These women carried an odd assortment of tins and bread and part of a sheep's carcass; in one hand a heavy umbrella, in the other a great carafe of red wine. There were things to do rough cooking in and bundles of faggots. Many of them, hovering near their husbands, have been struck by bursting shrapnel; they desire nothing but to share the same risks as their men.

"Podgoritzza was crowded with soldiery—Albanians who had cast in their lot with Montenegro, men to whom human life is as nothing, and who carry a knife and a revolver as an Englishman might carry a fountain-pen. Here, riding between the avenue of trees, comes Sokol Batza, magnificently arrayed in blue and red, heavily sashed, and booted and spurred with his inevitable armoury. He is the chief of the Albanians of Grida, the standard-bearer. A motor-horn sounds in the distance—Modernity hooting among the Middle Ages! And as the motor car itself passes, all the soldiers and officers, Albanians and Malissori and Montenegrins, salute a handsome black-moustached young man, who sits in front with his hand at the peak of the staff officer's hat.

"'The Crown Prince,' they murmur as they reseal themselves. The car has whisked away in a cloud of white dust, and from the cloud pack-mules emerge in a group, driven by a trousered woman.

"The sound of men's voices singing in chorus comes along the road. Two battalions of Montenegrins pass by, marching towards Tusi, singing as they march with a quick swinging step. Waggon-loads of bread are arriving; white nurses and youths of the Red

¹ *Daily Express*, Tuesday, October 22, 1912.

Cross ; bearded priests of the Greek Church,—all is bustle and movement and colour. And last night, in the evening, I saw an odd group of brown-cloaked Capuchin monks, each with a rifle on his back. The Roman Catholic Church is powerful in Northern Albania.”¹

“The Montenegrins were on their way to take Chipchanik, the first post on the road to Skutari, but they were not destined to advance without encountering serious resistance, and for a time a sharp fight, which took place at Berane, was thought to have resulted in a Montenegrin defeat. But the fates were favourable. The Turkish frontier was crossed and the fortified position of Chipchanik, six miles away over the plain from Podgoritzza, fell into Montenegrin hands. The blockhouse, black and roofless, and the white walls around it showed the effects of the Montenegrin shrapnel, and within the fort ‘significant heaps of tattered clothes, once worn by Turkish soldiers,’ were seen lying upon newly turned mounds of earth. Tusi itself also fell into the hands of the Montenegrins, and the Montenegrin flag flew over the new Turkish barracks, whilst Montenegrin cavalry trotted gaily over the bridge through the low-built straw-roofed bazaars with their rude wooden colonnades, singing the monotonous folk-song of their mountains, whilst the Turks regarded them with glowering eyes.

“Detchich Mountain loomed barren and mighty among the low-lying clouds, dominating the minor hills, which had been wrenched from the Turks.

“I saw dragged white flags flying from the huts, a token of the surrender of Ali Bey with his thousands of followers, when he left nothing behind him but the confusion, wreckage, and desolation of the fortress of Chipchanik.

“The road to Skutari lies clear now, and southwards General Martinovitch is advancing towards the most desperate fight in the campaign, which the Montenegrins hope is to culminate in the capture of Tarabosh, and place Skutari at the mercy of the invaders, as the capture of Chipchanik placed Tusi at their feet.

“‘We shall meet in Skutari in a week from now,’ the Montenegrins say.”²

On the whole the first few days of the war had gone fairly well for the Montenegrins.

“The highlanders won two successes at Tusi and at Berane, and are properly proud of themselves,” wrote *The Times* of Saturday, October 19, “but they have hitherto failed in their main enterprise, namely, the attack on Skutari, and a Turkish counter-offensive appears to be developing.” As Charles Edward found in the ‘Forty-five, “mountaineers with somewhat primitive arrangements for supply, transport, and medical service are not usually capable of sustained offensive movements. While the

¹ *Daily Express*, Thursday, October 24, 1912.

² *Daily Express*, Monday, October 28, 1912.

supplies carried in their wallets hold out, and while ammunition is not spent, much can be done by them, but when it comes to moving and combining movements, there are many disappointments.

Whilst Mr. Courlander was on his way to Mount Detchich, "the noise of shells breaking the silence into shreds told of a battle raging beyond the mountains northwards."

"General Martinovitch was attacking Tarabosh and was meeting with desperate resistance, and so refused at first to allow any correspondents with him." Even an appeal from the King of Montenegro failed to induce him to relax this rule. The weather was terrible. King Nicholas, in his anxiety to see the bombardment, had left his quarters in a small villa at Rjeka and had taken a boat out on the Lake of Skutari, but had been prevented from seeing anything by the fog. For days and nights the 4000 Turkish prisoners at Podgoritzta had been lying out under the rain, and when it rains in Montenegro, it is no April shower. Down it comes in merciless torrents that flood the valleys and wash the scanty soil from the black mountains.

"Huddled up on that great flat plain with its endless background of grey rocks a few miles away, without tents, without waterproof coverings, without liberty to look for shelter, the unfortunate Nizams could but remain there and bear it.

"'But they are soldiers,' said a Montenegrin to me, 'and our soldiers must take the same risks and bear the same hardships.' Yes, but hardship with liberty is often not hardship at all. Yet no one could be kinder to their prisoners than were the Montenegrins.

"I saw the first batch of prisoners arrive at Podgoritzta about ten in the morning, and from their arrival to their departure, two hours later, I watched them. They looked very tired, and oh! so helpless. Their faces had the deep opaque brown that is only got by prolonged exposure to the open air. Not one of them stood erect.

"They were told they were free for two hours, and I was curious what their first move would be. Cigarettes and matches! The little kiosk selling them was surrounded in an instant, and they had to wait their turn to be served. But there was no rush, no pushing, no impatience—they looked just tired and hopeless, even timid.

"They were soon scattered about the various stalls. I saw one looking longingly at a spread of white cheeses presided over by a Montenegrin woman. He looked hesitatingly at them, and asked the price. The woman told him.

"He pulled out a poor, dirty little purse and looked at it for a moment, but the woman realised something at the same time. 'Take it,' she said; 'it is free for you.'

"The poor outcast looked strangely at her, made a faint move

as though he wanted to take her hand in gratitude, then stopped, a little fear in his eyes.

" 'Thanks,' he said quietly, and moved off looking even sadder.

" A few days previously I remember seeing a captive Turkish officer instruct his men to salute, and to salute smartly, every Montenegrin officer.

" There is a pump in the market-place, and the women are constantly using it. A prisoner came with a large tin, which he wished to fill with water to quench the thirst of his comrades.

" He went to turn the handle, but a young woman, out of pure goodness of heart, insisted on doing it for him.

" I met a Montenegrin official in the market. While talking with him a prisoner approached him. ' Could you find me work, sir ? I am a baker.'

" ' I'll try, my man,' he answered. I was astonished to learn then that the Government will try to find work (in Podgoritz, of course) for every man who asks for it.

" The two hours were up. The prisoners gathered together, carrying their little purchases, and soon they were moving on their return journey—the most pathetic march I have ever witnessed."¹

The same rain which was drenching the prisoners at Podgoritz was turning the roads round Antivari into a swamp, and rendered General Martinovitch's quarters round Tarabosh inaccessible, at least so he stated, to strangers. He graciously, however, conceded permission to the correspondents to view the operations from a high mountain, which they reached from Antivari over roads covered with wounded men, riding in creaking carriages, and mules laden with ammunition and stores struggling through the mud, whilst every small cottage flew the Red Cross flag—all outward and visible signs of the desperate struggle going on before Tarabosh beneath a pall of fog which hid the bombardment from the onlookers on their mountain top.

Fugitives from Skutari brought flattering tales of the terrible plight to which the city was reduced. A Turk who had escaped said that famine threatened the inhabitants. A loaf of bread cost 10s.

On Sunday, October 27, at ten in the morning, the bombardment of the city began, and Skutari was subjected to a cross fire from the Montenegrin batteries on the north, west, and south, and from those on the island of Vranjina in the Lake of Skutari, whence King Nicholas watched the action.

After the first hour thick clouds of smoke were seen rising from the eastern quarter of the town, but the result of the bombardment, which was favoured by splendid weather, could not be ascertained.

Meanwhile how had General Martinovitch been faring at Tarabosh ?

Fortunately for the Montenegrins the heavy artillery had been

¹ *Daily Mirror*, Monday, October 28, 1912.

brought up before the rains turned the roads into quagmires, although it was feared that the guns could not be brought back before the summer, but long trains of mules laden with ammunition continued to plough their way from the base at Antivari to Tarabosh, the chief point of the attack upon Skutari. A correspondent who attempted the journey on foot, which usually means an eight hours' ride, was forced to give up the attempt after being at times in mud up to his waist, and at others chest-deep in water.¹

However, by Saturday, October 26, Mr. John Prioleau, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, had been able to reach Mourican, General Martinovitch's headquarters, about eight miles from Skutari, after a tramp during which he crossed rivers in flood. Tarabosh was being bombarded, and shells burst on the mountain above Mourican.

"General Martinovitch says that the spirit of his troops is excellent despite the terrible weather conditions, and that they are eager to make an assault on the great fort.

"The hill of Sirokskagir, which commands Tarabosh, was taken yesterday by assault. Both General Martinovitch and his staff are suffering great privations. According to General Martinovitch the resistance of the Turks is magnificent, and they fight like madmen.

"I am writing this message on a hilltop above Mourican and opposite Tarabosh, watching the fine marksmanship of the Montenegrin artillery. Hour after hour the heavy bombardment continues, drawing but perfunctory replies from the great sullen stronghold I have come so far and waited so long to see. The huge fort-crowned hill stares grimly at me two miles away across the valley. Minute by minute the Montenegrin guns on my right thunder out, and shells go ringing over the deep ravine.

"Without glasses, I can see a heavy plume of smoke jet out on the sides of the fort, marking the place where the sure aim of the Montenegrins spreads a ring of destruction. From time to time the crackle of rifles and the rattle of machine guns add themselves to the chorus of war which fills the rich valley. With glasses, I can distinguish the Turkish soldiers working in the trenches on the hillside.

"I was interrupted by an officer, who requested me to move below the sky-line for fear of drawing the fire of the Turks. In the valley to the south of Tarabosh I could see the shelling of thirty Turkish food-stuff boats.

"In the distance the Adriatic gleams like molten silver. Over this exquisite panorama speeds the wailing of the messengers of death, the only other sound being that made by a solitary shepherd who is drawing a monotonous tune from a rude and ancient

¹ *Daily Express*, Monday, October 28, 1912 (Albert Wyndham).

'gouzla,' a native single-stringed fiddle. Between each crashing series of gun-shots the wild complaint of the clumsy instrument quavers out amongst the sun-baked rocks.

"The food and sleeping accommodation here are of the roughest nature. The supplies are very short, with only the barest necessities for both officers and men, who fare equally. Yet we are welcomed most heartily and given everything obtainable.

"The friendliest sentiments are entertained towards us as Englishmen wherever we go. 'England is Montenegro's best friend,' I hear everywhere.

"The present position of the Montenegrins attacking Tarabosh is this. The fortress is being attacked from the south, the south-east, and the north-east; and the only way open to Skutari is to the east through Bascelek."¹

By October 29 the prospective southern line of retreat of the Turks from Skutari to San Giovanni di Medua had been cut by a Montenegrin flying column.

Shiroka Mountain had been taken on the evening of October 24, after a desperate assault. The houses on the mountain showed the extent of the panic which seized upon the Turks. All the portable belongings were taken away, while empty cartridges scattered on the floor told of the last desperate firing before the flight to Skutari.

"One house was littered with dried tobacco leaves, onions, and maize. Here was an amulet in a feathered case, there a painted cradle with a child's clothes still lying on it.

"Throughout the journey through the conquered territory, I saw no burnt or pillaged houses.

"The Turks are fighting like madmen, but there is a general hope that we shall soon be in Skutari.

"On the morrow a spectator of the bombardment from Mount Mourican saw the whole theatre of war spread out before him. Tarabosh stretches sheer and bare, rising bleakly to the sky, grey and enormous. Behind lies Skutari, the key to Albania. Only this fortress lies between the town and General Martinovitch's army.

"The mountain was booming with sound like the blows of a gigantic hammer. The air was torn apart with the passage of the swift messengers of death flying with hoarse screams growing ever fainter, till white columns of smoke drifting above Tarabosh showed the truth of the gunners' aim.

"On the top of the fortress one could distinguish the clusters of Turkish huts, while lower down, hidden under the shoulder of the smaller range of wooded hills, the sunlight gleams on the white roofs of a bivouac.

"Across the plain could be seen the shining waters of the Boyana River where thirty captured Turkish provision boats were being made into a pontoon bridge.

¹ *Daily Mail*, Tuesday, October 29, 1912.

"Never was warfare waged in fairer setting with the sun beating down from a clear sky after days of pitiless rain.

"We slept on planks in a Turkish stable by a wood fire, two aged Montenegrins keeping guard by their own log fire. We slept in the clothes in which we had marched all day."¹

On that same day, October 27, *The Times* correspondent was privileged to accompany King Nicholas, with the Austrian attachés and the Servian General Alexandrovitch, to a point of vantage on the shores of the Lake of Skutari, from which he obtained a distant view of the battle between General Lazarovitch and the Turks in the plain north of Skutari. On the 26th His Majesty had ventured on a launch beneath the heights of Tarabosh, but in view of the possible activity of the Turkish gunboats, had been persuaded by Prince Danilo, who was directing the operations, not to expose himself to such risks.

On the same day a Turkish force of 5000 or 6000 Nizams and a similar number of Bashi-bazouks, which was entrenched two or three miles to the northward of Skutari under the command of Hassan Riza Pasha, engaged the Montenegrins under General Lazarovitch, with whom were Prince Danilo, the Generalissimo, and Prince Mirko. Their forces were about equal in number to those of the Turks, whose defeat would have implied annihilation or surrender, but they had the advantage in artillery, having with them four heavy guns. As, according to Montenegrin accounts, Skutari was completely surrounded, the only way open for the Turks to retreat would seem to have been across the Drin to the Mirdite country, where, however, no very friendly reception awaited them.

The Turks opened the attack, and the Montenegrins fell back. "The Montenegrins," it was explained in official quarters, "are so certain of eventual victory, that their tactics are rather to wear the enemy out by shell fire, than to advance at all costs and incur unnecessary loss of life."²

On Sunday, October 27, the Montenegrins were in the neighbourhood of Gruda. "About ten o'clock puffs of smoke from the bursting Turkish shells indicated that the engagement had recommenced. Although the weather was very fine, a slight haze and the refraction of the sun from the lake made it impossible to follow the course of the operations. Heavy firing, with which was mingled the sound of the guns at Tarabosh, continued until the return of the King to Rjeka in the afternoon. The ground on which the battle is taking place is described as flat and sandy."

It was the sixth day of the bombardment of Tarabosh, and a determined but unsuccessful attempt was made by the Turks to retake the Shiroka heights above the fortress to which the Montenegrin captors had imagined that they would prove the

¹ *Daily Express*, Tuesday, October 22, 1912.

² *The Times*, Tuesday, October 29, 1912.

key. However, on Friday, October 25, the Montenegrins were asserted in official quarters to have occupied Obleka, "a position south of Tarabosh, from which in the event of the refusal of Skutari to capitulate after the capture of the fortress it is stated that it will be possible to shell the town."

But a new foe was entering the field against Montenegro. "At Puleni, on the banks of the Boyana, the Montenegrin column marching from Mourican met a few Turks and some Malissoris. Here also a skirmish took place, both sides using their small bronze guns, and the brief artillery duel caused many losses, being carried on at a range of a little more than a thousand yards. It is calculated that the Montenegrins had three hundred wounded.

"Similar incidents are taking place every day around Skutari, in expectation of the final battle for the surrender, which seems to become more and more improbable. A state of panic prevails in Skutari, and many Christians have hoisted white flags over their houses. The Mussulmans immediately remove these, and owing to this there are frequent disturbances."¹

A fresh factor was complicating the conflict. Albania was beginning to assert her claims to be a nation.

"Later on, attracted by a group of soldiers sitting in a circle smoking cigarettes, I strolled across to them. They broke apart as I came up and disclosed a shape under a canvas sheet, stiff and stark and very still. A priest came with a purple and silver cassock over his khaki coat, and a Bible and a bottle in his hands. A grizzle-faced soldier with eyes that were wet, but not crying, stood at the head of the bundle, and helped to lift it. This was the thing that gripped at the heart-strings, for this man was the father; and since it is the glory of every Montenegrin to die in battle for his country, he did not weep for his son. 'Otche . . . Otche,' he said, as they laid the bundle carefully into the grave, that had been dug above another grave. 'That's it . . . That's it. . . . Now he's all right. Eh, father,' turning to the priest; 'he'll sleep well now, won't he? His soul's in heaven now, isn't it? What else can we do in these days than die ourselves or give our sons' lives for Montenegro?'

"The priest read the burial service. A shell dropped from Tarabosh with a clap of noise away in the woods on the hill above where the guns were hidden. The priest poured red wine from his bottle into the grave, and scattered earth on it. All the soldiers took up handfuls of earth and sprinkled it over the shrouded body of their comrade."²

The next afternoon the correspondents set out for Antivari, and passed the night at Katrikol, which is a sort of half-way house between Antivari and the front. "The warmth of the welcome and the food they gave us there had something of the

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, November 1, 1912.

² *Daily Express*, Monday, November 4, 1912.

quality of an Arabian Nights' entertainment. We squatted round the table, the commandant, the doctor, and Mehmet Pekovitch Mirkovitch, a Mussulman Serb who commands a thousand Albanians. Their courtesy and grace were splendid. The commandant picked from the bowl of mutton the finest pieces for us ; he broke the pomegranates into four ; he gave us rice and cheese and figs, with black coffee afterwards, and we stretched ourselves on the mattresses by the fire and smoked until they made up beds of canvas sheets on the floor for us."

The road was full of Montenegrin women carrying up stores to Mourican. "Burdened as they were with heavy packs they outdistanced us easily, for the hard way was familiar to them, and their soft-soled sandals were more suited to the rocks than our heavy boots. Most of the women were wrinkled and old ; they had carried provisions to their men before. Some of them had been on the road for three or four days, plodding along always with bent backs, stopping now and then to rest their packs on a ledge of rock in the stone wall that edged the way in some parts. Meanwhile the Turkish women, veiled and white, worked in the maize fields, and every Albanian we passed knew Mehmet Mirkovitch and greeted him. All the way the soldiers we met wanted to know who we were. Many of them had been in America and spoke English with the twang which they had learnt in the Montana mines. It was odd to hear a Montenegrin soldier say, 'Wall, so long, Johnny. See you again sure.'"¹

All through the week infantry combats took place daily.

"At Vraca a force of about a thousand Turks moved against the positions which were occupied by the Montenegrins.

"In spite of the fact that the Montenegrin artillery caused enormous gaps in their ranks, the Turks advanced up to the trenches, from which, however, they did not succeed in driving the Montenegrins. The latter made a brave resistance, and succeeded in holding their positions, inflicting great losses upon the enemy and taking several prisoners.

"The Turks at Skutari and along the Boyana are carrying on a political propaganda, with a view to withdrawing the Albanians from their sympathy with the Montenegrins, and the effects of this are already being seen. It is stated that some of the Albanian chiefs have made explicit demands upon the Government at Cettigne in regard to the ultimate destiny of their territory."²

Meanwhile Tarabosh was undergoing a terrible bombardment. The Montenegrin artillery on Mourican poured a dense and continuous hail of shrapnel and shell upon the two summits of the mountain and upon the saddle which unites them. "But in spite of the fire which invested them, the Turks replied with much spirit and considerable accuracy.

¹ *Daily Express*, Monday, November 4, 1912.

² *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, November 2, 1912.

"The smaller guns in the trenches half-way up the slope felt the effects of the quick-firing guns on Mourican, which poured into that intermediate position more than two hundred shrapnel in a very brief space of time. A portion of a wall near the embrasure was beaten down by the Montenegrins, and into the breach were successively fired more than a thousand shrapnel, which dismounted a gun, killing five artillerymen.

"As this was regarded as a general attack Turkish infantry were seen hurrying to occupy the trenches. But the combat was only an artillery engagement, and the troops, who in the meanwhile had suffered some losses, returned to their shelters.

"Towards three o'clock on the afternoon of October 31, dense columns of smoke were perceived rising from Tarabosh. It might have been caused by the bursting of Montenegrin shells and shrapnel, but the smoke persisted until the evening, and it is believed that one of the barracks built of wood had been set on fire."

Heavy rain towards evening suspended the operations, but at night two Turkish battalions unsuccessfully attempted to retake the Montenegrin positions at Sirotsi Gora by surprise. Fighting also continued daily along the Boyana, and at Apulaj lasted several hours, the Turks attempting a turning movement which did not succeed.

"The Montenegrins managed to capture one of the Turkish guns. Ten soldiers and an officer were taken prisoners."¹

In the eyes of good military judges the Montenegrin operations against Tarabosh cannot be accounted a success. As a military critic writing in *The Times* on October 19 had said, in speaking of the first attack upon Tarabosh: "There is little doubt that the twenty battalions of Martinovitch's column which attacked Tarabosh Hill, some 2000 feet high and immediately to the south-west of Skutari, were repulsed with heavy loss." It was thought that the difficulties of the terrain would render it difficult for Lazarovitch to bring up his eighteen battalions from Tusi over thirty miles to support him, whilst Vukotitch's column, which took Berane, was out of court for operations round Skutari. But it was felt that the ups and downs of the war in Montenegro, even if a Servian force advanced to support the Montenegrins, would not decide the fate of the main armies, and that the contest must be fought out upon a wider theatre.

The arrival of the Turkish prisoners at Antivari is thus described by Mr. Courlander:

"It seemed, in the far distance, that a flock of sheep was coming down the path, half hidden in a cloud of dust. You could see, at first, nothing but the dust rising like thin smoke to the mountains, and the slow movement of a compact mass. But, farther up the road, where the white huts stand among the

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, November 2, 1912.

pomegranate and fig trees, a little boy ran out, looked once at the cloud of smoke, and ran back, beckoning others to come and watch.

"Meanwhile the wind frittered away the dust, and gradually one perceived that these things that looked so much like sheep, and moved at the same pace, were men trudging along in a slow, oncoming procession—men, men, and more men, so many of them that, moving four abreast, they spread for a good half-mile along the road.

"As the first of the column came by, with a Montenegrin officer riding at their head, the little boy and his companions who had come from the house at his call clapped their hands and cried, 'Prisoners! Turkish prisoners!'

"They came up a long wide road—with ragged mountains making gigantic walls for it—slouching along at the heels of their captors, in the cold sunshine of a November day. It was the most desolate sight I have seen during the war . . . a pitiful spectacle of a thousand five hundred human beings dragging themselves towards Antivari, wretched, downcast, and beaten.

"They were broken and spiritless and ragged; their tragic eyes looked neither to the right nor left, and their lips seemed dry and parched with the dust of the road and the fatigue of the miles they had walked. For these were the same prisoners whom I had seen under the little mountain at Podgoritz, the same prisoners whom Ali Bey had surrendered to Prince Danilo on that evening when he rendered his sword to Montenegro on the bridge that crosses the River Tzem by the Turkish blockhouse blackened and devastated by the Montenegrin shells.

"They had been kept in Podgoritz for a week, and then, when the spirit of unrest had broken out among them, they had been moved to Diocleia; since that they had been changed about like pawns in a game, and now they came out of the dust, after a three days' tramp, down the crest of the mountains to Antivari.

"They had no manhood left in them. The tall Montenegrin soldiers who marched by them, their Russian rifles slung across their backs, walked with the firm, fine swing of a free people, but these prisoners trudged it with slow and dejected footstep—a melancholy army of vacant, expressionless faces. They were like the cattle that the shepherd herds towards the mountain passes. They seemed to be thinking of nothing but the long road they had left behind them, and the white road before them. They were fantastic parodies of manhood, creatures who once were men, ambling now in the rags and tatters of their dirty, rusty brown uniforms.

"They seemed to be unconscious of the grotesquery of their appearance. They wore headgear that was half fez, half skull-cap, on their close-cropped heads, and some of them had grimy

towels wound round their caps, or tied down with coloured handkerchiefs, knotted under the chin; some had odd shoes—on one foot an old brown leather shoe that might have been made in Leicester, and on the other a sandal; the soles had burst with their walking; some had mere fragments of footwear left, and these walked painfully, helping themselves along with rough sticks cut from the trees.

"They were not soldiers: they never could, one felt, have been soldiers. They shattered all one's ideals of a warrior, for your true warrior is most magnificent when his head is bloody but unbowed. These men were broken and beaten utterly: they had no fight left in them. They dragged themselves down the road, wrecks of humanity, riff-raff from Asia Minor and the byways of Turkish towns.

"You remember Verestschagin's picture of 'The Retreat from Moscow'; well, it was like that, with none of the glory of splendid endeavour which that picture shows. It was like that as far as the slow, straggling march of them went, as far as the utter helplessness of it all was concerned.

"The main body passed away—phantoms of a fallen empire—and the followers lingered behind, limping with uncertain steps, some of them helped along by their comrades. These men, I thought, were the bravest. They were so weary that they could scarcely lift their feet from the ground, yet they went on. I suppose it had become mechanical to them by this time. . . .

"Fifteen hundred Turkish prisoners! No wonder the young Montenegrin corporal, smoking his cigarette, showed pride in his eyes as he looked about him like a shepherd eager for the safety of his flock. No wonder the little boy clapped his hands and cried, 'Prisoners! Turkish prisoners!'. . . .

"They shipped them all to Corfu to-night, for Montenegro has trouble enough to feed its own soldiers, and some they kept back to do the hard work of the community—to carry water and load the mules with provisions and ammunition for the front—to work like convicts.

"War is terrible and death is terrible, but most terrible of all is the sight of fifteen hundred human beings, crushed and soulless, trudging along like the sheep they herd to slaughter; trudging along, silent and sullen, as they trudge everywhere in these days throughout the Balkans.

"*Vae victis!*"¹

An attempt, in part successful, to blow up the Montenegrin arsenal at Antivari occurred on November 2, when "two English Red Cross assistants named Beverstock and Williams entered the fortress whilst the shells were exploding, and assisted the wounded lodged there to escape at the peril of their own lives";²

¹ *Daily Express*, Monday, November 11, 1912.

² *Daily Express*, Monday, November 4, 1912.

but this event had little permanent effect upon the fortunes even of Montenegro, and events were now moving fast to a climax in a wider field.

In defiance of the high hopes of the Montenegrins the siege of Skutari was destined to drag on for months.

To Montenegro, as we have said, the war came to mean purely the siege of Skutari, if we except the slight diversion which they made by occupying San Giovanni di Medua.

The lines before Skutari were reinforced by General Martinovitch, who withdrew his right wing, which had been advanced too far towards San Giovanni di Medua on to the Boyana, on November 7. The weather was terrible; sharp frosts at night and heavy snowstorms rendered the work of supplying the Montenegrin outposts in the mountains very difficult.

In the meantime Skutari had been vigorously bombarded, and shells fell in the town, killing women and children in the streets, and damaging the Catholic Cathedral. A protest was sent by the Consular Body to King Nicholas, but he refused to discontinue the bombardment on the ground that Skutari is a fortified town. Captain Habka, the Austro-Hungarian military attaché, who had accompanied the Montenegrin envoy, Major Matanovitch, to the city, was received by Hassan Riza Bey, the commandant of the fortress, who said:

"I have ammunition for several months, and I am well supplied with victuals. The *moral* of my troops is excellent. The word 'surrender' will never pass my lips; before that I should have seen my last battalion slaughtered, my last gun shattered. I believe that I can hold the city as long as the war lasts, and hold it I will. If, when peace is made, I am compelled to evacuate the city by orders from Constantinople, I will do so, but as long as the war goes on I will resist. If ever Constantinople ordered me to haul down my flag I would refuse, for as long as I live I will not permit any dishonour to the flag I have sworn to defend. If one of my officers or soldiers came to me and spoke of surrender I would have him shot at once. I have nothing to add, either to-day or to-morrow."¹

The hardships suffered by the besiegers were terrible. Snow fell for thirty-two hours without intermission, a furious gale was raging, and the mountain paths were buried knee-deep in drifts. The temperature was Siberian. A battery of Montenegrin artillery and a company of infantry were posted at a height of nearly three thousand feet on Mount Kraja, from which Tarabosh was being bombarded. The men had not even tents to protect them, and had to seek refuge from the cold and snow in improvised shelters in the crevices of the rocks. At night the temperature fell to eight degrees below zero. The men unhesitatingly sacrificed their big greatcoats for the protection of the guns and ammuni-

¹ *Morning Post*, Saturday, November 9, 1912.

tion. While the sentinels remained watching at their posts, the men spent the night huddled round their fires, striving to keep alive the feeble flame which the whirlwinds of snow continually threatened to extinguish. From time to time a fierce shriek, followed by a report, rent the air. A Turkish shell warned the Montenegrins to keep a sharp look-out, and the night was soon lit up with the flashes of contending batteries.

The weather made the work of furnishing the outposts with supplies desperately laborious. The Montenegrin women, who had taken upon themselves the work of carrying up the supplies, made on foot journeys hours in length and never allowed themselves to be deterred by the raging of the storm. They came and went daily, despite wind and snow, bent double under their loads of bread and flour; and the fate of some who had been killed by the Turkish fire did not intimidate the survivors, who did not shrink from going into the foremost trenches to seek out their relations, and bear away the bodies of the slain; some of them, too, sank down on the mountain pathways worn out by cold and weariness. Noble acts were performed as simply and naturally as the common duties of the day.

Much as the Montenegrins had to suffer, the Turks suffered still more, since their ranks were filled with men but ill fitted to resist such hardships. Indeed the garrison of Tarabosh was already suffering intensely from the cold, and the Montenegrin shells had damaged the barracks and forced the soldiers to retire to underground casemates.

In the meantime General Martinovitch had removed his headquarters to Sukadajet, south of the Boyana, where the Montenegrins were endeavouring to drive the Turks from the isolated hill of Brusati, which cut the road to San Giovanni di Medua, and thus to effect a junction with General Lazarovitch's force. The Turks still held Brditza Hill on their own right and had flooded the marshes of the Drin to their left, so that a close investment of Skutari was impossible.

The fort-crowned hills round Skutari, Tarabosh, and Mourican were wrapped in a white snow mantle, and not a sign of life was to be perceived. The town itself looked dead. The little shops in the bazaar remained open, but there were no buyers, and even in the week of Little Bairam, when every Mussulman purchases new finery for the festival, the tailors who, in other years, had worked day and night, were idle. Seated on the ground the workmen looked through the door and watched the people pass. In one day bread rose fourpence a pound, although there were between nine and ten thousand bags of flour in the town, but wood and coal were lacking to bake it. Fuel was confiscated everywhere, all the wooden lamp-posts and fences were pulled down, and the stores of builders' timber were guarded by sentinels. Gipsies flying from the hill villages before the Montenegrins

sought refuge in the town, but were driven back by sentries, and wandered about between the armies exposed to the fire of both. To damp the ardour of the enemy, rumours were assiduously spread that the Moslems would massacre the Christians before the Montenegrins could occupy Skutari. A similar ruse was tried at Constantinople, and undoubtedly produced some effect upon the Great Powers. A violent bombardment took place in the middle of November, and the Mussulman quarter suffered severely. At the first shot the Turks fled for the Christian quarter, leaving everything behind them. Most of the crowd were women dragging children behind them. Those who had time to think took away what bread they had. The women did not cry or scream. They ran lightly and silently along the road almost like phantoms. If they stopped it was to tell each other hurriedly what they had seen. One of them had left six dead in her house. Another had seen nine, but the dead were everywhere. Shells continued to fall in the streets, many passers-by were killed, many wounded, but it was impossible to help them. Soon fires broke out, and the red glow served as a target for the Montenegrin guns. Two rich Turks were unwilling to abandon their houses full of valuable property, and offered a large reward to a few Mussulmans to remain in their company. Everybody fled. Terrified as they were, the Turks decided to remain to protect their goods. During the night a shell struck their house, killing one of them. The other, unable to remain, at last quitted his dwelling, almost crushed by the heavy load he carried off with him. To his husband his ammunition Riza Bey would not allow his batteries to reply to the Montenegrins.

During this time General Martinovitch occupied San Giovanni di Medua, from which he marched with four battalions in the direction of Alessio, fighting two engagements on his way with the retreating Turks. The Austro-Hungarian Minister at Cettigne pointed out to King Nicholas that neither Montenegro nor Servia could be allowed to hold any portion of the Albanian coast permanently. The King's reply, "that it was inconceivable that Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua should not be annexed to Servia, and that since Turkey no longer exists, Albania has ceased to be autonomous," created an unpleasant impression at Vienna.

A very severe engagement between the Montenegrins and the Turks took place in the marshes of the valley of the River Boyana on November 12, when the Turks endeavoured to surprise the Montenegrin position at Kodaic on its eastern bank.

"During the night two Turkish battalions, supported by several field-guns, pushed quietly forward with the object of surprising the enemy. They succeeded in crossing the marshy ground unobserved, and reached the bottom of the declivity.

Then they opened a galling rifle fire and rushed shouting up the slope. The Montenegrins quickly recovered from the first surprise caused by the unexpected attack, and used their favourable position on the brow of the hill to harass the advancing Turkish column with a vigorous fire, which strewn the slope with the bodies of fallen Turks as the attacking force made its way up the steep ascent.

"The Turks, seeing their hope of taking the enemy by surprise shattered, hesitated for a moment; then they brought the field-guns into action. These rained a deadly hail of shells on the Montenegrin position. The commandant of the Dulcigno battalion, seeing his men hesitate for a moment under the Turkish fire, sprang forward, snatched a rifle from the hand of a dead man, and began to fire like a common soldier. The example of their leader put fresh courage into the Montenegrins, who dashed forward and put to flight the head of the Turkish column, which had just reached the brow of the hill. The gallant commandant, however, paid for his heroism with his life. A piece of a bursting shell struck him in the chest, and he was carried by his men to the rear and laid on the ground close to the colours of the battalion. The chaplain gave the dying man the benediction. Then he snatched up a rifle, dashed forward, and cried to the soldiers, waving above his head the cross which hung at his breast, 'Forward, sons of the Chornahora! In defence of the Cross and for the glory of King Nicholas!'

"The priest, brandishing his cross like a banner, had reached the firing-line, when a fresh and more furious volley came from the Turkish column. He stood alone among the recumbent soldiers, who continued their fire without interruption, stretched on their chests. Then he began to chant the sacred hymn 'God against the infidels.' Beneath his calm and even tones could be distinguished the fierce note of battle. He had reached the lines which, translated into English, run: 'Tribulations shall not avail to bend the army of the Lord!' when his voice suddenly died away; he waved his arms above his head and fell on his face, a bullet through his heart.

"The rifle fire had given the alarm to the second line of the Montenegrin force. A battery was hurried, helped by the strong arms of the soldiers, over the wellnigh impassable swamp to the hill, and succeeded in repelling the Turkish advance. The Turks endeavoured by a series of furious attacks to obtain possession of the guns, but were every time driven back, although the officer in command fell shot through the head. Eventually the whole Turkish force was compelled to beat a retreat. The Montenegrins, having repelled the Turkish attack, withdrew to the Boyana."¹

On November 14 simultaneous proposals with a view to mediation were made to the Balkan States by the representatives

¹ *Morning Post*, Saturday, November 16, 1912.

of the Great Powers. At Sofia, Belgrade, and Athens the governments agreed to take the matter into consideration. At Cettigne the King's representative declared that Montenegro could not now consent to an armistice except subject to the unconditional surrender of Skutari.

On November 18 the Turks made a sortie from Skutari and endeavoured to seize the bridge over the Kiri River so as to cut the Montenegrin line of communication, but were repulsed. At San Giovanni di Medua the garrison repulsed an attack by a party of 500 Turkish soldiers, who came up disguised as Malissori tribesmen, cheering for the King of Montenegro, and lowering their rifles in token of surrender.

Operations before Skutari were greatly delayed by the floods caused by the overflow of the Boyana which had been dammed by the Turks, who had diverted the waters of the Drin into its channel. The besieging army barely outnumbered the besieged, who might have worn them out by constant sorties, but the Turkish commander remained passive. Possibly he knew that he had no hope of relief from outside, and preferred to prolong his resistance by husbanding his men and ammunition.

Writing from Mourican on November 19, a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says:

"Living as I have now done for a week with the Montenegrin army in the field, I realise what a peculiar mixture of tribal and military systems prevails. I see a commandant of a battalion order a private to do something or other, and I observe that the man argues with much vigour as to the advisability of his doing it; the commandant, equally vigorous, entering by no means unwillingly into the wordy combat. Perhaps the soldier agrees to do what he was told, perhaps he does not. In the latter event he walks off, apparently unconvinced as to its desirability or necessity. The officer turns aside with a gesture, and either leaves the thing undone or asks another man to get on with it.

"One incident I am personally concerned in. In the house where I sleep there is a Montenegrin who has been a professor of German at Marseilles, and he and I have struck up an acquaintance. This morning he told me that a few days ago the General requested him to ask me to go away, as he did not want a journalist around the camp. My friend the professor refused to convey the intimation, and moreover told the General that if he wanted me to clear out he must tell me so himself. Up to the present, apparently, the General has not been able so much as to drop me a hint, and yet I see him every morning. In other armies they are less considerate about a correspondent's feelings. Discipline in the Montenegrin army is not of the ceremonial type, and perhaps it is scarcely to be wondered at when one learns that the private soldier with whom one is talking is the son, nephew, or cousin of some general or other. The population being so small, nearly

every one is related to everybody else, and off duty they chat and drink together in the freest way. Sanitation in the camp is bad, for in this respect the Montenegrin is little better than the Turk.

"The rain has done much good, but a return of the sun would mean a renewal of serious danger. Already I hear of a case of cholera at San Giovanni.

"I estimate the Montenegrin casualties during the war, up to date, at approximately 5000 killed and wounded, and to replace this wastage the older men and even boys are coming up to the front. Sleeping next to me at night is the President of the Court of Cassation, who is approaching sixty, but is serving in the ranks, and doing his turn in the trenches—even by night—like any other 'Tommy.' On the other side of me lies a young fellow from Cettigne. Five weeks ago he was shot through the lungs in a fight near Tarabosh, but here he is, back again at the front. He tells me that seven of his relatives have been either killed or wounded. He tells me, too, how in the fight in which he was wounded, other men who were smitten down crawled on towards the foe, shouting, 'Advance! Advance!' until they fell exhausted. One brave fellow, shot through the legs, begged his comrades to hoist him on a rock, where he continued to fire until he was riddled with bullets."¹

On Wednesday, November 20, the Montenegrins received a very welcome reinforcement.

"General Vukotitch, at the head of the three victorious brigades which in the space of a month succeeded in conquering almost the whole of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar and half Old Serbia, arrived outside Skutari after a remarkable march over the mountains under the most severe climatic conditions imaginable. Old Serbia is separated from Montenegro by a high mountain chain, the journey over which is at all times painful and wearisome; a detour for the purpose of securing an easier route would have cost the army fifteen days of valuable time. Accordingly it was decided to undertake the difficult march over the snow-covered mountains. The long columns of men, with guns and baggage-waggons, set out to make its way up the snow-sprinkled slopes, cut by raging torrents swollen by the heavy rains. The weather, which it had been hoped would improve, became worse; the men were obliged to plough through snow-drifts in which they sank above the knees. Nevertheless the column succeeded in arriving practically intact at Alto Vallico, a position situated at a height of 2190 metres (over 6000 feet), although its path was dotted with the bodies of dead and dying baggage animals. A few men, too, sank down by the way, and were lost in the snow-drifts, but the column pursued its march without faltering. The crossing of Mount Boroditza will fill a worthy place in the history of mountain marches.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Tuesday, November 26, 1912.

"The army, having completed its adventurous journey at an average speed of fifteen miles a day, attained its object and effected a junction with General Lazarovitch's army outside Skutari. The meeting of the two armies was a dramatic spectacle. A company had been drawn up on the slope of the hill commanding the route along which General Vukotitch's force must pass in order to receive it on its appearance with military honours. On the eminence, on horseback, were Prince Peter, General Constantinovitch, and General Beur, with their staffs, a characteristic group standing out boldly on the hill-top against the grey, threatening sky, from which rain fell without cessation. Far in the distance the leading companies of General Vukotitch's army could be seen winding their way down over the hills, a long serpent of men, which disappeared and appeared again as a shoulder of rock hid the column from view. When the head of the advancing army reached the eminence on which Prince Peter and the Montenegrin generals had taken their stand, the Prince spurred forward, followed by the other generals; the bands struck up the Montenegrin hymn; the company on the lower slope presented arms, while the officers stood with their hands raised to their caps. General Vukotitch, mounted on a white horse and wearing a long brown cloak showing signs of the inclemency of the weather, rode forward towards Prince Peter, who bent forward in the saddle and embraced him. The General simply replied: 'Thank you.' Then he drew his sword, raised himself in his stirrups, and cried: 'Long live the King!' The foremost ranks took up the cry, the battalions drawn up behind them followed suit, till the sound died away in the distance, where the rearguard of the army was still marching into view over the hills that bounded the horizon.

"Serving in General Vukotitch's army was the youngest soldier with the Montenegrin colours, a boy scarcely thirteen years old. All his relatives had left for the war, and only he himself was left at home on account of his tender age. He made his way to headquarters, obtained audience of King Nicholas, and begged with tears to be allowed to serve. The King was touched by the boy's request, and permitted him to take his place in the ranks. He has now served throughout the arduous campaign in Old Servia, and at the capture of Djakova was to be seen in the forefront of the battle. A few women also accompanied the column as soldiers."¹

General Vukotitch's troops were allotted to the positions to the south of the town.

The task of the Montenegrins was made all the harder because the country surrounding Skutari is divided into four segments by the Rivers Kiri, Drin, and Boyana together with Lake Skutari.

The army of Prince Danilo occupied the two to the east of

¹ *Morning Post*, Tuesday, November 26, 1912.

the Drin, and General Martinovitch, whose army was thus astride the Boyana, the remainder. To his lot it fell to besiege Tarabosh. A long razor-backed ridge rises abruptly from the southern shore of the Lake of Skutari to a height of 2000 feet. At the end of this ridge are the two peaks of Tarabosh, a mile apart, of which the smaller looks down directly upon Skutari.

"On the greater peak there are three tiers of trenches. Only the lowest of the trenches could command the steep sides of the ridge. From the others fire could be brought to bear on a force advancing along the ridge; but as it is shaped like a knife's edge, troops attacking from this direction could not deploy on the level, but would have to scramble along the sides of the ridge over rough granite rocks not large enough to afford cover from the fire of four tiers of trenches above. It would therefore appear that the best line of attack was from below, and not along, the ridge. But attack from the side of Lake Skutari is precluded on account of five Turkish gunboats, which would take the attackers directly in reverse, and at short range. On the shores of the Lake at Zogaj the Montenegrins have but one battalion, with a single gun, the object of the detachment being to prevent an irruption from Skutari in this direction.

"On November 21 the advanced Montenegrin position on the crest of the main ridge was the height known as Shirotskagora. It is about one and a half miles distant from Tarabosh, and, though somewhat higher, the command obtained is of no value at that range. The question of bringing guns up on to Shirotskagora need not be considered, as it would require engineering work of great difficulty, and the Montenegrins are not contemplating the attempt. This rocky summit is garrisoned by about a hundred men, and when visited a fortnight ago the Turks were still clinging to a corner of it. About 800 yards back along the ridge, and nearly 200 feet below, there is a post mounting some German Maxims, and four or five hundred feet below again, at the level whence spring a mass of spurs, there are the bivouacs of several battalions which include amongst them the reserve for the defence of Shirotskagora, should the Turks attack it.

"Great and Little Tarabosh are somewhat over a mile apart, and midway between them is a shoulder on which the Turks have emplaced their heavy artillery. They are said to have ten pieces of approximately 15 cm. On the face of the mountain side can be seen five small trenches advanced some distance over the sky-line so as to command the ground below. Little Tarabosh appears to be devoid of fortification except for one small circular trench on the very summit.

"Allusion has been made to the spurs that spring from the main ridge. They are all covered with grass, bushes, etc., while above the ridge is naked granite. It should be noticed that the line held by the infantry runs along the crest of the collection of

under-features known as Oblika, which is an offshoot from Great Tarabosh. It would, therefore, appear that the Montenegrin trenches must be enfiladed. It was not possible to visit these lines and see how this difficulty is circumvented. The armament here consists of not more than four heavy guns, in addition to some field and mountain artillery. These should all suffer from enfilade fire in the same way as the trenches; but, as the result of observation from the south bank of the river, it seems that the heavy guns at least are emplaced well down on the southern slope, and are only used to fire against Brditza. The Turkish lines between Tarabosh and the River Boyana run along the collection of hills known as Suza. There is some artillery here, but of what calibre could not be ascertained.

"It remains to mention the ridge of Mourican and its spur Goritza. Together these form a long, narrow hill, isolated from the main system and attaining an altitude barely quarter that of the Great Tarabosh. At about the centre of the ridge, taken as a whole, the Montenegrins have emplaced most of their heavy artillery. They have here three Italian howitzers, two Russian howitzers, and four Russian guns. There is no observation station, or, indeed, any regular system for conducting the bombardment.

"A desultory fire, directed sometimes against the Turkish heavy artillery and sometimes against the trenches on Great Tarabosh, is continued all day, the range being about 6500 yards. The Turks seldom reply. It is difficult to see what effect is to be expected from the shelling of trenches, since it is not carried out in combination with an infantry attack, and consequently it may be doubted whether the trenches contain even one Turkish soldier. It is stated that there is a large belt of wire entanglement in front of the trenches, and that one of the objects of the artillery fire is to destroy this. Acting on the belief that the Turks take advantage of the darkness to repair the damage effected by day the bombardment is continued at night, but the rate of fire is greatly reduced, and probably not more than five or six rounds are fired during the hours of darkness as against one round every ten or twenty minutes.

"In much the same way as a topmast is connected with its mainmast the Goritza ridge joins on to that of Mourican. At the farther end is the Goritza battery, consisting of two 11-cm. Russian guns. These are below the crest, on the southern slope, and emplaced so as to fire only at Brditza at a range of about five miles. This completes the general survey of the situation north of the Boyana. The important question as to what force of infantry is located here cannot be definitely pronounced upon.

"One factor remains to be considered—the quality of the Montenegrin troops. As is well known, the army consists of an aggregation of armed citizens, lacking entirely the cohesion pro-

duced by military training and discipline. Individually it would probably be hard to find men of greater personal bravery, but is the possession of that one quality sufficient to ensure the capture of entrenched positions under modern conditions of war? The rifle with which the infantry is armed is probably in no way superior to that possessed by the Turk, and no effort is being made to train the men to shoot as opportunity offers."¹

Another very important factor in General Martinovitch's operations was the River Boyana.

"It is the old story of the use of a river in war, whether as a screen to operations, as protection to a defensive position, as a strategical obstacle, or as a line of communication.

"The Boyana, a sluggish stream, 100 yards broad, a dozen feet deep, rises in the Lake of Skutari. This lake has a drainage basin of half Montenegro and a large area of the Albanian mountains to the south. One bridge only spans its course of 40 miles, and this at the point where it emerges from the lake between the heights of Tarabosh and the citadel of Skutari. At the commencement of the war, as General Martinovitch led his army across the frontier and drove in the advanced Turkish posts, the river was a valuable protection to his right flank; for when once the Turks were driven back on Skutari, or south of the river, it was impossible for more than small parties to cross again. But when the Turks had finally retired within their lines the tables were turned, and with the lake on one side and the Boyana on the other, the flanks of the Tarabosh section of the defence were secure from all danger of being turned.

"The broad river, unbridged, except at Skutari itself, was now an obstacle to the complete investment of the town. However, some Turkish barges had been captured, and with these a pontoon bridge was made, but the site selected was too close to the Turkish lines, and a lucky shell from one of the great guns on Tarabosh struck a boat and sank it. The bridge was dismantled and reconstructed at Pentari, two or three miles down stream. General Juravitch crossed with his brigade and endeavoured to join hands with the army of Prince Danilo beyond the Drin. The influence of the Boyana on the strategic situation was now wholly unfavourable to the Montenegrins. The two wings of the army were separated by an obstacle passable only at a point some miles to the rear. On the other hand the Turks, holding also a means of passage, but in this case within their lines, could concentrate secretly on either bank, and thus might crush one of the Montenegrin wings long ere succour could arrive from the other. Some such attempt was made, but in insufficient strength, so that decisive results were not gained. In her struggle against the Montenegrin the Boyana finds no able ally in the Turk.

"Now that the Montenegrins held both banks of the river it

¹ *Morning Post*, Thursday, November 21, 1912.

could be used as a line of communication with the base 25 miles away at Antivari. Incomparably is a steamboat a better means of transport than women and pack-horses, the more so here when it is considered that 15 miles of the road, when passable at all, consists of rocky track, of river bed with a rushing stream which must be forded many times, and of boggy fields and lanes.

"Another bridge was commenced at Stodra, just beyond cannon shot of Tarabosh, and when completed the position of the detachment south of the river would have been much safer than it had been so long as there was only the single bridge at Pentari to depend upon. The Boyana was at last being tamed, and thenceforward the struggle for mastery seemed to incline strongly towards the slow but persistent Slavonic brains that were at work on the problem. But the Boyana is not like other rivers. Its geographical situation is peculiar, and its habits are in accord. The Montenegrin made one trivial miscalculation which, for the time at least, marred the whole plan. In making a pontoon bridge the lateral space occupied by the boats must not exceed the space left for the water to pass through. At Stodra and Pentari the amateur engineers thought they would have a solidly-constructed bridge, and the water space they left was not much more than half that covered by the boats. All went well for a day or two, and then the bora, the icy gale from the north, had come laden with clouds and had covered the mountains deep in snow. Two days later the wind veered 90 degrees, and a raging sirocco had caused a rapid thaw all over the vast basin that drains into the lake and from it into the Bojana. In one night the river rose five feet, and in the morning a swirling mass of scum-flecked water was rushing down to the sea, and the pontoon bridges at Pentari and Stodra paid the penalty for their solidity. For days all communication between the banks, except by boat, was interrupted, and nothing could enter the mouth of the river.

"Again the Boyana was master, and for the time the Montenegrin had to admit himself beaten. So the struggle continues, to cease only with the fall of Skutari, or, what is more probable, with the end of the war."¹

In order to take Skutari more speedily, General Martinovitch surveyed the ground between Gruda and Vraaka, a Serb village lying to the east of the city. Vraaka, although exposed to the Turkish projectiles, was not deserted by its inhabitants, who said they would live and die with the Montenegrins. Between Vraaka and Skutari the ground is open, and very favourable to an assault. Here the advanced Montenegrin batteries were posted. The guns were either covered by undulations of the ground or hidden by screens of earth.

"Outside the village, the peaceful aspect of which, as con-

¹ *Morning Post*, Friday, November 29, 1912.

trasted with the ruined houses and devastated landscape which meet the eye farther to the north, the Montenegrin field-works begin. There are several lines of trenches full of men. The trees have been cleared away, and only a few clumps of scanty foliage remain here and there on the plain. To reach the most advanced posts one must creep along the ground; to show oneself means death, for the Turkish lines are only seven hundred paces away, the outposts concealed behind heaps of white stones. The men at these outposts are continually on the watch; they lie all day under cover with rifle at hand, their eyes scouring the plain for a chance of sniping at any Turk who is incautious enough to show himself. The Turks are equally watchful, and all day there is a constant exchange of shots.

"The defence works which the Turks have constructed to bar an attack by the Montenegrins across the level plain are admirably devised, and are calculated to make an assault on the town a terribly difficult and expensive undertaking. Before the defence works the ground has been completely cleared; every tree has been cut down, and every fragment of rock which could offer a moment's shelter to an assailant has been blasted away. The foremost trenches, diversified by a sort of small redoubts, are protected by an elaborate tangle of wire netting. Along the trenches mitrailleuses are ranged so as to be able to sweep the bare plain which an attacking force must traverse. Farther to the rear are more trenches and more defence works, then great screens behind which are posted two batteries of siege guns. The works are, in short, of such a character that only the most determined assault with the bayonet could overcome them, and in any case the loss of life must be terrible."¹

In the task of constructing their works the Montenegrins received great aid from the Italian navvies, numbers of whom are employed in Montenegro. It was these men who transported the heavy artillery to Zogai and Rioli. Italians organised the flotilla of three steamers and one benzine launch on Lake Skutari which brought the stores and provisions to the advanced depots, from which long files of women carried them to the fighting line, and which brought back the wounded to the base despite the fire of the Turkish batteries, against which the Geneva Cross afforded them no protection.

Politically, however, Italy was supporting Austria at Cettigne in her demands for the evacuation of San Giovanni di Medua and Alessio, as forming parts of an autonomous Albania.

It was true that the Government papers supported Austria, and pointed out that the independence of Albania was the keystone of Italian policy in the Balkans, but the opposition papers not only disapproved of the action of Italy in putting pressure upon the Serb states but pointed out that a Servian port upon

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, November 27, 1912.

the Adriatic would be of advantage to Italy, because meat, which was cheap in Servia, could then be imported to supply the Italian markets. As the *Messaggero*, the *Daily Mail* of Rome, put the matter: "There is in the Italian people a sense of strong sympathy with the Serbs and their allies, who are entitled to the gratitude of all Europe for liberating it from the Ottoman Government, and from the incubus of war perpetually hovering over the Balkans. We are, therefore, ready to follow Austria diplomatically, but with reason, and without relinquishing the intention of circumscribing the area of the war. Beyond that the Italian people will not move. Austria, which has never had any sense of liberty because it has never been a nation—Austria, which in Europe expressed and expresses the principle of absolutism, as many Italian provinces can remember, suddenly shows concern for the poor Albanians and plays with Irredentism. What a comedy! We all desire an Albanian principality, but not that it may become an Austrian fief. Are we to act as Austria thinks convenient? The Government knows well that the people would not follow it in that policy. Italy, with all respect to our ally, wants peace."

Meanwhile the Albanians themselves were proclaiming the principle, "Albania for the Albanians!" Only the Hoti and Grudi tribes held to Montenegro.

The Albanian problem was a complicated one. During General Pavlovitch's march from Prizrend and Djakova to Alessio, his forces had, it is true, suffered no opposition from the Mirdites, but these are a Malissori Roman Catholic clan, and might also have been influenced by the presence of Turkish troops in their country whom they might have wished to see expelled. The Albanians of the Skumbi Valley who cluster round Durazzo are Moslems, and therefore more friendly to the Turks.

The great object of both Austria and Italy in desiring an autonomous Albania is to prevent either Power from acquiring possession of the Gulf of Vallona, situated behind the long tongue of Cape Linguetta, the ancient Acroceraunian Mountains, at the entrance to the Adriatic. But such a country will not be an easy one to govern. The Malissori tribes in the north are predatory clansmen, and will prove as inconvenient associates for the more civilised Tosks south of the Skumbi River, many of whom are traders, as are the Calabrians for the Piedmontese in Italy itself. They are not fanatical Moslems, but are on the whole in favour of Turkish rule, and assisted the Turks during the operations in the Kossovo vilayet. Moreover, it was supposed that they could rely upon the help of the Turkish fugitives from Monastir and Florina, who had reached the hills west of Kastoria and Lake Ochrida, and might stir up the tribesmen to resist the Servian and Greek advance. Even, leaving the strictly Albanian territory out of extent, Western Macedonia is eminently

favourable for guerilla warfare, and such bands might easily be found.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says:

"Hitherto the embryonic free State of Albania has been overshadowed by the mysterious menace of 25,000 Turks belonging to the shattered army of Vardar. After the defeat of Kumanovo and the retreat from Monastir the remnants of the army, completely discouraged, settled in the neighbourhood of Fieri, about thirty kilometres from Vallona. With the troops of Essad Pasha which left Skutari they are the sole Turkish survivors in the Balkans—two sad, sorrowful, disconnected military colonies which have outlived the ruin of the Empire.

"During the last few weeks these remnants of the Vardar army have constituted a nightmare for Albania and for Europe. Terrible reports were current of the desperate aggressive intentions of the commander, Ali Riza Bey, and more particularly of Djavid Pasha, and much uncertainty prevailed, as only vague, indirect reports arrived from the Turkish camp.

"In order to obtain precise information it was necessary to make a personal visit to the camp. The journey was a disagreeable one, some fifty miles having to be travelled on horseback, about half that distance being across marshy ground, in which the horse often sank up to his middle. But it was also an interesting trip, and this evening I returned with precise news: the Turks are leaving.

"This part of Southern Albania, from Vallona almost to the river Voiusa, is a vast lagoon overgrown with shrubs and extending for about six miles; but close to the Voiusa the ground rises and becomes dry, and is very fertile towards Mount Pestan. . . . The turbid and impetuous waters of the Voiusa mark for the moment the southern limit of the Turkish camp, and on the other bank watch is kept by a body of Albanian volunteers. There are no bridges over the river, but a single boat serves as the only means of communication between the two banks, which are about 200 yards apart. By the tacit consent of the provisional Government all provisions which arrive from Vallona for the Turkish camp are allowed to pass across the river, and numerous officers and some soldiers are permitted to return home. So far there have been no acts of open hostility, although the two adversaries confront each other so closely.

"There is much sickness in the Turkish camp. Many soldiers have died and are buried in the Mussulman cemetery, where the work of grave-digging seems to be endless. Until twenty days ago the death-roll was between 150 and 200 per day, but since provisions arrived the mortality has decreased. But in spite of all their distress and sufferings both officers and men preserve their dignity and self-respect as Ottoman soldiers. Close to the camp crops are growing, but not the least damage has been

done to them, and although for five months during the siege some of these men lived on reduced rations of bread alone, not a single beast of the flocks and herds which graze around has been stolen. This is sufficient to explain the good understanding which exists between the soldiers and the population, who should be regarded as enemies.

"At the present moment the Vardar army numbers 25,000 men, of whom 10,000 are sick. Djavid Pasha's men number 3800."¹

Thus, in the end, the attitude both of the Turkish fugitives and of the Albanians themselves proved a very negligible factor so far as the operations around Skutari, and even at Durazzo, were concerned.

At Skutari the artillery duel between the opponents was resumed on November 28. The Montenegrins brought up several battalions to strengthen the positions they held to the east of Skutari, and held a line running from Dristi on the north through Muselimi and Rogami to Gajtani on the south-east of the town. From their batteries at Gajtani they bombarded the Turkish positions to the south of the city, especially the detached hill, 445 feet high, near Bardanjolt, which was looked upon as the key to the defences, which were weakest on that side. On November 29 hostilities were suspended by orders from Cettigne, on account of the negotiations for an armistice, which were in progress in Thrace.

The preparations for this bombardment had been very complete. The heavy guns from Mourican were brought up to the advanced position of Oblok, and every available mountain, including that of Siroka, which directly commands Tarabosh, was occupied by Montenegrin artillerymen. Between Mourican and Oblok twenty-four battalions were concentrated, whilst other troops were stationed between Zogai on the lake and Mount Siroka. Hand grenades were provided for the stormers.

The stormers were preceded by a voluntary corps, called the "death volunteers." It was their duty to discover and to destroy or damage the mines which had been laid by the Turkish troops, and though their task was almost certain death, they never hesitated for a moment. Amongst them were some Italians, one of whom, a man named Albini from Brescia, was arrested by some Montenegrins when on his way from San Giovanni di Medua to Oblok carrying a Mauser rifle. He was brought before General Lekotitch and sentenced to death as a spy, but was saved by the arrival of the Head of the Italian ambulance, Dr. Cappellari, who explained matters.

On their side the Turks armed two lake steamers, the *Chioggia* and the *Liceni*, with quick-firing guns, and these played a part in an attack on the Montenegrin lines, which the *Liceni* tried to

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, May 14, 1913.

enfilade, supported by the guns of the fortress and by search-lights. She was, however, driven off by shrapnel fire and forced to take refuge behind the point of Siroka, whilst an attempt of the Turks to dislodge the Montenegrins from the positions threatening Bardanjolt failed.

Such was the last fighting which took place before the conclusion of the armistice, at least with the sanction of the Montenegrin commanders.

The special correspondent of *The Times* at Cettigne, summing up the situation on November 30, at the moment of the conclusion of the armistice, says:

"With the exception of some news to the effect that the Turks have essayed to break through to Skutari from their position on Bardanjolt, the official sources of information have run dry during the last few days. This attempt on the part of the Turks is said to have been successfully frustrated, but the fact that it was made would seem to indicate that the Turks are there in greater strength than has been represented in Montenegrin quarters.

"King Nicholas, in accordance with his decision personally to direct the future operations of the army, this morning moved his headquarters from Rjeka to Gruda, on the eastern shore of Lake Skutari, about seven miles north of the town. Although His Majesty as Sovereign has, *ipso facto*, all along been in supreme command, the forces in the field have hitherto been under the Crown Prince Danilo. It would be unnatural if such a step on the part of the King, who is now over seventy years of age, were to pass without comment. The appointment of a definite Chief of Staff in the person of General Vukotitch is also significant, although if such an appointment were intended to introduce some system and organisation into the conduct of the campaign it might have been better for the success of the Montenegrin arms if it had been made at the outbreak of hostilities. For it is idle to pretend that the Montenegrins have up to the present scored any signal success. It is now seven weeks since the first cannon-shot was fired with much solemnity, and practically all there is to show as a result of the very considerable hardships suffered by the troops during these seven weeks is the capture of Tusi and its lightly-armed defences and the occupation of San Giovanni di Medua. The Turkish flag still flies over Skutari, and in the opinion of many competent observers seems likely to continue to do so until famine or the conclusion of peace makes the Turkish commander haul it down. Prolonged inactivity in soaking rain does not improve the *élan* of any troops, and it is principally on *élan* that the Montenegrins must depend.

"In these circumstances it is not surprising if questionings be heard as to whether the conduct of the operations has generally been all that it ought to be, and it is not improbable that in many

quarters, more especially those which have come in contact with the Servian Army, it is being realised that the Montenegrin Army is lacking much that is necessary if success is to be achieved under modern conditions of warfare, more especially when there is a question of the capture of a modern fortress such as Tarabosh. That word has now become almost an obsession, for it is synonymous with Skutari, and Skutari is practically all for which Montenegro is waging war. While her allies are marching to victory she still has to gaze from afar on the town on which she has set her heart. So long as the Montenegrins hold the routes of access from the outside world the question of its surrender probably resolves itself into one of time, but in the meanwhile the course of events is not such as to bring satisfaction to those who a month and more ago were led to believe that the fall of Skutari was only a question of a few days. Officially King Nicholas is still credited with a desire to reduce the town by starvation, which may be a device for keeping at a safe distance those whose curiosity might otherwise lead them in the direction of Tarabosh, for in spite of this official view rumours are current that a general attack is being planned for the near future.

"While for the world at large, in comparison with the greater issues at stake elsewhere, the question of Skutari may seem to be of but slight importance, for Montenegro it is not impossible that more than appears at first sight may depend upon its fate, not to speak also of the manner in which that fate may be decided. In these circumstances, preoccupations such as those connected with the eventual retention of San Giovanni di Medua, where a Montenegrin civil administration has been established, are for the moment of secondary importance. From the point of view of a port Montenegro already possesses one of incomparably more value in Antivari, while it is obviously idle to be preoccupied by the question of the retention of this place as an outpost of Greater Montenegro when the town which is the key of the hoped-for extension of territory is still in the hands of the Turks.

"A series of incidents, each perhaps slight in itself, seems to indicate that the common alliance against the Turk has not been entirely successful in stifling a certain rivalry which has been noticeable in recent times between the two branches of the Serb nation. According to Servian accounts their offers of assistance in the attack on Skutari were rejected by Montenegro, while the question of the occupation of San Giovanni di Medua has apparently been temporarily arranged by the appointment of a Montenegrin Prefect and a Servian Inspector of Customs. Information received from sources which cannot be suspected of an anti-Servian bias unfortunately tends to confirm the rumours concerning the severity of the reprisals taken by the Servian rearguard upon Albanians, which, it is said, were carried out during the march through Albania to the Adriatic. It is stated on good authority

that the Servians who have already reached the sea will be followed by yet another Servian force under the command of General Yankovitch himself." ¹

On December 8, however, Riza Bey refused to receive a Montenegrin *parlementaire* bearing a letter from the German Minister announcing the conclusion of the armistice, and the garrison of the town took the offensive. Fighting occurred on Tarabosh and the Turks were repulsed with loss, but, with this exception, things remained quiet until Christmas night (old style, January 6, 1913) when the Turks attacked the centre of the Montenegrin position, but were repulsed with loss. This event led political circles at Cettigne to urge their Government to break off the peace negotiations in London, but this was not done. Within Skutari itself there were several mutinies amongst the Redifs and Bashi-bazouks, who found the iron discipline imposed by Hassan Bey very irksome. Two mitrailleuses, indeed, had in one instance to be brought into play against the mutineers.

King Nicholas definitely declared that Skutari was to remain Montenegrin in an Order issued to his troops on January 7, 1913.

In conveying his good wishes on the occasion of the Greek Christmas to his army, "King Nicholas expresses his admiration of the endurance and sacrifice of the soldiers, whose iron wills, he says, have never for a moment faltered throughout the continuous fighting in which they have been engaged, and the hardships occasioned by the weather. He is proud of his army, and is persuaded that it will distinguish itself even more should anybody dispute the rights of Montenegro to incorporate its old capital within its boundaries.

"This is apparently in reference to Skutari, and the reports that Austria-Hungary might oppose its possession by Montenegro. The King's Order continues: 'It is our duty and right to annex the homes of our ancestors, and to assemble round their graves. For that it would be a joy for us to die.'

"Finally the King informs the army that his good wishes and blessing are to be conveyed to it personally by his three sons, and expresses a hope that this bloody war may come to an early end." ²

The commander of the garrison at Skutari, Hassan Riza Bey, continued hostilities notwithstanding the armistice.

"The Servian troops at Alessio, after having repulsed a Turkish attack, sent *parlementaires* to Riza Bey to inquire whether he knew that an armistice had been concluded, and if he were willing to observe it. The Servian envoys, having reached Gorbelusha, met Ibrahim Talad Bey, who stated that the garrison at Skutari had no official knowledge of the armistice, and therefore intended to continue hostilities. The behaviour

¹ *The Times*, Monday, December 2, 1912.

² *Daily Telegraph*, Thursday, January 9, 1913.

of Riza Bey has produced indignation, as the Servians, on account of their observance of the armistice, cannot take proper measures to reduce the garrison of Skutari to a strict defensive under the protection of the forts, but are constantly exposed to sudden attacks on the part of the garrison." ¹

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, January 10, 1913.

CHAPTER IX

MONTENEGRO AFTER THE ARMISTICE TILL THE FALL OF SKUTARI

THE most important question which arose out of the war, so far as Europe was concerned, was that of the delimitation of Albania, and it was owing to the division of opinion upon this subject that the peace of the world for some weeks trembled in the balance.

To explain the question we must go back to the beginning of the war.

As already shown, the efforts of the Montenegrins were throughout its course chiefly, though not wholly, directed to the occupation of Skutari, which they consider to be all-important to their economic development. But whatever their rights to Skutari may be upon historic grounds, in the present it is inhabited by Albanians, and of its population of 36,000, 27,000 are Moslems and 8000 are Christians. But the Christians in Northern Albania are nearly all Roman Catholics, and their great clans, the Mirdits, Khthela, Shkreli, Shala, and Nikaj, have, as Mr. D. G. Hogarth shows, held aloof altogether from either side. The Moslem Albanians have held by the Turks; only the Malissori have supported the Montenegrins to a certain extent. The Turks from the first took advantage of the situation to detach the Malissori from the Montenegrins, but effected little.

On the other hand, national feeling has long been strong amongst the Albanians of Central Albania, who constituted a provisional government under Ismail Kemal Bey with its own flag at Durazzo at an early period of the war: in Southern Albania the population were divided in their opinions, some joining the Greeks, others assisting the Turkish stragglers who had escaped being shut up in Yanina.

Thus Albania was divided against itself, and at the outset looked as if it would fall an easy prey to the Montenegrins, the Servians, and the Greeks.

But it was not to the interest of two of the Great Powers that the coast-line of Albania should pass under the control of either the Slavs or the Greeks. If Italy had good reason to fear the

Greeks in Epirus, Austria had even more reason to fear that if Montenegro and Serbia succeeded in attaining their ends she would see the great Albanian harbours in their possession. Moreover, Austria, as Protector of the Albanian Roman Catholics, could not be deaf to their appeals to her to save them from being crushed down under the heel of the Orthodox Montenegrins. Thus the question of Skutari became of menacing importance, for if Austria was the Protector of the Catholic Albanians, Russia was the natural protector of the Orthodox Slavs. Both Austria and Russia mobilised forces on the Galician Polish frontier, whilst Austria kept a strong force on her southern border.

Undeterred by military or diplomatic threats, the Montenegrins pressed forward the siege of Skutari. If Austria accepted their challenge, Russia, they believed, would fly to their help. But behind Austria are Germany and Italy, behind Russia stand France and England. Thus all Europe might have been involved in war for the sake of a few wretched and decayed ports on the coast of the Adriatic.

It is to Sir Edward Grey and to the Tsar of Russia that we owe it that this awful calamity has been averted from the world.

King Nicholas, when addressing his troops before Skutari on Old Christmas Day, which in Montenegro falls at the beginning of January, said plainly that he meant to retain Skutari for Montenegro.

The question formed one of the principal subjects which were discussed by Prince Gottfried Hohenlohe during his mission to St. Petersburg, but, on his return to Vienna on February 10, it soon became plain that no settlement had been reached.

The *Neue Freie Presse* was informed that the Austro-Hungarian and Russian standpoints in regard to the Albanian question were still antagonistic. Russia supported the Montenegrin demand for the possession of Skutari, and while disposed eventually to accept a compromise that would leave the town of Skutari to Albania and give the plain and the lake to Montenegro, had hitherto found no disposition on the part of Austria-Hungary to accept the compromises. Differences also existed with regard to the future of Ipek, Djakova, and Prizrend.

An official article in the *Fremdenblatt* insisted that the conquest of Skutari by the Serbo-Montenegrin forces would not decide the fate of the city, which would be determined by the Great Powers.

"The standpoint," continued the article, "of Austria-Hungary and Italy is well known to the Montenegrin Government. In this, as in other cases, a military *fait accompli* would not possess decisive significance. It would be desirable that the allied Serbo-Montenegrin troops, taking these warnings into account, should avoid further sacrifice of life."

Prince Gottfried Hohenlohe was confined to his room for some days by a chill, so could not have a personal interview with

the Emperor Francis Joseph. Thus his reply to the Tsar's letter was delayed.

But while these warnings were appearing in Vienna the Montenegrins were sustaining a serious disaster before Skutari. It was some time before the details were allowed to transpire, and they did not reach England before February 24.

The Servians, whose strength was generally stated to have been 15,000, succeeded on February 6, under Colonel Popovitch, in capturing the outlying position of Bushati, about seven miles to the south of Skutari. Next day, in order to support the Servian advance upon Brditza, the Montenegrins opened a heavy bombardment against this position and against Tarabosh. Simultaneously, General Vukotitch, who had at his disposal about 30,000 men, almost all of whom had been massed on the east side of the River Kiri, launched an attack from the north against the Turkish positions on Bardanjolt. The remainder of his force was left in the plain north of the town in order to guard the Montenegrin lines, and to occupy the Turkish troops on this side of Skutari. In the course of the day these troops made a counter-attack on the Montenegrin trenches which, according to independent eye-witnesses, looked at one time as if it might be successful. Meanwhile General Vukotitch's force, supported by the fire of covering batteries, attempted to advance from Musselimi and Nerfusha up the slopes of Bardanjolt. On this side the fighting continued practically without intermission until three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, February 9, when the Turks were finally dislodged from their position.

The same afternoon a gallant and successful attempt was made to destroy the wire entanglements on the southern slope of Tarabosh, in order to prepare the way for the attack which was planned for the next day. General Martinovitch having called for volunteers to undertake the dangerous task, a hundred men came forward to whom were entrusted twenty bombs. These consisted of metal tubes, 9 ft. long and a couple of inches in diameter, which are filled with explosives and fitted with a time-fuse. The volunteer party having advanced with the greatest coolness to the wire entanglement, were able to place the bombs in position, and successfully destroyed a considerable length of the barricade, losing, however, about one-fifth of their number.

All night long the bombardment continued, and it was hoped next day that the Servians would take Brditza. But those who expected this were reckoning without knowing the strength of Brditza's armament, and were in ignorance of the state of the plain which the Servians had to cross. The transverse canals, made either expressly by the Turks as a means of fortification, or possibly by the peasants for carrying off superfluous water, effectually prevented anything in the shape of a night

surprise, while the long range of the Turkish guns, in regard to which the Servians assert they had no information, kept the attacking force, who were armed only with mountain guns, at a safe distance during the daytime.

Meanwhile, doubtless believing that all was going well with the Servians and elsewhere, General Martinovitch, on Saturday afternoon, prepared to complete his operations by attacking Tarabosh. Troops were pushed forward from Zogaj along the shore of the lake on the one side and up the slopes of the hill on the other. At five o'clock the principal advance along the knife-edge ridge leading from Shiroka Gora to Tarabosh began. The Turks having been shelled off the absolutely bare ground surrounding the summit of Tarabosh, one Montenegrin battalion, supported by two others, advanced with perfect coolness to take their place. But for the same reason that the Turks were unable to remain there it was impossible for the Montenegrins to maintain their position. With splendid endurance they lay out all Saturday night, and the greater part of Sunday practically without cover under a hail of shrapnel, apparently from the Turkish guns on the far shore of the lake close to the town of Skutari, and were only withdrawn on Sunday evening after heavy losses. It was a magnificent exhibition of courage, but in the circumstances a useless one.

Earlier in the day (Sunday) General Vukotitch's troops had been proving that when it comes to the point the Montenegrin is still as good a fighting man as ever. Gradually they had succeeded in pushing their way up the slopes of Bardanjolt until they were close enough to the enemy's position to deliver an assault. The Turks were well protected by trenches and behind breastworks and sandbags. Further, there was a triple row of wire entanglements to be crossed. The final encounter at close quarters seems to have been of the fiercest description. According to accounts of some who took part in the fighting, it was not until they had been repulsed once that the Montenegrins finally drove the Turks out. Both sides seem to have fought with the greatest bravery, but by three o'clock the position had been captured, and the Turks were retreating to the lower ground on the western side of the hill, where they entrenched themselves, it was supposed, along the Kiri, which must be crossed before the Montenegrins could enter the town.

It was officially stated that the whole summit of the hill was in Montenegrin hands, but from other information it appeared that the Turks were still in possession of part of it. No attempt apparently was made to drive in the Turks from the trenches to the north of the town. The Montenegrin losses on this side were something approaching 4000, while the action round Tarabosh cost General Martinovitch nearly 1000 men. The Servians lost over 1000.

A fortnight later there were 1700 or 1800 wounded in Cettigne, a town whose normal population is under 5000. Considerable difficulties arose as to the food supplies. But in spite of the fact that there could hardly be a family in Montenegro which had not suffered loss, since the number of killed and wounded must have amounted to nine or ten per cent of the whole army,—or in other words, of the whole adult male population,—there appeared to be no question in the minds of the people that, when all was ready, the attack on Skutari would be resumed.

Could Montenegro now give way? In diplomacy there is no sentiment where small states are concerned. On February 25 the Austrian Premier, Count Stürgkh, made a statement that the tension would soon slacken. This the *Reichspost* explained by saying that since February 22, when an exchange of views on the Balkan question took place between the Austrian and Russian ambassadors in London, the improvement in the international situation had made great and notable progress. An important agreement had been arrived at on the Albanian question at least as regards general principles. Skutari was to remain Albanian. Russia thus evacuated an advanced position which had hitherto impeded the settlement of Balkan affairs. Thus the greatest difficulty was removed though others remained behind. Austria had reason to thank German diplomacy for her labours to remove the distrust of Austria which had been felt in Russia since 1909. The defeat of Russian policy about Bosnia-Herzegovina had lain at the root of all subsequent difficulties.

These hopes were premature.

The King of Montenegro appealed for the last time to the Tsar of Russia from the decision of the Powers which gave Skutari to Albania, and M. Popovitch, the Montenegrin delegate in London, on February 27, made public the following Declaration on behalf of his Government :

"My Government has no reason to alter its views on the subject of the capture and the possession, already decided upon, of Skutari and its environs. Skutari is a vital question for Montenegro. The Treaty of Berlin itself recognised the fact when it stipulated by a theoretical and ill-contrived provision that Turkey should give Montenegro access to the sea through her territory. The sacrifices we have made to attain this object are enormous. The diplomatists of the Great Powers, with Russia at their head, may come to any agreement they like among themselves, and on paper, but we shall see if their peoples allow us to be stifled. . . . Our cause is just. All our Allies are with us, as is also the whole public opinion of civilised Europe. Heroism gave Montenegro its birth and so far has dowered it with life. If such be her destiny heroism will teach her to die. This is my last word."

Montenegro was appealing from diplomacy to democracy, but, fortunately, ill-informed democracy is not all-powerful with the real statesmen of Europe. Such was the situation at the beginning of March.

The Montenegrins reckoned that the Pan-Slavist agitation would force Russia to support them against Austria, and her allies Germany and Italy. Russia is in alliance with France, upon whom, in these circumstances, she could call for support, and, like France, is united with England by the closest understanding. But an understanding is not an alliance, and no written treaty exists by which England is bound to send military forces to the Continent to support France and still less Russia.

Two facts dominated the situation. Although England had in 1905, 1908, and 1911, when France and Germany were on the verge of war about Morocco, assured France that she would fight in her defence to her last man and her last shilling, yet she was under no treaty obligation to do so, and thus was left free to use her own discretion as to the occasions on which she might think it fit to take military action to support France. Secondly, the Tsar was determined to keep in his own hands the entire control of Russia's foreign policy. The statesmen of France and Russia were well aware that they had no legal right to claim the support of England unconditionally, and thus were naturally disinclined to support the Southern Slavs, if such a policy should bring them into collision with the Triple Alliance.

Further, from the English point of view, as will be seen, the Montenegrins possessed absolutely no title whatsoever to claim either Skutari or a single acre of Albanian soil, for, like the other Balkan states, they professed to be waging war in defence of Mr. Gladstone's policy of the Balkans for the Balkan peoples. This the Great Powers had authorised when, at the commencement of the war, they had substituted in their Identical Note the words "Localisation of the War" for "maintenance of the *status quo*," which were used in the French Draft. But as the claims of Albania to be a nationality could not be contested, England held that Montenegro had put herself in the wrong by attacking Albania, a view Russia, in the end, came to share.

But time was required to show that Mr. Asquith was right in standing by Mr. Gladstone's policy, and that by standing by Mr. Gladstone's policy he might preserve the peace of the world. Few outside the French, English, and Russian Foreign Offices, and a few newspaper men, knew the exact nature of the Triple understanding. That understanding has always been opposed by a certain section of French opinion, represented by the *Temps*, and that section might well be reinforced by those Radicals who still felt sore that M. Poincaré should have been elected President by the votes of the Right. The leading news-

paper of the Var, the department which M. Clemenceau represents in the Senate, assumed an anti-English tone. In Russia the organisers of the Pan-Slavist banquets openly spoke of the back-sliding of England. In England, many of those Labour and Socialist members who keep Mr. Asquith in power have long leaned towards Germany, partly out of sympathy with the German Socialists, partly out of sheer ignorance of the means by which her friendship can be kept, whilst all Europe knew that General v. Bartholdi had, in his famous pamphlet, openly said that France and Russia would be hopelessly weakened if England were lured away from her understanding with them. Who could tell what effect an offer on the part of Germany to limit her naval armaments might produce amongst English Liberals, who wanted to divert their naval and military expenditure to social reform? Hence causes which might create suspicion and mistrust between the French and English democracies were not wanting. It is to the lasting credit of the English Opposition that they stood firmly by Mr. Asquith when he entered upon a policy which could only be carried out by methods susceptible of the gravest misunderstanding. To support Germany and Austria, at a moment when France and Russia were straining at the leash, seemed absolutely repugnant to the everyday Englishman and to the everyday Frenchman. Not a murmur had been heard amongst the English working men when the Agadir crisis was at its height, and when they knew that any moment might bring them the call to fight Germany in support of France. Treachery to our allies is a rare incident in English history. To ourselves and to the French Mr. Asquith's policy might well have seemed treachery. Yet he was in the right and was fully justified by the results.

At Vienna the outlook in the first week of March was a black one. The slow progress of the Russian negotiations, the danger of complications if Skutari fell, the refusal of Serbia to evacuate Durazzo, and the discussions amongst the Balkan Allies which might impede unanimity in regard to the conditions of peace, were the causes of the depression. The Allies were at loggerheads. The entry of the Greeks into Yanina had taken place on March 7; but whereas the Servian troops in garrison at Salonika heartily associated themselves with their Greek comrades in their rejoicings, the local Bulgarian journal, *Pravo*, failed even to mention the event. The harbour of Salonika was crowded with transports destined to convey 20,000 Servian troops, amongst whose armaments were numerous Krupp guns, to San Giovanni di Medua, that Albanian harbour from which they were to march to the assistance of the besiegers of Skutari. Finally, Austrian observers noted with disquietude the instability of the Mahmud Shevket Cabinet, which the instinct of self-preservation prevented from working for peace with the unanimity which its head desired.

Amongst these disquieting questions the question of Skutari evidently stood foremost. There was reason to believe that Austro-Hungarian diplomacy was negotiating earnestly with Servia in regard to the delimitation of Albania, and, though nothing was positively known, it was shrewdly suspected that Servia would be able to purchase Austro-Hungarian consent to the incorporation of Djakova, with its neighbouring monastery so sacro-sanct in Serb eyes, by agreeing formally to recognise Skutari as an integral part of Albania. The action of the Servian military authorities, who were sending considerable quantities of ammunition and war material to Durazzo, and who, as has been said, were reinforcing the forces besieging Skutari, did not, however, augur well for their tractability.

An Austrian military journal which knew every gaiter-button on the list of the stores sent by Servia to the Adriatic coast, claimed that if Servia and Greece intended to confront Europe with a *fait accompli* at Skutari they would not only be opposed by one group of the Great Powers, but would have to reckon with a general insurrection in Albania supported on this occasion by artillery. To Austria, Skutari in Montenegrin, Durazzo in Servian hands were, indeed, questions of gravest import. The readers of the journal in question might, however, well have asked what effect the spectacle of an Albanian insurrection, supported by the House of Hapsburg, might have had amongst those populations of Austria-Hungary which are neither German nor Magyar. Such an argument, therefore, was one more proof of the gravity of the situation.

It was plain that until Skutari fell, it could not be clearly seen what attitude any Power, or group of Powers, would adopt in regard to it. Italy had, for the moment, evidently decided to swallow with rare good grace the capture of Yanina by Greece, for it was stated on Italian official authority in the *Neue Freie Presse*, that Italy would do nothing to prevent the incorporation of Southern Epirus with Yanina in the Greek kingdom, and so it was argued, would not take any active share in a dispute about Northern Albania, in which she was far less directly concerned. It was suspected, moreover, that the military party in Russia wished to drag out the negotiations with Austria-Hungary until the military fate of Skutari was decided.

Had the Allies been cordially united amongst themselves the fall of Yanina, which took place upon March 4, might have greatly increased the gravity of the situation. Servia, it is true, congratulated the Greeks warmly upon an event which filled every Greek heart with rejoicing, but the Bulgarian official congratulations were chilly.

But whilst the Greek churches were resounding with "Te Deums" for the success of their army, events of even greater importance were transpiring in the Parliaments of Europe.

The German Emperor had been seriously disquieted by the lessons of the war. He had seen the Turkish Army, the creation of a German officer, Marshal von der Goltz, crumbling to pieces under the blows of the Bulgarians. Those Bulgarians had been trained, in the main armed, by French officers and manufacturers. He had noted the rising spirit of France; he saw that Austria had failed to coerce Russia and the Southern Slavs. His allies had become mere auxiliaries, and Germany saw herself forced to face the possibility of being attacked on two sides at once. A Bill raising the annual levy of recruits to 700,000 men, and authorising an expenditure of £60,000,000 on fortifications chiefly in Silesia, was introduced into the Reichstag. France replied by increasing the length of her obligatory military service to three years at a cost of £20,000,000 additional expenditure. Italy, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain increased their military and naval preparations. Chauvinism blazed up in France, and shouts of "To Berlin!" were heard in the boulevards. Fortunately the provinces kept their heads, and an article in *The Times*, blaming these manifestations, was quoted with approval in provincial journals.

In the middle of March the Powers informed the Allies that they would act as mediators and requested them to formulate the terms of peace.

On Saturday, March 15, the Conference discussed their reply, which they considered to be merely an acceptance of the offer of mediation, for the proposal would, doubtless, be withdrawn or modified under pressure from the Powers. The prestige of Europe, it is true, did not stand high amongst the Balkan States partly on account of the fiasco of their original declaration as to the *status quo*, partly owing to the prolonged wrangle between Russia and Austria-Hungary about the Albanian question, which would, however, it was hoped, be settled within a few days.

Turkey remained calm. The Government were prepared to cede Thrace up to the Enos-Midia line, and to leave the question of the Islands to the Powers. They would even consent to allow certain concessions as to the share of the Public Debt which was to be assumed by the Allies, and as to the claims made by them for the maintenance of prisoners and commandeering of war vessels, which would be equivalent to a war indemnity.

The official German Press remained surprisingly composed, even optimistic. The *North-German Gazette*, the Government organ, wrote:

"The demands of the Balkan League are in part very far-reaching. Moreover, on more than one point they trespass on questions which are bound up with European interests, and which, therefore, cannot be solved without the co-operation of Europe—for example, the decision with regard to the future of Skutari and of the Aegean Islands, and the demand for a war indemnity. In these circumstances the proposals of the Allies

must be submitted to an exhaustive examination by the Powers. That means, unfortunately, exposing the universally cherished desire for peace to a new trial of patience. Nevertheless, we hold firm to the hope that the difficult work of European mediation can be happily carried through despite the obstacles which still stand in the way. . . . Skutari, whatever its fate may be in this campaign, is to be united with the future Albania in accordance with the unanimous wish of Europe."

Would that wish have remained unanimous but for the policy of Mr. Asquith and of Tsar Nicholas II.?

It is true that Turkey and the German financiers were on the best of terms, and that the Berlin correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* could discuss the possibility of cutting off the financial supplies of the proud victors by an understanding between the Powers which control the international money market.

But the soreness between Austria and Russia still continued despite the fact that the Austrian demobilisation had begun, and quarrels of a grave nature were taking place amongst the Balkan Allies themselves.

Fighting took place between the Greek and Bulgarian forces at Nigrita, a village of 2750 inhabitants, one-third of whom are Servians, in the Macedonian vilayet of Seres, arising out of the refusal of the Greek garrison to allow the Bulgarian forces to enter. Thus, within 33 miles of Salonika, a Bulgarian force of two squadrons, four Krupp guns, and 600 bayonets, lay facing a Greek force to which large reinforcements were being sent. The incident was bitterly commented on in the Bulgarian *Sobranje*, in which the Opposition, debating a statement made by M. Gueshoff in reply to interpellations, vigorously condemned the attitude of the Greeks and Servians, who, they said, were pursuing a policy of conquest to the detriment of the Bulgarians in the occupied territories, and attempting to demoralise them by methods of intimidation and violence. In speaking of the terms of peace offered to Turkey, and of the relations between the Allies, M. Gueshoff said :

"However desirous we may be of arriving at peace, this peace must fully recompense us for our enormous sacrifices before the armistice, and for our considerable losses after the renewal of hostilities, which were provoked by the refusal of the new Young Turk Government to accept the unanimous advice of the Great Powers, and the decisions not less unanimous of the Great Divan convoked by Kiamil Pasha. The elementary principles of justice demand that we shall be given more than we should have been content with before. Only people of superficial judgment can assert that after the renewal of the war we should gain no appreciable advantage. The failure of the Turkish landing, in the Sea of Marmora, so long and carefully prepared, the destruction of a warship in the absence of any warships on our side, the memorable

defeat at Bulair, when the Turks, according to their own statement, had more than 14,000 killed and wounded, the inability of the enemy to show themselves outside the fortified positions—these are facts that, together with the brilliant capture of Yanina by our Allies, the Greeks, prove irrefutably that our enemies have now no right to demand conditions more favourable than those which were offered to them by the Allies' delegates during the negotiations in London, and which they then refused so light-heartedly. It was therefore perfectly legitimate, in our opinion, for the Allies to recall these conditions in the reply which they sent to the Great Powers to-day, and to express their views concerning what should be given to the Allies after the new and heavy sacrifices which they have borne, not by any fault of their own. We hope that the judgment will be such as by its wisdom and justice will commend itself to both parties."

On the following day, March 15, M. Venezelos, speaking in the Chamber at Athens as to the relations between the Allies, said that difficulties in the question of the assignment of the various districts must appear, for the feelings of national exclusiveness were always strong. He hoped that in spite of everything, the difficulties would be surmounted, and he was confident that the partition of the conquered territory would be traced, not by the local military authorities who regarded things from the somewhat restricted outlook of the soldier, or by chauvinistic elements, but by the responsible Governments, and that the Governments would have enough patriotism to be inspired with equity and justice, having in view the future and the importance to the Balkan peoples of continuing a line of policy, which would have results very different from those of their former antagonism.

About the same time the Greeks occupied the Island principality of Samos amidst the enthusiasm of its inhabitants, and in Epirus were pushing north towards Argyro-Kastro, the northern limit of the Greek speaking-population, 47 miles north-west of Yanina.

The echoes of M. Venezelos' words had scarcely died away in the hall of the Boulé when, for a few moments, the hand of Death came to bid the wrangles of Balkan diplomacy cease, and the nations stood in spellbound silence before the bier of the murdered King of Greece. On March 18, King George, whose last words had been of the Greek successes, was struck down at Salonika, which he had won for Greece, by an assassin's hand.

But whilst the heirs to the Bulgarian and Servian thrones were kneeling in homage to a monarch, of whom even the Turkish press spoke with the courtesy due to a chivalrous foe, and whilst the funeral chants were sounding through the flower-decked Cathedral at Athens, the wranglings of the Great Powers continued till, suddenly, Europe started back appalled when an article in *The Times* and a speech by Sir Edward Grey raised the

curtain which had concealed from her the fact that she had, all unconsciously, been standing on the very brink of war.

The obstinacy of Montenegro and of Servia with regard to the delimitations of the northern and north-eastern frontiers of Albania, that is to say, the question as to whether Skutari and Djakova were to be Albanian or respectively Montenegrin and Servian, had all but brought the difficulties between Russia and Austria to a head. Yet Skutari is but a town in a marsh, always liable to inundations, with a population of 36,000, three-fourths of whom are Moslem, whilst Djakova is described as a burgh of 2000 houses, with a population of 25,000, of whom four-fifths are Albanianised Mohammedans. The dispute about these delectable possessions, with their joint population of 61,000 inhabitants, scarcely exceeding that of Bath, might well have brought into collision six great Empires, with a population amounting in all to at least a third of the total population of the globe. It may well be asked if diplomatic folly and *amour-propre* could go further.

On dynastic grounds Montenegro could not give way about Skutari; whilst Servia was not only pledged to support her ally until the end of the war, but, on religious grounds, was eager to retain Djakova and the sacred monastery near it. They were backed by all the Pan-Slavist feeling in Russia, where agitation was rising to fever heat. Austria, in her desire to play off the Albanians against her dangerous neighbours the Serbs, was equally firm in defence of Albania, whilst Germany supported her both as an ally and, indirectly, in defence of her own economic and financial interests both in Turkey in Europe and in Turkey in Asia. But for the difficulties occasioned by the Agrarian party in Austria, the whole question might probably have been settled by the Balkan Allies agreeing to maintain the existing Turkish Customs tariff, which is far more favourable to Austrian manufactured goods than their own, and to guarantee Austrian trade favourable freight rates over the Balkan railways, in which Austria has large interests, for a long term of years. The Austrian agriculturists, however, refused to grant the Allies, in return for Customs, concessions for their agricultural produce.

It was left to Mr. Asquith to speak the word which in all probability prevented a European war. The British Parliament reassembled, after a brief recess, on Monday, March 10, for the session of 1913. In the course of the debate on the Address in reply to the King's Speech, the question of the Balkan War naturally came under discussion. In the course of Mr. Asquith's speech, Lord H. Cecil interrupted the Prime Minister with a question as to whether we had any agreement with France and Russia which bound us to send troops overseas to support France in case of her being engaged in war with a Continental Power. Mr. Asquith at once replied that we had no under-

standing or engagements with France other than those which were known to the House, and that under these agreements no engagement existed which bound us in any way to render military aid to France in any contingency whatsoever.

Pulveris exiguo iactu. "It was but a pinch of dust," yet that pinch of dust may, under Divine Providence, have saved Europe and the world from a war of wolves.

Mr. Asquith opened the eyes of the man in the street, by whom, in this age of democracy, the Foreign Policy of the great nations, with the possible exception of Germany, is in the last resort determined. Yet, in making public this truth, he ran a very serious risk of making the Entente with France and Russia impossible in the future, without acquiring the friendship of Germany, Austria, or Italy. Once more England might find herself in a position of splendid isolation. The Radicals in France were fretting under the stigma of their defeat in the Presidential Election in January, and might well have raised an anti-English agitation as the means of putting M. Poincaré's power under an even stricter control than now exists. The reactionary elements in Russia also might have made common cause with the Pan-Slavists in order to put an end to the Tsar's plans of Reform, and have sacrificed the understanding with England without regret. On the other hand, Germany has not shown the slightest intention of limiting the naval construction programmes of either herself or her allies in order to meet the wishes of England. Mr. Asquith, however, relied upon the support of the statesmen of France and Russia, who were, of course, fully aware of the footing on which their understanding with England really stood, and the incident passed off without awakening any serious ill-feeling in either country. Yet Mr. Asquith by his quiet words knocked the arms out of the hands of the French and Russian Chauvinists, and checked the war fever in Europe, although, as Sir Edward Grey said, we were for some days on the very verge of war.

But if the Tsar had bowed before the Pan-Slavist storm, Mr. Asquith's effort for peace would probably have failed, and might have cost us the friendship of both France and Russia.

The men who conduct the Foreign business of the Russian Empire are M. Sazonoff and M. Kokoffsteff, men as versed in diplomacy and as well acquainted with European affairs as are Lord Lansdowne, Sir Edward Grey, or M. Delcassé. They work entirely with the Tsar, and do and say nothing which has not his approval. His Imperial Majesty, though devoted to the Slav cause, was determined that the Balkan question should be settled pacifically by the European Powers, and with that end in view, from the very outset of the crisis, agreed to the transfer of Skutari to Albania, even if pressure had to be applied to Montenegro by the Powers. This matter has been emphasised by his repre-

sentatives in the Balkan capitals without reserve, and His Imperial Majesty's conduct towards them has been as frank and loyal as that of England. Had the Tsar deviated but a hair's-breadth from this policy, war must have been the result. The Montenegrins would have forced the hands of Europe; for, as it was, a serious misunderstanding very nearly arose between France and England when the negotiations for applying naval coercion to the recalcitrant State were in progress.

On Saturday, March 22, a leading article in *The Times* had warned the British public that Europe stood on the very brink of war. On that day, however, the Conference of Ambassadors in London arrived at a settlement respecting the northern and north-eastern frontiers of the Albanian State, which on Monday, March 24, was known to have been accepted by the Powers. The danger had, indeed, been great. In defiance of the warnings of Austria-Hungary the Montenegrins had concentrated their bombardment on the Christian quarters of Skutari, and the efforts of the Consuls to check it had been useless. The Italian and Russian representatives at Cettigne were, however, supporting the Austrian representations on the subject. Several other occurrences in Albania had also roused Austro-Hungarian feeling to fever heat. A Franciscan monk, Father Palitch, had been shot at Djakova by the Montenegrin police, and Catholic Albanians in that neighbourhood had been forcibly baptized into the Orthodox Church by the Montenegrin authorities. The captain of the steamship *Skodra* of the Hungaro-Croatian Line had also been arrested by the military authorities at San Giovanni di Medua, on grounds said to be wholly frivolous, and was severely maltreated. In the first two cases, although the persons concerned were not, like the captain of the *Skodra*, Austro-Hungarian subjects, the Monarchy claimed the right to intervene in view of the protectorate which she has, since 1617, exercised over the Catholic population of Albania. Fortunately the Austrians had to call upon Mgr. Miedia, Archbishop of Uskub, for a report throwing light upon the circumstances of Father Palitch's death. That prelate, although drawing a stipend from Austria, is a very sturdy Albanian Catholic, and well knows how carefully the question of the Austro-Hungarian Protectorate over his co-religionists requires to be handled if it is not to cause serious friction between Austria, Italy, and Servia. Austrian zeal for undenominational humanity was regarded with suspicion in some diplomatic quarters at Vienna, where men laughed at the fervour with which that great Viennese Jewish organ the *Neue Freie Presse* described the Christian fortitude of the martyred Palitch. It would have been in better keeping to have selected the *Reichspost* for the publication of his Acts.

The Montenegrin version of the affair was that Father Palitch had publicly stirred up the population against the Montenegrins,

and was being taken, under escort, from Ipek to Djakova for trial along with other guilty persons. On the way he tried to escape. The gendarmes summoned him three times to stop, but he did not heed the warning, and the escort fired, killing him and two of his companions. The Catholic Archbishop of Prizrend was informed of the unfortunate occurrence and undertook an investigation. However, information reached Cettigne from an outside source which threw some doubt upon certain of the details, and therefore on March 24 a Montenegrin official was sent to Djakova to hold an independent inquiry. The Montenegrin Government did not attempt to deny that Father Palitch was shot, but said that if it was proved that any person was guilty of having acted in excess of his powers he would be punished accordingly.

As regarded the alleged forcible conversion to the Orthodox Faith of Catholic Albanians at Djakova and its neighbourhood to the number of about 800, Montenegro absolutely denied that force was used. The Montenegrin Government stated that in the newly conquered territory many Moslems and Catholics announced their desire to become members of the Orthodox Church. The Montenegrin clerical authorities tried to dissuade them, pointing out that it was better to postpone their entry into the new faith until conditions became more settled. In order to make this advice more effective the Archbishop of Prizrend was permitted to come to Djakova, so that by the exercise of his influence the Catholics might be dissuaded from changing their religion. Finally they denied that the town of Skutari had been definitely bombarded, although it was admitted that shells might have fallen elsewhere than on the fortifications.

The strongly worded communications made on March 21 and March 23 by the Austro-Hungarian representative at Cettigne on these subjects, as to the last of which he was supported by the Italian Minister, highly incensed public opinion in Montenegro.

On Monday, March 24, two weekly organs of the Press Bureau of the Vienna Foreign Office sounded a threatening and a bellicose note. One of them claimed that the Austro-Hungarian rejoinder to Montenegro as to the case of Father Palitch was in reality an ultimatum, as it would prove to be unless Montenegro quickly yielded. The other argued that since a European war over Skutari in Albania was out of the question, Austria-Hungary should act as she thought best and "requite every insult with a kick."

This action had not found the Russian Government unprepared. Pretexts for intervention had been accumulating during the previous days somewhat too rapidly. It was admitted that Montenegro was by no means blameless. At the same time it was felt that if the Dual Monarchy had chosen that moment to raise a point of honour as to grievances which had been just as

acute in some instances throughout the whole campaign, it was because she thought it would be easier for her to secure compensation for the change in the balance of power in the Balkans, and for the expenses which her mobilisation had entailed upon her, before than after the fall of Skutari.

King Nicholas's expectations that Russia would desert the concert of the European Powers on his account had so far been disappointed. Any attempt, however, on the part of Austria-Hungary to obtain redress from Montenegro single-handed would have raised an outcry in Russia with which the Tsar's Government would have had to reckon.

Fortunately the Montenegrin answers to the Austrian representations were not regarded as unsatisfactory.

The question at issue as to the rights of Protectorate over the Albanian Catholics was no simple one. Italy stated that if Austria held a Consular inquiry into the circumstances of Father Palitch's death and the alleged forcible conversions, she would do the same so as to prevent the creation of a precedent in favour of Austria. The Pope, too, who never forgets that in his youth he was an Austrian subject, and owes it to Victor Emmanuel II. that he is an Italian, showed that, not for the first time in the history of the Papacy, the Pope was less Papist than the Hapsburgs. He gave a useful hint to their Catholic zealots.

His organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, after saying that the alleged horrors appeared equally incredible whether they were attributed to Servia or Montenegro, added :

"If, indeed, it does not seem probable that such acts of violence and atrocities against ministers of religion and Catholics could be perpetrated by officials and soldiers of a country (Montenegro) that has a concordat with the Holy See, it would seem equally unlikely that they should have been perpetrated by Servians, inasmuch as they would stand in too glaring and monstrous a contrast to the reports recently divulged by their Government concerning its intention to initiate negotiations with Rome."

Italian opinion was unequally divided. The *Tribuna* admitted that the Austrian Note did allude to coercive measures in the event of a Montenegrin refusal, but thought the threat was justified. It suggested that Servia might hand over Djakova to Montenegro by way of compensation for Skutari. The *Giornale d'Italia*, on the other hand, asserted that Italy had an equal right with Austria to exercise a Protectorate over the Catholics of Northern Albania, and reminded the Government that the bonds of the Triple Alliance should not signify passive adherence to anything that Austria-Hungary pleases to undertake.

At St. Petersburg the decision of the Montenegrins, "adopted from considerations of humanity," to allow non-combatants to leave Skutari was applauded, and was regarded as an earnest of

success for the collective representations to be undertaken with regard to the bombardment. This action was taken on the strength of the definition of the northern and north-eastern boundaries of Albania agreed to in London on Saturday, March 22. The Austro-Russian agreement as to the future of Skutari and Djakova, which was the direct outcome of the recent St. Petersburg negotiations (that is, of those carried on subsequently to Prince G. v. Hohenlohe's mission), formed an essential link in the completion of the task of the Powers. It was not clearly understood, therefore, why, on March 21, Austria-Hungary should have forestalled single-handed a step which was so manifestly imminent, and have reiterated her demand on March 23. That Note was regarded as an ultimatum, and it was felt that an ultimatum at that juncture would be incompatible with the spirit of the St. Petersburg Agreement. The basis of the Skutari and Djakova settlement was Austria-Hungary's assurance that she does not cherish aggressive designs towards her southern neighbours. The Russian Government was inquiring at Vienna as to the Austro-Hungarian intentions, which, it assumed, remained unchanged. The possibility that Austria might succumb to a sudden temptation to reassert her claim to ancient rights in the Balkans or recoup herself for her military expenditure was always present in the Russian mind. The attitude of Russia was made clear by the decision taken as to the Albanian frontiers on March 22 in London. By rendering such a settlement possible Russia had shown that she possessed a high conception of her mission for peace in Europe. This settlement was regarded as the first step towards the pacification of the Balkans, for it was thought that the Allies concerned would immediately be invited by the Powers to withdraw their troops from Albania, which was now no longer an Ottoman province, but the newly defined territory of a friendly state.

Such were the circumstances under which, on March 25, Sir Edward Grey unexpectedly delivered in the House of Commons a speech which did much to preserve peace.

It made a great impression, and was heard with strained attention. It was supplementary to the statement made by the Prime Minister on the first day of the new session.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs first called attention to the efforts of the Great Powers to secure that the war should be localised and should not involve any of these Powers in disagreement. When members recalled the great apprehension with which the prospect of a catastrophe in the Balkans was viewed, they would realise that it was creditable to the diplomacy of the Powers that they had weathered the storm up to the present moment, and that a point had been reached when there was every prospect that it would be weathered to the end. In the opinion of the Powers the greatest point of danger had been the question

of Albania and its delimitation, but now, though no agreement had been reached in regard to the southern frontier, it was not thought that there was any likelihood of such discord as to cause danger. As to the frontier on the north and north-east, an agreement was come to upon the one outstanding point at the end of the previous week. There were still, of course, points of detail awaiting discussion. For instance, it was essential that there should be some guarantees for the protection of Albanian, Mussulman, and Catholic minorities in the territory ceded to Servia and Montenegro; but none of these points ought to give rise to the same anxiety as existed before an agreement had been come to regarding the littoral of Albania and the northern and north-east frontier. Once the announcement had been made to Servia and Montenegro that the Powers had come to an agreement, there ought to be a cessation of attacks upon Skutari itself. "If the siege of Skutari is persisted in when the Powers have decided to take its destiny into their own hands, if the bloodshed which accompanies that siege should go on, and if the place is taken greater bloodshed will follow—this will involve a useless, purposeless, and criminal amount of suffering, which I am sure would alienate all sympathy in this country." If the decision of the Powers should not be respected, he trusted that those disputing it would be confronted with the united pressure of all the Powers. Their first step would be to take collective diplomatic action at Belgrade and Cettigne and to announce their decision.

It was true that the question of the southern and south-eastern frontiers of Albania had yet to be settled; but, although the possession of Koritza and of the Kutso-Vlach districts on the slopes of Pindus might involve considerable discussion with Greece, the Powers had a basis to work upon in the Agreement of July 1, 1880, by which the *thalweg* of the Kalamas, a river flowing into the channel of Corfu, had been unsuccessfully recommended to the Porte as a suitable frontier for Greece in Epirus. As it was, the north-eastern frontier was so drawn as to include very large Albanian populations in Servian territory.

Turning to the general question of the war between Turkey and the Allies, Sir Edward Grey called attention to the conditions which the Powers had put forward as affording a reasonable basis for peace. He did not say that the Powers had made up their minds to enforce compulsory arbitration or to impose terms; but they had suggested a frontier line in Thrace, and he would point out that if a demand were made for another frontier raising questions concerning Constantinople and the Straits, or if the war were prolonged until questions were raised concerning Asia Minor, it would be certain that in the settlement of the terms of peace one or more of the Powers would be concerned not as disinterested mediators but as interested parties. In the interests,

therefore, of the belligerents themselves, the terms suggested by the Powers ought to be accepted. He hoped that after peace had been concluded Turkey would be left in a position to consolidate and strengthen her possessions in Asia Minor and to develop the country. But if she was to do this the terms of peace ought not to impose upon her financial burdens which would make her task after the war a struggle against bankruptcy. As to the Allies, they would need the goodwill and financial support of Europe if they were to develop the territories which they would have acquired when the war ended. After thanking the House for the confidence which it had reposed in the Government during the Balkan crisis, he expressed warm appreciation of the moderation, forbearance, and patience which the Governments of the Powers more directly interested than ourselves had displayed. To them the chief credit would be due if a final settlement were come to.

Mr. Asquith followed, and after cordially acknowledging the patriotic support which the Government had received from the Opposition during the past anxious months, emphasised two points made by Sir Edward Grey. To the Great Powers the gratitude of Europe was due for the assured prospect that no serious difficulty was now likely to arise. The other point upon which he laid stress was that the further continuance of the war would be absolutely purposeless. Turkey on the one side and the Allies on the other ought to see—and he did not believe that they did not see—that they had nothing whatever to gain from a prolongation of the struggle. The useless expenditure of blood and money ought to cease. “I hope,” said the Prime Minister amid cheers, “that it may go forth as the considered judgment of the House of Commons, speaking with full authority as the representative of a united British people, that this terrible war, with all its devastation and waste, should come to an end.”

Opinion at Vienna was upon the whole but ill pleased at the Albanian arrangements. The *Reichspost*, which had led the opposition to Montenegro, asked what it had cost Austria to be able to say “Skutari belongs to Albania.” “What is Skutari to us and what is Albania?” The value of an Albanian Skutari to Austria is, doubtless, debatable, and at best is merely a satisfaction to Austrian self-love which had, possibly, become indispensable, when Montenegro declined to cede Lovchen, the mountain commanding Cattaro, to Austria in exchange for Skutari, and was indirectly supported by Italy in her refusal to do so. As clear-sighted Austrians said, “We have insisted upon keeping Servia from the Adriatic and upon preventing Montenegro from getting Skutari. If Montenegro now makes common cause with Servia and gives Servia access to Antivari and Dulcigno, what advantage shall we have, except having earned the bitter hatred of the Southern Slavs?”

On March 26 Sir Edward Grey and the ambassadors formally accepted, on behalf of all the Powers, the delimitation of the northern and north-eastern frontiers of Albania which had been adopted, on March 22, as a compromise between the lines proposed in the first place by Russia and Austria-Hungary respectively, and those suggested in their respective Memoranda by the Balkan Allies and the Albanian Provisional Government. This frontier was so drawn as to leave the Tarabosh ridge to Albania, a great grievance to Montenegro for sentimental reasons, but restored to them a great part of the provinces of Gusinje and Plava, which had been given to Montenegro by the Treaty of Berlin, but which the opposition of the Albanian League had forced them to surrender in 1880. On the whole, Montenegro gained but a small increase of territory, whilst Servia obtained not only the important Albanian towns of Ipek, Djakova, and Prizrend, but also a large territory in Old Servia inhabited by Albanians, although they are, it is true, but recent immigrants into Serb territory. The Rjeka valley and Dibra, with a large Bulgarian population, were also taken from Albania, which thus lost the Gruda and Hoti clans, the people of Plava, of Djakova, and the Rjeka valley, whilst it only included one Serb village, Vraka, on the Lake of Skutari. If it is the essence of a compromise that it should be distasteful to both parties, then the new frontier of Albania is an unqualified success. The Gruda and the Hoti clans indeed have already informed the Admiral at Skutari that they will not become Montenegrin subjects. Montenegro, which gained nothing, did not abandon the siege of Skutari.

At Paris Sir Edward Grey's speech was hailed with enthusiasm, though it was thought that Servia would have to cede a large portion of her own spoils to Montenegro as compensation for the loss of Skutari, and that the two Balkan States might refuse to accept the delimitation unless it was brought home to them that it was the result of an arrangement between Austria and Russia. At Berlin high tributes were paid to British diplomacy and to the success of Sir Edward Grey's co-operation with Germany.

A telegram to the *Cologne Gazette* said:

"Sir Edward Grey during the Balkan War served important interests of his own country, but that makes no difference to the fact that Europe has to thank him to-day for the service which he has rendered at the same time to the cause of European peace. The ideas which Sir Edward Grey developed in his speech yesterday have been already advocated in the diplomatic negotiations, and are therefore familiar to diplomatic circles. The value of yesterday's proceedings in the House of Commons is that Sir Edward Grey gave in public a lucid summary of these ideas, and that he secured for them the unanimous approbation of the House of Commons. As regards the details of the speech, we

should like to call special attention to the fact that Sir Edward Grey's declarations as to the Albanian question and the future of Turkey accord completely with the aims and efforts of German policy."

The Italian official paper, the *Tribuna*, wrote: "The words of Sir Edward Grey cannot fail to have produced a sense of relief in all European political and diplomatic circles. Apart from the pacific, benevolent, and serene intention of his words, the insistence with which he counsels moderation to both Serbia and Montenegro equally is worthy of note."

Great faith was placed, especially at Paris, in the effect of immediate collective action at Belgrade and Cettigne, for Austria would thus be prevented from acting on her own initiative, and by so doing putting a perilous strain on the Austro-Russian understanding. From the beginning of the war, France had, indeed, been chiefly preoccupied by the policy of Austria-Hungary.

But on that same March 26, the news of the fall of Adrianople was announced, and these tidings might well have neutralised the effects of Sir Edward Grey's speech. Although by inspired German and Italian writers the event was said to have removed the last obstacle to peace, Pan-Slav feeling in Russia burst into a flame, and, but for the firmness of the Tsar and his Ministers, might have precipitated a European war.

Fortunately the efforts of diplomacy were aided by the second Bulgarian failure to pierce the lines of Tchataldja, which had ended a week of fierce fighting between March 25 and March 31, and undoubtedly made both Bulgaria and Turkey more inclined to peace. Turkey, as we have already said, unreservedly accepted the proposals of the Powers on March 31, and placed herself in their hands for the negotiation of peace.

But the question of Skutari still remained. In King Nicholas's eyes the boldest policy was the best. He defied the Great Powers, and on Monday, April 21, the fortress fell into his hands, with, as will be seen, very unexpected results.

What, indeed, had Montenegro to fear? The Great Powers might bluster and threaten. Their ships might make a naval demonstration off the coasts, but, as Lord Salisbury once said when asked to intervene on behalf of Armenia, "ironclads cannot sail over mountains." Montenegro has no navy, and only a few coasting vessels fly her flag, though to a certain extent her supplies of provisions reach her by sea. Hence a blockade of her ports could do her no serious economic injury, although the operations round Skutari might be impeded if her Servian allies could only reach her by a toilsome march over the north Albanian mountains, instead of arriving by sea at Durazzo or at San Giovanni di Medua in Greek transports from Salonika.

At home for King Nicholas and his dynasty there were far greater dangers to be feared if he raised the siege of Skutari than

could ever threaten him from foreign coercion. Assassination is a by no means unknown political weapon in the history of the Balkan States. The Montenegrins who have returned from the American mines are saturated with anarchical and socialist teaching; the fierce clans of Southern Montenegro openly threatened to disobey their King's injunctions if he ordered them to desist from their military operations. It was almost certain that the Powers would not unite to give a mandate to Austria to carry any ban they might issue against Montenegro into execution by invading her by land, for France would not act without Russia, where, in such a case, a wave of Pan-Slavist feeling might well sweep away all diplomatic considerations, whilst yet other Parliaments might hesitate if they were asked to sanction a joint expedition into the fastnesses of the Black Mountain. Hence the exhortation and the threats of the representatives of the Great Powers at Cettigne fell upon deaf ears.

Collective representations were made to Montenegro on March 28, to Servia on March 29, to the effect that the Powers, having reached an understanding concerning the northern and north-eastern frontiers of Albania, summoned Servia and Bulgaria to abandon the siege of Skutari, to cease hostilities in Albanian territory, to withdraw as soon as possible their troops from Albanian territory, and to give guarantees for assuring the real religious liberty of the Catholic and Mohammedan Albanians.

In Servia these claims were not taken too seriously, for experience has taught the Servian statesmen that Austria is particularly skilful in finding pretexts for a quarrel with them whenever it happens to suit her interests. Hence those who best knew the situation believed that Montenegro would be supported by Servia if she refused to comply with the wishes of the Powers, and pointed to the fact that General Voynovitch had arrived before Skutari on the very day the Collective Note was handed to the Montenegrin Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A naval demonstration became inevitable, but, at first, it was uncertain if it would be confined to Austria and Italy, or whether France and England would also send ships. Russia had joined in this resolution which was adopted upon March 29, but had no vessel at hand which she could send to the Upper Adriatic. The one small gunboat she had at Salonika was escorting the corpse of the murdered King of Greece across the Aegean.

But whilst Russian diplomatists were assenting in London to schemes for the coercion of the Southern Slavs, in the Russian Parliament enthusiasm for those Slavs was at its height.

Whilst the Duma was in session on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 26, a telegram was handed to its President. The Deputy who was speaking interrupted his speech; the President, M. Krupensky, stepped into the tribune and called out, "Adrianople has fallen. Hurrah!"

Dr. Daneff, the President of the Bulgarian Senate, and M. Bobtcheff, Bulgarian Minister at St. Petersburg, were present at the sitting. Shoulder-high they were carried by the Deputies to greet the President and Vice-President of the Duma. Again and again the Russian and Bulgarian anthems echoed through the Catherine Hall, until the hoarse and weary members joined in the *Te Deum* which was celebrated by the Chaplains of the Parliament.

In Vienna the conduct of King Nicholas caused very uneasy feelings. If he continued defiant, Austria might be forced to adopt very drastic proceedings to bring him to reason, yet, at the same time, she felt that she might incur the displeasure of the Southern Slavs through her conduct about Montenegro, whom she was at the same time forcing into a closer union with Servia. Such a greater Servia cannot but be a constant menace to Austria in the south, unless she should become a member of an Eastern Empire, and thus be kept in check by Bulgarian, Greek, Kutso-Vlach, and Albanian elements. Hence the Viennese journals began to flatter Montenegro by reminding her of the benefits which Austria had conferred upon her in former days.

The tension continued unabated all through the first fortnight of April, but whilst the Powers were arranging a naval demonstration against Montenegro, which was destined to prove as effective as if it had been directed against Geneva, the Montenegrins, aided by 15,000 Servians brought from Salonika to San Giovanni di Medua in Greek transports, carefully convoyed, to guard them against a raid from the Turkish cruiser *Hamidieh*, were pressing on towards Skutari.

The Austrian statesmen, encouraged by the friendly action of the British Government, and by the support of the other Powers, had agreed that the naval demonstration should be carried out by the ships of Austria-Hungary, Germany, England, and Italy. Russia had no ship in the Mediterranean which she could send, but the attitude of her Government might be judged by the fact that mounted police charged the processions which had gone to offer their congratulations on the great victory of Slavdom at Adrianople to the Bulgarian and Servian Legations at St. Petersburg. The Cossacks used their whips with a vigour which proved they had not forgotten their old traditions. The Duma seethed with righteous, if ineffective, indignation. Undeterred by fears of the *nagaika*, crowds went to see General Radko Dimitrieff, the Bulgarian Napoleon, set off from St. Petersburg station on his way to Adrianople to visit Tsar Ferdinand before resuming his command before Tchataldja. The French also hung back from sending vessels, on the ground that they could not do so before they had learnt the wishes of Russia. Matters were not improved by a press polemic between Italy and Greece, caused by the refusal of Italy to agree to a frontier proposed by Greece for

Epirus which would leave Vallona in the hands of the Hellenic kingdom. Germany, through the mouth of her Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow, expressed her hearty approval of Austrian policy, but at first was disinclined to send a vessel to the Adriatic.

Meanwhile the attack upon Skutari was resumed and the place was violently bombarded on March 31. In this attack the Montenegrins were aided by the Servians. A demonstration was made on the River Kiri, but the real attack was upon the Turkish positions on the great Tarabosh. On April 2 it was announced that the troops of the southern column, under General Martinovitch, had stormed the Turkish position, capturing tier after tier of entrenchments after a desperate struggle. The assault was led by 200 bomb-throwers, all picked men, chosen from several battalions. These men, clambering up the mountain under a murderous fire, cut the wire entanglements, and getting to close quarters, threw their bombs among the Turks, thus opening the way for the rush of the storming party. Every man of the bomb-throwing detachment fell under the Turkish fire, but they had accomplished their task. The Montenegrin infantry followed close after them, and charged the trenches. The Turks held their ground, and a bloody hand-to-hand fight ensued, lasting for an hour and ending in the victory of the Montenegrins, who lost 300 killed and wounded.

French feeling was at first completely against the naval demonstration. Popular opinion revolted against the coercion of the Montenegrins in the interests of Austria, and was not well pleased that the Triple Entente, which did not heartily approve of such a policy, should support the Triple Alliance in promoting it. At best, outsiders thought that the demonstration might build a golden bridge for King Nicholas by enabling him to give way about Skutari without endangering the interests of the Petrovich dynasty. France was, however, at last convinced of the necessity for taking part in it, both by assurances given by the Russian representatives in Paris and by a semi-official *communiqué* published at St. Petersburg on April 2, which made it plain that Russia, while herself not taking part in the naval demonstration in the Adriatic, had expressed a desire that it should be international in character, and that England and France should join in it. The Conference in London had decided that a demonstration was inevitable. If it was made a collective one, it would alleviate the danger of isolated action by Austria-Hungary, it would keep the Concert in being, and give the Powers time to discuss and to decide what further measures might be necessary as the situation developed.

Public opinion in Montenegro was not greatly stirred by the news that warships flying the flags of five Great Powers were to lie in Antivari roads, or that the coast-line of Montenegro was to

be blockaded. The awful tidings did not silence a single gun in the batteries before Skutari, and the effect of the demonstration may be best summed up by a photograph which appeared in a London illustrated paper. This photograph, taken from the life, showed King Nicholas lying on a rock by the sea and gazing through his glasses at the Allied Fleet in the offing.

Prave words. It would be needless to go into detail as to the events of the naval demonstration. The King's yacht was captured, and the prices of provisions rose in Montenegro when the coasting trade to its ports was suspended, but upon the whole the "solemn affirmation of the will of Europe" proved singularly like the action of a boy who hopes to scare away a policeman with a white sheet, turnip, and lighted candle. The Concert of the Powers seemed to have reached its dotage. Six giants saw themselves flouted by a dwarf.

The chief sufferer was not Montenegro but Austria-Hungary. As the Burgomaster of Vienna, Dr. Weiskirchner, formerly Minister of Commerce, said at a public meeting, the mood of Vienna was a mood of disapproval. Viennese industry could no longer bear the mismanagement of Austrian diplomacy. Unless a change soon came they would be on the eve of an economic catastrophe. Men who had grown old in business were all but ruined. Unemployment was spreading fearfully. "Therefore," continued Dr. Weiskirchner, "I feel bound to call aloud to the Ballplatz [the Austrian Foreign Office], either we have an interest in the Balkans or we have none. If we have a rightful interest it must be safeguarded. If we have none then let things be. We cannot stand this finicking about."

The international blockading fleet was commanded by the British Admiral, Cecil Burney, who notified the Montenegrin Prime Minister of its presence, and requested His Excellency to inform him immediately that his Government was ready to carry out the wishes of the Great Powers. The reply was a flat refusal, the Montenegrin Government stating that it regarded the action of the Powers as "a gross breach of neutrality" and was prepared to continue its operations against Skutari at all costs. Fresh Servian troops were thrown ashore at Bushatir on the Albanian coast on April 3, and at once hurried forward to Skutari. King Nicholas dictated a message for the correspondent of the *Temps* at St. Petersburg expressing regret that France had taken part in the blockade, and adding, "Montenegro will only yield to violence. Europe has only to add to her injustice the ridiculousness of violence." M. Sazonoff in vain said that even if Skutari were taken the Allies would be compelled to evacuate it. They declared that they would keep it.

An assault of the joint Montenegrin and Servian forces upon Skutari on April 4 was repulsed with heavy losses to the besiegers, and Servia, which was becoming entangled in territorial disputes

with Bulgaria, dreaded the loss of the goodwill of Great Britain and began to slacken in her efforts. The Pan-Slavists, too, were becoming weakened in Russia, since for party purposes the Constitutional Democrats were beginning to oppose an active propaganda which they believed would involve Russia in war. Yet grand street demonstrations were still going on at St. Petersburg : solemn masses were held not only for the Slavs killed in the Balkan War but for the Slavonic victims of Austrian cruelty, and a banner was paraded through the streets bearing the inscription, "The Cross on Santa Sophia." Italy, too, witnessed some half-hearted demonstrations in favour of Montenegro, which, however, only served to stiffen Italian opinion in favour of Albania, an attitude in which it was confirmed by M. Sazonoff's consent to the naval demonstration, whilst German opinion found consolation in the thought that Europe remained united.

On April 7 Sir Edward Grey made a second very important statement as to British policy in the House of Commons. In explaining the objects of the naval demonstration he said, "We were a party to it, because we were parties with the other Great Powers to an agreement which the naval demonstration was intended to uphold—the agreement that there should be an autonomous Albania, the Albanians being separate in race, language, and, to a great extent, religion. The war was no longer a war of liberation. The operations of Montenegro against Skutari were part of a war of conquest, and the same sympathy felt at first for Montenegro might now be extended to the Albanian population of Skutari and its district. The agreement of the Powers as to the frontiers of Albania was the result of long and laborious diplomatic effort. It was essential to the peace of Europe, and had been reached, in his opinion, only just in time to preserve the peace between the Great Powers. It was essential for the continuance of peace to uphold it by international action. We had no direct interest in the details of the agreement ; but, believing it to be in its main lines in accord with humanity, liberty, and justice, and knowing that the peace of Europe depended on the maintenance of concord between the Powers most directly interested, the Government had thought it right to take part in the international action now proceeding."

Such was the language in which the man who has done, perhaps, more than any one man to preserve the peace of Europe, justified the policy of England, and arraigned Montenegro at the bar of a public opinion which until then had taken the assassin for the victim. Serbia hesitated, influenced more, perhaps, by her disputes with Bulgaria than by any other sentiment. She now attached greater weight to the interests of herself and of Greece than to those of Montenegro. Montenegro, who was supposed to be rapidly getting exhausted, was left to carry on the siege of Skutari by herself,

and, it was thought, would accept pecuniary and territorial compensation for her claims, unfounded as they were, to Albanian lands. Bulgaria was said to be willing to accept as her Thracian frontier the direct line Enos-Midia, which was the latest suggestion of the Powers. She had more pressing questions on hand than those connected with her Thracian frontier. For the moment the partition of Macedonia, the fate of Salonika, interested her more than the future of Constantinople. Both Greece and Servia were concentrating their troops in Macedonia.

In view of these facts Servia became more pliant as regards Skutari. At the request of the Russian Minister at Belgrade, she on April 11 engaged that her troops should take no further part in any attempts to storm the place, and although she resolved not to demobilise her army until the territorial claims of the Allies had been adjusted after the peace with Turkey, she arranged to begin to withdraw her troops from Skutari on April 16. On that same day, as has been said, Bulgaria signed an armistice with Turkey until April 23, the term being subsequently extended until May 5. It was said to have been entered into by Bulgaria at the request of Russia, which had come to an agreement with Austria as to the northern and north-eastern frontiers of Albania completely excluding the possibility of any territorial compensation being accorded to Montenegro. In point of fact, as that shrewd observer, Dr. E. J. Dillon, pointed out in the *Daily Telegraph*, it was thought that the whole of the Pan-Slavist demonstrations in favour of the Southern Slavs were the work of a few citizens in the Balkans who had come to an understanding with some pushing Russian politicians before the outbreak of the war and had used them as their tools during its whole course. The bulk of the Russian population outside St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff cared nothing for their southern brethren, and willingly supported MM. Sazonoff and Kokofftseff in their policy of compromise for the sake of peace. The moujiks have not forgotten the disgust with which their fathers, in the war of 1877, looked upon the smiling fields and prosperous villages of those Bulgarians whom they were come to save from Turkish slavery and whom they found to be far happier and wealthier than themselves.

Consequently, a long *communiqué* explaining the attitude of the Russian Government as regards Montenegro which was issued by the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg on April 10, provoked little hostile comment. In it Russia explained that to localise the Balkan War the Powers had been forced to renounce their individual and territorial advantages, and their right to take any individual action, unless with a mandate to show that they were carrying out the unanimous decision of Europe. Under these circumstances the Conference of Ambassadors in London was convoked, and had just completed the task of laying down the

northern and north-eastern frontiers of Albania, although, in doing so, they naturally opposed the expansion of Montenegro and Servia. However, they had to consider the interests of the Albanians, who were protected by Austria and Italy, the Powers mainly interested in the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Adriatic. This could be best effected by the constitution of an autonomous Albania, with a homogeneous population of Albanian origin. For the sake of effecting a compromise Austria agreed that Prizrend, Ipek, Djakova, and Dibra (places now inhabited by Albanians, but formerly Slav) should be left to the Slavs, whilst Russia, in return, agreed that Skutari should go to Albania. Her grounds for this decision were that Skutari is a purely Albanian town and the seat of a Catholic Archbishop. The reports of the Russian Vice-Consul at Skutari clearly showed that Montenegro has proved herself incapable of assimilating several thousand Catholic and Mussulman Albanians who had been her subjects for thirty-five years.

If a portion of the Sanjak of Skutari were annexed to Montenegro with her scanty population of 250,000, she would be incapable of assimilating an influx of 100,000 men—foreigners to them in religion, blood, and language—and she would thus be threatened with internal discord and, through the new Roman Catholic element, with the penetration of foreign influences. “King Nicholas broke the understanding into which he had entered to warn Russia in the event of war, and to obtain her consent. Nevertheless the Tsar magnanimously came to the aid of Montenegro by supplementing the resources of her population.

“When the question of Skutari was settled, a friendly notification was sent to King Nicholas, and he was at the same time warned of the grave responsibility which he would assume if he continued his resistance. He was subsequently advised to desist from all recrimination and the pursuit of his personal aims which would condemn his people to useless massacre. These representations to King Nicholas have proved to be without effect. It has become clear that he bases his calculations on embroiling Russia and the Great Powers in a European war.”

Russia hoped, however, that Montenegro would bow to the will of Europe “supported by an imposing display of naval force,” in which case some way would be found “of alleviating the lot of the Montenegrin people who have been overwhelmed by the excessive sacrifices demanded by the siege of Skutari.”

The manifesto produced an excellent impression at Vienna. The effect was not the same at Cettigne. The bombardment of Skutari was vigorously resumed, and King Nicholas, who according to cynical financiers was only haggling until he could get a compensation from the Powers of £4,000,000 in cash in place of a guarantee for a loan of £1,500,000 at 5 per cent, issued a *com-*

muniqué that although she was abandoned by all "Montenegro would persist in her struggle, conscious of her glorious past and her ideals.

"It is not impossible that Montenegro will yield to *force majeure*, though never in the dishonourable manner suggested to her by the European Powers. She will only do so in streams of blood. In the 500 years of darkness in the Balkans, Montenegro did not exist by the goodwill of European diplomacy. She was rather diplomacy's stepchild, and has lived by the blood of her sons. Montenegro dies without Skutari, but she dies with honour."

Such was the attitude of King Nicholas on April 14.

Skutari, meanwhile, was said to be suffering all the horrors of famine. It was reported that there was no more meal for making bread and that many of the Catholic population had died of hunger. Still there was no thought of surrender, and the town would only be taken by storm, which King Nicholas still considered possible.

Turkey tried to obtain at least a Protectorate over an autonomous Albania. Austria and Italy joined in putting forward schemes for its internal organisation. The Montenegrin and Albanian coast blockade was extended. Beef rose in price as smoked mutton fell at Antivari, and, crowning triumph of the Diplomacy of the Six Great Powers of Europe, the motor-bus service was suspended between Cettigne (population 3000) and Cattaro (population 4000). Montenegro was, indeed, cut off from the world when its people were once more driven to ride upon asses!

Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia notified the Powers that they regarded their last proposals as affording an acceptable basis for peace. Montenegro returned no answer but made hurried preparations for assaulting Brditz and Bardanjolt, the chief positions in front of Skutari.

Late on the night of April 22 a rumour was current at Cettigne that the surrender of Skutari was impending, but it was not until two o'clock on the morning of April 23 that the news was definitely made known by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells. On Monday, April 21, Essad Pasha sent a message to the Montenegrin officer commanding the siege operations and informed him of his intention to surrender Skutari, since its supply of provisions had run out. On receiving the news the King convened the Privy Council who sent General Vukotitch and M. Plamenatz, formerly Montenegrin Minister at Constantinople, to treat with the Turkish general, who had only been brought to negotiate by the events of the previous day.

"Last night," says an official report of April 22, "the Montenegrin troops took the offensive along the whole front, and an engagement took place which lasted the whole night, even

bayonet-fighting being resorted to. On the west and east fronts the Turks lost two lines of posts, over which the Montenegrin flag was hoisted. Early this morning the Turks attempted a counter-attack, but they were repulsed. Confusion prevails everywhere in the town of Skutari and in the Turkish positions. The Montenegrin losses in the fighting were considerable, but their number has not yet been ascertained. The fall of Skutari is imminent."

The chief difficulty in the negotiations was the fate of the Albanian refugees from the villages west of the lake but in districts occupied by Montenegrin troops; eventually they were allowed to return to their homes.

The protocol of the capitulation of Skutari was signed about midnight. Subsequently Essad Pasha and the troops of the garrison marched out of the town with the honours of war. The Turks stipulated that they should be allowed to take away some of their light guns.

Skutari was short of foodstuffs, especially flour, but there was a certain amount of mutton left. The Ottoman ammunition had been nearly all spent when the town surrendered. When the protocol had been signed the Turks gradually fell back from the outposts, the places which had not yet been taken by the Montenegrins being the first to be evacuated. Little by little every position was denuded of its defenders, and the Montenegrin flag was hoisted over the citadel. The victorious troops then entered the town, and the firing of salutes announced to the world that Skutari had been occupied. Great was the demonstration at Cettigne when the news arrived; crowds rushed out into the streets firing revolvers and singing patriotic songs. The King, accompanied by the Princesses, appeared on the balcony of the Palace and made a speech amid thunders of applause.

Sofia and Belgrade went mad with joy. In Bulgaria it was thought that the event would accelerate peace, since now Montenegro, having satisfied her military honour, would be able to accept the compensation offered by the European Concert if she conformed to their desires. It was felt that much depended on the attitude of Russia, who might be forced by Pan-Slavist enthusiasm to cease to work together with the Powers. Organs pealed, incense smoked, and the deep bass chants of the Russian liturgy resounded in triumph through every church from the Arctic to the Danube. Vienna was wild with anger, but that anger was felt by the Germans and Magyars alone. The *Fremdenblatt* might utter hopes that "this brutal attack upon the authority of the Great Powers will have the effect of raising Europe from her lethargy, and bringing home to her a sense of the errors hitherto committed. . . . In view of the tidings of victory from Cettigne, which are at the same time tidings of a European defeat, we

cherish the certain expectation that Europe will now at last resolve to employ sharper methods in order to restore her damaged prestige and to break the resistance of Montenegro."

But the *Narodni Novosti* of Agram, the organ of the Absolutist Croatian Government, of those Croats whose grandfathers under Jellachich saved Austrian unity in 1848, said plainly :

"We rejoice with our whole heart at this success, which proves again that our Montenegrin brethren still possess the heroic qualities of their glorious ancestors. The courage and self-sacrifice of the Montenegrin soldiers assures them the recognition of Europe, and adds a fresh leaf of laurel to their crown of fame."

Popular feeling in France was, doubtless, in favour of Montenegro, but it was recognised that she could not hope to retain Skutari after the sacrifices which Austria had made to prevent her from taking it. It might be true that Russia and France would rightly object to the task of coercing her being entrusted to Austria-Hungary alone, but their objections would be less were another Power called in to aid in the work. Public opinion in Germany remained optimistic as to the prospects of European peace. To England the news came as an unexpected shock. The tidings were discussed at the Conference of Ambassadors sitting on April 23, but they came to no conclusion, although Mr. Asquith, speaking at a banquet the same evening, said that he had there that night, "as fellow-guests of your Association" (that of the Foreign Journalists in London), "the Ambassadors of the Great Powers of Europe," who, the Prime Minister continued, had been engaged that day in the prosecution of the great task of conciliation. The Great Powers, more than one of whom were acutely and directly interested in the upheaval of the old *régime* in the Near East, had worked, and worked so far successfully, for an honourable peace amongst themselves, and he thought, without an excess of optimism, that sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, they would reach the goal which had been so long and so laboriously sought.

At that moment, however, he had not received the despatch in which Austria-Hungary intimated that if the Powers were unable to arrive at a speedy decision she might herself be obliged to take action to vindicate the authority of Europe and to preserve Skutari for Albania. It was rumoured that she thought an expedition of 40,000 men would be sufficient to coerce the Montenegrins.

King Nicholas had reserved a dramatic surprise for Europe. Scarcely had the pious monarch entered Skutari, where he proposed to celebrate the Easter festival undisturbed by diplomats, when Europe learned that the surrender of the city had been effected by an agreement with its commander, Essad Bey, which left the latter free to march into the interior of Albania with forty thousand

fine Turkish troops and all his guns. Essad Bey is a great Moslem Albanian landlord, whose history as a land-grabber and adventurer much resembles that of many a Highland chief of old. With the connivance of King Nicholas, he marched with his forces to Tirana near Durazzo, and was there reported to have been proclaimed King or Prince of an autonomous Albania under the protection of the Sultan. Austria, which had just agreed to accept the aid of Italy in coercing Montenegro, saw herself flouted. The Concert of Europe was defied. Pan-Slav sentiment once more rose high in Russia. Never had the Great Powers seen themselves in such a position since the day when Belgium became, in 1830, an independent state.

C. D.

CHAPTER X

AFTER SKUTARI

DIPLOMACY was for the moment baffled by the apparition or, rather, the rumoured apparition of Essad Pasha as King of Albania. King Nicholas was reported to have given his cordial assent to Essad's assumption of the regal dignity, and to have received his reward in the shape of a treaty by which the new sovereign ceded to him the whole of Albania north of the river Drin. Thus Montenegro became by a stroke of the pen the legitimate possessor of Skutari, by virtue of a treaty concluded with the man who, if the Powers were really sincere or consistent in their policy, had alone the right to dispose of Albanian territory. Such was the transformation scene of the long-drawn drama.

The Ambassadors met ; they decided nothing, nor could they recommend any measure calculated to meet the difficulty save that the blockade should be rendered even more stringent. Their own admirals told them that not a cock-boat could run the blockade already in existence.

The Great Powers, fortunately for the peace of Europe, were not in a hurry. Italy, indeed, might profess herself willing to join Austria in the task of coercing Montenegro, but though the Consulta might act in accordance with the dictates of a consummate diplomacy, the Queen of Italy had not forgotten that she was a daughter of the King of Montenegro. The Italian Minister might utter grave warnings at Cettigne ; the telegraph flashed burning words of congratulation and rejoicing from the Quirinal to the Konak at Skutari. The Greek Easter in 1913 fell a month later than the Western one, and never were the precepts of the Church with regard to its observance kept more rigidly. They formed a welcome pretext for delay, although it was scarcely to be hoped that the time thus afforded them for meditation would enable those who controlled the foreign affairs of Europe to recognise the triviality of the object which threatened to plunge them into war.

Austria threatened separate intervention, and the Emperor held prolonged conferences with Count Berchtold and Baron

Konrad von Hötzendorff, the Chief of the General Staff. Austria, indeed, saw that the decision arrived at unanimously by the Conference of Ambassadors in London on April 26, officially to notify King Nicholas that he had to give up Skutari, could only be put into force by military coercion. A sovereign who had entered Skutari in state on the very morrow of that decision, thus carrying out his assurance to the Powers that he would keep Easter within its walls, was hardly likely to yield to mere verbal persuasion. Nor could Austrian pride entertain any proposal to compensate Montenegro. In the eyes of the Ballplatz King Nicholas was simply a robber. But Russian opinion had to be considered, for it was certain that Austrian intervention, even though favoured by the Tsar's Ministers, would lead to a violent outburst of Pan-Slavist feeling, which would be strengthened by the popular belief that Austria was not really prepared to take action. Moreover, were war to break out between Austria and Montenegro the latter would undoubtedly be supported by the other Slav States in the Balkans, if not by Greece, and whilst the Serb army was concentrating nearer its base, the Bulgarians were making use of the armistice to withdraw troops from the lines of Tchataldja. Russia would be supported by France, if not by England, in her refusal to undertake a collective intervention of the Powers, and, for a moment, it looked as if the Dual Monarchy would have to swallow the affront.

But if one maxim more than another holds good in diplomacy it is that when in doubt you should present a Note. This at least the Powers could do, so a Collective Note was prepared, and, after a short delay, due to the fact that the Russian Minister at Cettigne had not received his instructions, it was presented to the Montenegrin Government. The reply was deferred until after the Easter holidays.

Skutari, at that time, was, perhaps, not a very pleasant residence. The Montenegrins on entering had found the inhabitants all but exhausted. Many of the lower classes had died of starvation; the hospital was in a harrowing condition; a temporary hospital in the zone of bombardment was choked with unburied corpses; Essad Pasha had not dared for days to appear in the streets, as he was followed by hungry crowds crying for bread or a capitulation. General Vukotitch took active measures to relieve the distress, and the soldiers gave away their own bread to the sufferers. They might derive some consolation from King Nicholas's proclamation on taking possession of the city, as he guaranteed them all the benefits of a civilised Christian State.

Meanwhile Ismail Kemal Bey, who was the Chief of the Provisional Albanian Government which had been installed at Vallona on November 15, and who, during the Hamidian period, had held high office in Syria and Tripoli, and had subsequently sat for his native town of Berat in the Turkish Parliament, had

arrived in London to interview Sir Edward Grey in the cause of Albanian independence. He had, until the defeats in Thrace, been in favour of developing Albania on its own lines under Turkish suzerainty, but seeing that it was now completely cut off from Turkey, he had become an advocate for its complete independence. The intrigues of Essad Pasha led him to desire the appointment of a Prince of Albania by the Powers as speedily as possible in order to bar the way to foreign intrigue. In Ismail Kemal Bey's eyes the possession of Skutari and the Malsor tribes to the north of it was indispensable to the independent existence of Albania, although the Hoti and Gruda tribes, and, possibly even the Klementi, might be left to King Nicholas. The proper capital of Albania should, he thought, be Elbasan, the ancient Albanopolis, a town of 15,000 inhabitants equidistant between Durazzo and Vallona, and with a dialect sharing the characteristics of both the Tosk and the Gheg. The population of the new state would be about one and a quarter millions, and its revenue 40,000,000 francs. He was quite willing to accept Austrian aid to oust the Montenegrins from Skutari, but would not subject Albania to international control, either by allowing Serbia to have access to the Adriatic through Albanian ports, or by the institution of an international gendarmerie. The oldest race in Europe desired permission to govern itself. Such was the message Ismail Kemal Bey brought to London from the National Council of Albania.

At last the devotions of the Greek Easter were over, the last *Christos voskress* had been duly said, and the Montenegrin Foreign Minister was free to return his answer to the Collective Note. His dilatoriness was taken to mean that Montenegro would maintain her bitter obstinacy to the end.

Russia was straining every nerve to preserve the peace ; in a verbal communication subsequent to the Austrian Emperor's conferences with Count Berchtold and Baron von Hötzen-dorf, her Ambassador at Vienna had informed the Austrian Government that Russia, thinking that all means of putting pressure upon King Nicholas had not been exhausted, begged Austria-Hungary to refrain from taking any precipitate action, lest grave consequences should ensue, though Russia's position as to Skutari remained unchanged, and she felt herself bound to work for the removal of the Montenegrin troops. Germany, on the other hand, could not see that the problem involved any vital German interests, but out of devotion to the Triple Alliance contented herself with urging Austria-Hungary not to intervene unless jointly with Italy. At the same time *The Times* correspondent in the Balkan Peninsula suggested that Skutari might either be occupied by detachments from the international fleet, or that Essad Pasha and his troops, who, in the meantime, had arrived at Alessio, might be recalled to preserve order after the Monte-

negrins had withdrawn. But difficult as the position was, there were elements of hope. Italian opinion was turning against Montenegro owing to the discovery of King Nicholas's intrigues with Essad Pasha ; in Russia the excitement was largely on the surface ; the Powers were straining every nerve to keep together through the Ambassadorial Conference in London ; Essad Pasha's conduct was regarded as mere bluff, his object being rather to be the first subject in Albania than its Prince. Austria, however, recognised that the military coercion of Montenegro would be a hard task, and, consequently, was disposed to wait for the decisions to be adopted in London.

The Montenegrin reply was handed to the Powers on May 1. In it they claimed that the delimitation of Albania should have been undertaken after the Allies, by whose arms the country had been delivered from Turkey, had consulted on the subject after the conclusion of peace with the Porte, and that any demand by the Powers for the evacuation of Albanian territory before such a Peace had been signed was a violation of neutrality. Moreover, Montenegro had occupied Skutari as the legitimate consequence of warlike operations, and her troops had been warmly welcomed by its inhabitants. They therefore reserved the right of deciding as to the evacuation of the town until the question of the definite delimitation of Albania came to be discussed between the Allies and the Great Powers in the course of the peace negotiations with the Ottoman Empire.

That same evening the Russian Minister at Cettigne again urged the Montenegrins to evacuate Skutari immediately, and said they ran a risk of meeting their ruin, a remark which was taken to mean that Austria-Hungary would intervene alone. It was thought that in such a case Italy would intervene by herself in the south of Albania, and that the excellent relations between the two Powers would not long survive the rivalry and friction which would ensue. In view of the agitation on the Vienna Stock Exchange, the Austrian Foreign Office, on May 2, issued a notification that the situation remained unchanged, but that Austria-Hungary maintained the standpoint that the decisions of Europe must be carried out as soon as possible. In Russia it was clearly seen that, in the interests of the new Albanian State, Albania should be jointly occupied by the Powers, the country being divided into sections on the Cretan model, and that the occupation should continue until the new Government was in a position to assert authority. If Russia herself refrained from participating in the intervention of the Powers, whilst allowing France to do so, the Concert would be dissolved. Men felt that the peace of Europe lay in Russian hands. Bulgaria, too, sent grave warnings to Cettigne, yet Montenegrin troops continued to gather upon the Austrian frontier towards Cattaro. In the south of Albania, Djavid Pasha was rumoured to have seized

Vallona, to have expelled the Provisional Government, and to have rehoisted the Ottoman flag. Italian warships were ordered to Brindisi, which faces Vallona Bay.

But the influence of Russia prevailed in the Montenegrin Councils. On May 1 it was rumoured that King Nicholas was sounding the Powers as to whether they would allow him some small territorial compensation if he surrendered Skutari to the commanders of the International fleet. It was said that this suggestion had been laid before the Ambassadorial Conference on the afternoon of that day, and that the Conference had thereupon adjourned its decision as to the adoption of coercive measures until May 5, thus deferring Austrian action till May 6.

Notwithstanding this report, and an optimistic speech by Lord Morley at the banquet of the Royal Academy in London, in which he stated his belief that peace would be maintained, the outlook on the first Sunday in May was very black. The *North German Gazette* published a semi-official communication which, after describing the steps taken by the Powers to persuade King Nicholas to give way, declared in so many words that they had failed, and that action by Austria-Hungary and Italy was imminent. Austria-Hungary was known to maintain her unyielding attitude. She would not discuss even pecuniary compensation to Montenegro until Skutari had been evacuated, and would not, in any circumstances, agree to her receiving territorial compensation. M. Barthou, the French Prime Minister, speaking on May 4, emphasised the "instability" of the European situation. Martial law was proclaimed in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and it was clear that an Austro-Hungarian advance upon Skutari would be accompanied by an Italian landing in the south, probably at Vallona. Yet the more Austria-Hungary looked at the task before her, the less she liked it. The press and the public called for prudence and circumspection; they saw that 150,000 of the best Austrian troops might be tied up in an attempt to subdue Northern and North-Eastern Albania, and that Austria might have to pay for the privilege of doing so by handing over the harbour of Vallona to Italy. A prominent Foreign Office organ wrote that the monarchy had a free hand, but was also free to choose its own time. Action had been decided upon, but the right moment for action had yet to be fixed. This Fabian policy saved the peace of Europe.

On the evening of May 4, the day before that on which the Ambassadorial Conference in London was to decide on the question of intervention in Albania, the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* published a telegram from Cattaro that a Montenegrin Crown Council held on May 3 had decided to recommend to the Skupshtina the evacuation of Skutari, and the resignation of the Cabinet which took place on the following afternoon was taken to show that the peace party had prevailed.

The report was true. At the last moment King Nicholas had yielded to the pressure of Europe. In a telegram to Sir Edward Grey sent through Count de Salis, the British Minister at Cettigne, he placed the future of Skutari in the hands of the Powers. After recapitulating the arguments for the retention of the city by Montenegro which he had formerly advanced, the King concluded with the words: "I once more affirm with my people our rights which are consecrated by history and by conquest. As my own dignity and my people's does not allow me to submit to isolated summonses, I leave the fate of the town of Skutari in the hands of the Powers."

Montenegro had given way. The telegram was read by Sir Edward Grey to the Conference, which decided that a contingent from the international blockading fleet should take over the place from the Montenegrin authorities, pending the creation of an Albanian Government. It was thought that the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Ambassadors would be able to lay a scheme for the organisation of an autonomous Albania before the Conference on May 8. On May 5 the decision of King Nicholas to leave the question of Skutari to the Powers was announced in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister and in the House of Lords by Lord Morley.

The news was everywhere hailed with joy. The war party in Vienna foamed with rage at the thought that their prey had been snatched from them almost at the last moment; the general public, though relieved, after the many deceptions which the interminable crisis had brought, could not believe that it was out of the wood, but Dr. de Lukacs, the Hungarian Premier, when announcing the news to the Hungarian Parliament, attributed the "joyful result" to the determined steps taken by the Dual Monarchy, and a pronounced rise in the chief speculative securities on the Vienna Bourse greeted the announcement of the evacuation.

Many, indeed, rejoiced that no pretext any longer existed for the joint intervention of Austria and Italy in Albania, and that an expedition which would have involved handing over Vallona to Italy, without adequate compensation, could now be indefinitely postponed. Even if the two Powers had to intervene to save Albania from Essad Pasha, Vallona could now, it was thought, be neutralised. The Ballplatz, however, had already learnt that during the visit of the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Consuls to Tirana, Essad Pasha had himself assured them that he had never dreamt of proclaiming himself Prince or King of Albania, but was, on the contrary, disposed to recognise and support the Provisional Albanian Government. News arrived shortly afterwards that the rumour that Vallona had been taken by Djavid Pasha was totally false. Thus the "dangerous anarchy" which, according to the Austrian and Italian press, prevailed in Albania proved to be the baseless fabric of a vision.

At Rome, the *Tribuna* considered that all danger of an intervention by Austria-Hungary at Skutari was at an end, that the importance of the Austro-Italian expedition was much diminished, and that it might even be avoided altogether, now that Essad and Djavid Pashas had received orders to disband and to retire from Albania. The Ministerial organ reminded its readers that a Provisional Government had already been established in Albania to which the constitution and administration of the new State might be entrusted, and added that no country would be better pleased than Italy to learn that quiet had been restored there. The Opposition papers still filled their columns with denunciations of Essad and Djavid Pashas and with demands that the decision of Europe should be enforced.

In Russia it was hoped that the step taken by King Nicholas would lead Austria and Italy to abstain from drastic action against him, and give time for the Ambassadorial Conference either to come to a satisfactory agreement or to postpone irremediable action, but the anxiety as to the decisions of the Conference was still very great. In France it was thought that a settlement might now be reached on the basis of the decisions of the Powers, that Albania should form an independent State, and that its pacification and the delimitation of its frontiers should not be carried out by giving a mandate to any Power or Powers, but that it should be the work of the Concert of Europe. This Concert should be emphasised by the occupation of Skutari by detachments from the international squadron after it had been evacuated by the Montenegrins. At Sofia the news was received with relief, at Constantinople with unconcern. The civil population in Bulgaria longed for the conclusion of peace, in order that the soldiers might return to their homes before reaping commenced in July; the military were anxious to employ the troops still facing the Turks to meet the Greek forces massed on the western frontier of Bulgaria. The Turks hailed with ill-concealed joy the possibility of a division of Albania between Austria-Hungary and Italy.

King Nicholas is accustomed to decide important questions of home and foreign policy himself, so was not likely to be much troubled by the resignation of his Cabinet, and the meeting of the Skupshtina on May 8, to decide the fate of Skutari, was a mere formality. The King assembled the Montenegrin Parliament in the courtyard of the palace and informed them that in the interests of general peace, and in order to save Montenegro and the entire Serb nation, he had been forced to give in to the Powers. Russia, Servia, and Greece, he said, had counselled submission. Russia, however, would continue to protect Montenegro in the future, and Montenegro would go forward increased and strengthened, fitting herself for further deeds of national valour. As His Majesty said to a correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, "I did it in order to yield to the will of the Powers, and from love of

my people who longed for peace after the severe crisis. The fields must now be cultivated. The Montenegrins have fought with rare self-sacrifice and bravery, and this war will form an imperishable page of glory in their history. It must not, however, be forgotten that thousands and thousands of Montenegro's best sons have died in battle, and in leaving Skutari we leave also with the deepest grief in our hearts the graves of our fallen heroes. May Europe recognise with equal magnanimity the heroism of Montenegro, who now, by her renunciation of Skutari, has rendered an inestimable service to European peace."

King Nicholas had overcome the opposition of the military no-surrender party, headed by General Martinovitch and M. Plamenatz, who would have plunged Montenegro into ruin rather than give up Skutari, and found no difficulty in gaining the assent of the Skupshtina. General Martinovitch, to whom it was chiefly owing that Montenegro had, in October 1912, declared war without waiting for her Allies, had already resigned the Premiership, in which he was replaced by General Vukotitch, whilst M. Plamenatz, who had formerly been Montenegrin Envoy at Constantinople, took the portfolio of Foreign Affairs and went down to San Giovanni di Medua to negotiate with Admiral Cecil Burney, the British officer who was senior admiral of the international blockading fleet, as to the details of the evacuation and re-occupation of Skutari. Yet one more interesting episode was to be added to the history of the British Navy in the Mediterranean, and the British ensign was to float over yet one more inland capital, as it had floated over Rome when Troubridge's boats brought British sailors up the Tiber to garrison the Castle of St. Angelo when it had been evacuated by the French in 1799.

Skutari was duly handed over by General Becir, the Montenegrin commander, to Vice-Admiral Burney, the commander of the international force, on May 14, but the population of the town maintained an attitude of quiet indifference. The Montenegrins had behaved fairly well during their occupation, although a fire which destroyed half the bazaar quarter was said by the Albanians to have been purposely occasioned by Montenegrin patriots, an assertion for which no warrant could be found. A regular administration was organised by the International Commission, to conduct the affairs of the place, where there was still much suffering and distress amongst the poor; courts of justice were formed under the presidency of naval officers; vaccination stations were provided; the town was administered by an International Commission under the presidency of Vice-Admiral Burney.

"Skutari wears all the signs of its international character. Early this morning, May 15, the Montenegrin flag was hauled down from the citadel, and from above the weatherbeaten battlements which dominate the town now float the flags of the five

Powers. Down in the city itself there are bright spots of colour where the Union Jack, the Tricolour, the Black Eagle, or whatever flag may be flying from the red-roofed houses show where the commanders of the international forces are quartered ; while to the bright colours of the picturesquely-dressed crowd of Albanians that throng the streets are added the white drill or the dark blue uniforms of the pickets of the various naval detachments. With the arrival to-day of a further 250 men from San Giovanni di Medua the detachments are now brought up to the full strength of 1000, of which Italy, Austria, and France each contribute 200, Germany—in consequence of the ship by which she is represented in the international fleet being only a small cruiser—100, and Great Britain, in order to make up the full quota, 300. Each detachment is provided with one Maxim gun. The duty of this force, which is quartered in barracks in the middle of the town, is to police the city, which for this purpose has been divided into five sections. The guard for the citadel, which is included in the bazaar quarter, has been provided by Great Britain.

“ The status of the town has been made known to the inhabitants in the following proclamation, printed in English and Albanian side by side :

“ In the name of the international fleet representing the Great Powers of Europe.

A PROCLAMATION

“ On the withdrawal of the forces of His Majesty King Nicholas of Montenegro, the town of Skutari will be taken over and administered by a commission of officers of the international fleet representing the Great Powers of Europe until such time as autonomous government has been established in Albania.

“ All persons are hereby warned that they must obey the orders of the officers of the Commission under penalty of military law.

“ With regard to the Customs administration, it has been arranged that it shall be given into the charge of an official to be nominated by the Consular Body and appointed by the Commission, and that the proceeds of the dues, which will remain at 11 per cent as under the Turkish Government, shall be handed over to the municipality. This body, which consists of some half-dozen Moslem Albanians and a similar number of Christians, was called together this morning and was requested to resume its duties, which were interrupted in consequence of the occupation. The Commission having been informed that there are a large number of cases of disease in the town, a sanitary commission, consisting of Albanian, Austrian, and Italian doctors, has been formed to report on the best course of action to be taken.”¹

Skutari for the first time in history settled down as a quiet

¹ *The Times*, Monday, May 19, 1913.

country town, abandoned even by the Montenegrin sight-seers, in their red and blue national costumes, who had thronged its streets during the first days of the occupation. One interesting event, however, was a visit paid on May 26 to Admiral Burney by 130 of the principal men of the five Malissori tribes—the Hoti, Gruda, Klementi, Shkreli, and Kastrati. Their object was to petition him to use his influence to prevent the Hoti and Gruda tribes from being severed from the “Five-Banner Group” and incorporated in Montenegro.

“In this petition, to which twenty-two of the principal men of the Five Tribes set their mark, it is pointed out that by blood, language, and customs the Tribes in question form a whole, and that in religion they differ from Montenegro. Their interests, further, are closely bound up with the province of Skutari, since they own lands in the district stretching from Skutari to Kavaja. Instead of any diminution there has been an increase of hostility between the Slavs and Albanians as a result of the war, at the beginning of which they fought with the Montenegrins until it was evident that the latter desired not the liberation but the conquest of Albania. Finally it is predicted that unless the Five Tribes are allowed to remain entirely Albanian, blood will continue to flow.”¹

Vice-Admiral Burney in reply promised that the petition should be laid before the Ambassadorial Conference in London. The details of the tribesmen’s reception by a British Admiral are well worthy of record.

“The tribesmen, who had come down from the mountains on the eastern side of the lake earlier in the day, leaving their arms at the outposts on the edge of the town, were received by the British Admiral, with whom were the other members of the International Commission, in the garden of his residence. Here the men, dressed in their picturesque costumes of rough white cloth braided with black and wearing white fezes, stood round in a large circle, while the following speech was read to them in Albanian by the British Vice-Consul on behalf of Admiral Burney:—

“‘Chiefs of the Malissori Tribes,—I, on behalf of the International Commission, am very glad to welcome you, especially as I know that your presence here to-day is a token of your loyalty and goodwill to us who were sent by the Great Powers to inaugurate the first steps in the formation of an autonomous Albania. We sincerely hope that you will preserve absolute order and quietude among your tribesmen, for by so doing you will materially assist us in our task.’

“After expressing a hope that, for the future, the quarrels of Christians and Moslems would be entirely forgotten, and exhorting them to live as brothers for the benefit of the whole country, the

¹ *The Times*, Thursday, May 29, 1913.

speech concluded with an announcement that Admiral Burney hoped himself shortly to visit the tribes of the Hoti, Kastrati, and Klementi.

"On the conclusion of the speeches, the Malissori, accompanied by the Admiral and members of the Commission, went to the barracks, where, to the strains of a ship's band, they sat down to dinner. The proceedings were brought to a close by the playing of the National Anthems of the five Powers, and shouts of 'Long live the Powers! Long live the Mountains!' It was easy to see throughout the importance which the tribesmen attached to the visit and the pleasure which they felt at the friendly and hospitable way in which they were received. So anxious, indeed, were as many as possible to take part in the visit and to manifest their feelings of respect for the representatives of the Powers that the number of the deputation was more than double that originally arranged. As one of the men expressed it to-day, it was 'the greatest day for the Mountains since the day when Christ was born.'"¹

From the festivities at Skutari we must, however, return to the Ambassadorial Conference in London, in order to see how the Powers were dealing with the wider problems connected with Albania.

Sir Edward Grey had thanked King Nicholas for his telegram announcing that Montenegro would give way as to Skutari, and the decision was duly taken note of at the meeting of the Conference on May 8. That meeting failed, however, to discuss a draft for the Constitution of Albania which had been prepared by the representatives of Austria and Italy. The project was couched in the most general terms. Nothing was said as to either railways or loans, or as to the powers to be given to the head of the State. It was proposed that an international body of gendarmes, officered by the minor States of Europe, and organised on the system followed in Persia, should be placed at the disposal of the Albanian Government. The capitulations were to be abolished, and foreigners placed under the jurisdiction of mixed tribunals similar to those of Egypt. Albania was to be neutralised and a Prince named on the proposal of the Powers. At first the State was to remain under the suzerainty of Turkey, but, after a term of years, the Statute was to be revised and full independence granted. Russia, on the other hand, wished to build upon the old foundations and to see the country governed by a Vali, and Turkish soldiers placed at the disposal of the new Government. But it was soon seen that even a nominal connection between Turkey and Albania would be disadvantageous to both countries, and opinion came to be in favour of the recognition of Albanian independence. Two questions, however, of the first importance remained unsettled, namely, the choice of a Prince,

¹ *The Times*, Thursday, May 29, 1913.

and the delimitation of the southern frontier of Albania, a matter which intimately concerned the negotiations for the general peace. These questions still remained unsettled at the beginning of September 1913.

As to the choice of a ruler various candidates were suggested by the free-lances of journalism, including Prince Albert Ghika, himself an Albanian, but married to an Irish lady, a French Prince, or a descendant of one of the old Albanised French families who have been rulers in Albania since the thirteenth century, Prince Mirko, or Prince Peter of Montenegro. To Servians a British Prince appeared to be the best possible King of Albania, but the Duke of Teck had in January refused the Crown. Amongst diplomatists a candidate much spoken of was Prince William of Wied, a Prussian officer and a relation of the Queen of Rumania, who has finally been chosen.

During the month of May the Turkish troops remaining in Albania were gradually removed by sea, whilst the Montenegrin and Servian troops evacuated the coast towns. The Provisional Government at Vllona would not contrive to collect the taxes, and Southern Albania was being busily canvassed by the supporters of its annexation to Greece, who, according to Albanian patriots, were filling the deserted villages with Greek immigrants from Epirus. The European Foreign Offices were besieged with picturesque deputations in the rival interests.

By the definite Treaty of Peace all questions connected with Albania, which was declared to be an autonomous State independent of the Sultan, were left for settlement by the Great Powers, although it was rumoured that, in return for concessions as to the Aegean Islands, Greece was prepared to meet the wishes of Italy as to the delimitation of the southern frontier of Albania. Thus one of the greatest dangers to the peace of Europe has for the time been removed.

CHAPTER XI

SERVIA

MONTENEGRO had fired the first shot in the War of Liberation, but it was not long before the forces of the other Balkan states followed her into the field, even though Greece seemed for a moment to linger.

Servia, like Montenegro, had her own wrongs to avenge. At the moment when the Empire of Stephen Dushan, who at his death in 1355 was the lord of nearly all the western provinces of the Byzantine Empire save Salonika, Chalcidice, and the Morea, and dreamed of Constantinople as the capital of a Servian Empire, was broken up by Sultan Murad I. on the battlefield of Kossovo, June 15, 1389, the Servians had become the vassals of the Osmanlis. Within a century, after the power of Hungary to free the Balkan Peninsula had ceased with the defeat of Varna (1444), the Servians, won over by the religious tolerance of the Turks, which strongly contrasted with the intolerance of the Roman Catholics of Hungary, acknowledged the immediate sovereignty of the Sultans, and their country was broken up into a multitude of fiefs. The Servian Church, however, retained an independence of which it was only wholly deprived late in the eighteenth century.

But as the prosperity of Turkey decayed, the Turkish rule grew harder. Kara George rose in insurrection in 1806, and though he failed, owing to the treachery of Russia, who, to save her own freedom from the French invaders, delivered over the Servians to the tender mercies of the Porte, an insurrection broke out once more on Palm Sunday 1815, under the leadership of Milosh Obrenovitch. His rebellion proved successful, and on November 6, 1817, he was recognised by the Sultan as hereditary ban of Servia. In 1830, by the Treaty of Adrianople, Servia became all but in name an independent state.

In 1868, after various revolutions, Milan, a great-nephew of Milosh Obrenovitch, was crowned as Prince in the Cathedral at Belgrade. In 1876 he joined Montenegro in declaring war against

Turkey, but was utterly defeated and only saved from territorial losses by the intervention of the European Powers. Later in the same year Milan took part in the Russo-Turkish War, and as a reward for his exertions received, at the Treaty of San Stefano, the territories of Nish, and what is known as Old Serbia in Macedonia. These latter districts were taken from him by the Treaty of Berlin, and Serbia, so far as power and territory were concerned, was left inferior to Bulgaria, a circumstance which led to a war between the states when Bulgaria occupied Eastern Rumelia in 1885. For the time the change of dynasty in 1903, when the House of Karageorgevitch was replaced on the throne, on the murder of King Alexander, did little to improve their relations. Servians, however, as well as Bulgarians had to suffer under Turkish persecutions in Macedonia, and Serbia, like Bulgaria, had to bear her share in maintaining hordes of refugees of her own blood. Taught by her sufferings, she forgot her jealousy of Bulgaria, and, when the Balkan League was formed, Servian swords were ready to leap from their scabbards to win the freedom of their brethren who groaned under the Turkish yoke in Macedonia. Whatever King Peter's faults may have been in the past, his dread of Austrian ill-will did not keep him back from lending a willing ear to their cry.

The risk of provoking the intervention of Austria was no slight one. There is a large Serb population in Croatia and in Southern Hungary under the Austrian flag; the Croats themselves are only separated from the Serbs by differences of religion; Croatia, like Bohemia, has been crying out for recognition as a kingdom united to the Crown of the Hapsburgs by a purely personal tie, and including Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina; to co-operate with Montenegro, the Servian generals would have to occupy the vilayet of Novi-Bazar, which barred Austria's road to the Aegean, and of which the military occupation had been guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Berlin; the formation of a great Servian kingdom would not only endanger her sovereignty over the whole of the Southern Slavs, but would put a final end to her hopes of winning Salonika. It was true that Serbia was supported by Russia, but long leagues part the Servian from the Russian frontiers, and the strong and valiant army of Rumania lay in the path of Russia's legions. On the other hand, the fortress of Belgrade lies under the guns of Semlin, and Austrian gunboats make the Hapsburgs the lords of the middle Danube. Yet King Peter held on his way unperturbed, even though Austria was beginning to mobilise on her southern frontier. He knew that he could rely upon the Russian Tsar, and Russian forces were quickly gathering upon Austria's Galician frontiers.

The natural field for the operations of Serbia was in the basin of the Vardar, where lie the Old Servian vilayets, and

where intruding Albanians have occupied the once Servian towns of Ipek and Prizrend. Unless she occupied the vilayet of Novi-Bazar it was only through Ipek and Prizrend that Servia could stretch out a helping hand to Montenegro and force her way to that port on the Adriatic which, were it under the Servian flag, would at once free her from her economic vassalage to Austria.

The Servians were strategically in a strong position. As the military correspondent of *The Times* pointed out on October 19: "The headquarters of King Peter moved to Nish on October 18, and this is the best point from which to observe and regulate the Servian movements referred to in previous articles. A Turkish offensive on this side is less easy for Turkey than for Servia, because, while the roads open for a Servian advance converge upon Kumanovo and Uskub, the same roads lead Turkish columns in divergent directions, and the further such columns march the wider is their separation. For these reasons it might be best for the Second Turkish Army to be massed between Uskub and Kumanovo, with strong advanced guards well entrenched upon the main lines of approach, and only to attack when the enemy is committed and his intentions are fully known. What with spies, light troops, and aeroplanes, the Turkish command should be well informed, and it will be particularly instructive to learn how in this daedalian theatre the aircraft are able to obtain information, and how this information will influence events." A weak spot might be found in the co-operation of the Servian and Bulgarian armies, both in the eastern region of Macedonia and Thrace, as allied armies rarely work cordially together, but, "in view of the diverse interests of these two allies in the ultimate settlement," this co-operation might have a political object in view. No great good could be expected from Servian guerilla operations either in the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar or in the regions south of the Rhodope, for the theatre of war was a most difficult one, the lateness of the season was against them, and the Moslem villagers were well armed to resist them. There were, too, large Turkish regular forces in those districts.

Despite these predictions the Servians took the offensive, and the first collision with the Turks took place on the evening of Wednesday, October 23, near Kumanovo. Desperate fighting lasted all day on the Thursday, and ended at sundown in a complete Servian victory and the capture of the town.

"The Turks, who had forty thousand men in the field when the battle began, only yielded their ground foot by foot.

"Their losses were very heavy, most of the casualties being due to the fire of the Servian artillery, which was splendidly served.

"The Servians lost fewer men than might have been expected from the stubborn resistance which they encountered. Both sides fought with the greatest gallantry.

"An incident of the battle gives some idea of the furious nature of the encounter. A company of Servian infantry charged the Turks with the bayonet, and the hand-to-hand struggle developed into individual combats, in which many of the men dropped their rifles and drew their knives against each other.

"It is reported that in the Turkish ranks the words of command were given in German.

"The Servians captured twelve guns and a large stock of supplies."¹

Many officers were conspicuous for their bravery, but the Crown Prince of Servia and Generals Zsivkovics and Jankovics were the heroes of the day.

On Tuesday, October 22, the Servian army entered Prizrend, and were received with enthusiasm by the residents. The entry of the Servian advanced guard was preceded by desperate fighting in the Teresh Pass and before the positions around the town.

Many of the Arnauts gave up their arms and ammunition to the conquerors, but several shots were fired at the soldiers by Arnauts hidden in the cellars, whilst a large body of them retired southwards with the Turks, closely pursued by the Servian forces.

After the occupation of Prizrend, the "Northern Army" continued its operations. The portion under General Rojovitch occupied Plevlye, whilst the other portion continued its march towards Ipek. A number of engagements took place in the neighbourhood of Stara Rugova. General Vukotitch's immediate objective was the hill of Paklyen, a fortified position, over six thousand feet high, about four miles south of Ipek, and operations were also carried on against those on Zhlich hill, which is about seven thousand feet high and five miles south of the town. It was thought that if these positions were taken Ipek itself would at once surrender.

The spirit of the private soldiers ran as high amongst the Servians as it did amongst the Montenegrins. The first question asked by the wounded in Belgrade Military Hospital was whether there was any news from the front.

"One is amazed at the intelligent interest with which these peasant conscripts follow the whole campaign. They are able to give a detailed account of the causes of the war, the manner in which it is carried out, and the issues at stake.

The explanation is no doubt found in the fact that they have the national sense so keenly developed. The glory of the ancient Servian Empire is a reality to them, and they never doubt that it must be restored. Patriotism is, indeed, a matter of course in Servia, and heroism in war follows as a natural consequence.

Their one desire is to be back at the front. One man, who has a fragment of shell in the neck, declared that if the surgeon

¹ *Daily Mirror*, Saturday, October 26, 1912.

delays much longer in removing it he will cut it out himself. 'How can I lie here, when I might be yonder,' he exclaims, and he is sincerely eager to get back 'yonder.'

" 'Who wouldn't like war,' asks an artilleryman, 'when, after practising blank-firing all our lives, we can at last make real use of our cannons?'

"An infantryman with a bullet in the chest speaks otherwise. 'I don't want to go again,' he declares, 'and I don't believe any one else does. I went off as merrily as to a wedding, and, by heaven, it was terrible! Bullets fell like black hailstones all around us in the air. The Almighty Himself could not stop them, I think. We just went on firing. I wanted to put up my hand to screen my eyes, but of course I could not, and then suddenly I felt as if I were being wrapped in a wet blanket, and I went to sleep. That's all I remember. If they send me again, I shall have to go, but I'd rather jump from the top of the house.'

" 'Why should you mind returning?' his neighbour rejoins. 'If you fall you can always have the satisfaction of knowing that you probably killed a Turk first, and if you did not, those next you will have killed dozens to pay for your death.'

"It is characteristic of the Servian language that there is a special verb denoting 'killed in battle.' The nearest equivalent to it in English is 'perish,' but here, too, there is a passive meaning which does not convey the Servian term, which literally means 'died fighting.'

"The regimental cook is here, too. He had his little finger shot off, but this he does not lament (he has nine left, he informed me) as much as the steaming cauldrons of soup which he had been forced to overturn on several occasions when the sudden marching order deprived the men of their good food. Many agree with him that these are among the severest trials of the war.

"Numbers of relatives come up from the villages to see their sons, brothers, and husbands who are in the hospitals. Two peasant women were sitting beside a wounded soldier yesterday. One of them, the mother, was talking to her son, while the other was crying softly to herself.

" 'Have you also got a son, and don't you know where he is?' I asked. 'Alas, yes, I know where he is. He is here in Belgrade looking after the hay in the barracks instead of being yonder. They would not send him, and he has to wait until some one is killed, so as to take his place with the cannons. To think that he could have been lying here wounded like my nephew. He is ashamed, and so am I.'

"The only consolation I could offer was that the war was not over, and that there was still time and opportunity for her son to be killed."¹

"The scenes on the battlefield of Kumanovo were sufficiently

¹ *Daily Express*, Tuesday, November 5, 1912.

awful. The railroad from Vranja to Uskub was always a pleasant and fertile plain, almost entirely surrounded by steep hills, which even at this time of year remind one of the summer colouring of Cornish cliffs.

"All along the line ploughmen and shepherds were at work—tarboosh (fez) proclaiming that they were Mohammedans—although they had not even heard of such a thing as war.

"Three little boys were playing tip-cat with some clumsy-looking sticks, and a couple of juvenile goat-herds merrily chased each other through brambles and over a brook. The sun was quite warm, and birds were chirruping as cheerfully as if they had just heard of the coming of spring.

"I left the railway line about three miles south of Kumanovo station and made my way towards the battlefield.

"Although it was my first experience of the sort, I knew instinctively that I was approaching a battlefield. For the sun seemed no longer to shine so warmly, and it was as if I could feel rather than see the icy grip of the Angel of Death.

"All over the field birds of prey—human and other vultures—had gathered peering everywhere for loot of any description.

"Every piece of rag was carefully examined, every scrap of paper scanned in case there might be some ghoulish gold to be wrested from the dead.

"Mountain-guns and quick-firers were standing about just as they had been left by the Turks; at every other step were quantities of ammunition from shrapnel to Mauser-cartridges.

"I picked up a couple, and the first one I examined was a blank cartridge. That is the present-day spirit of Turkey—to have blank cartridges in time of war.

"One of the most mournful relics of the battle were the dead horses scattered about the field. They were lying in every conceivable attitude, their eyes bulging out with horror, their glistening teeth showing in a sardonic grin at the awful comedy of life and death.

"One mare I saw badly wounded, but still alive. It was a beautiful bay, just able to drag herself along, her great brown eyes seeming to plead most pathetically for death as welcome relief to suffering.

"When I got near to the mare I noticed that she was standing still near what seemed to be a dark bundle—relic, perhaps, of her dead master.

"To put the poor creature out of her misery I shot her. When I got closer, I found that the parcel consisted of a sheep-skin cap, and a phrase-book in seven languages—English, French, German, Russian, Turkish, Armenian, and Greek.

"The cover was bespattered with mud and blood, and on the first page was written in French, 'To my good friend Ibrahim, 1905.'

" Kumanovo station was simply a blaze of officers, for the General Staff was arriving from Vranja, and friends were meeting again and had stories of fighting to tell.

" The few Mohammedans standing by seemed to be oblivious of the presence of the enemy ; they just seemed to be staring into space.

" All save one little Mohammedan boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen, who was leaning against some railings, as the third army under General Yankovics marched in. His dark face seemed to have turned to a sickly hue, his lips were set tight, and there was a fierce glow of hate in these dark, half-hidden eyes of his.

" I did not like the look of that boy's eyes—they reminded me of a sullen volcano rumbling along in its sleep until the appointed day arrives and it wakes."¹

" Even women were taking their place in the Servian ranks. Imagine a fair slim girl of nineteen, of medium height, and with expressive dark-blue eyes, a girl whose like you may find in almost any City office or pouring out tea at Wimbledon or Hornsey.

" Picture such a girl, her hair cropped, dressed in rough but serviceable military uniform, and carrying a carbine, looking a soldier, and being a soldier.

" That is Sophia Yovanovitch, destined to become immortalised in Servian history as the first woman to enter the field against the Turk. As it is, she is treated by every Servian soldier as a queen and good comrade for whom they would do anything.

" We have had Sophia Yovanovitches in our own army. At Chelsea Hospital is the portrait of Hannah Snell, who served with distinction for thirty years in the ranks, and was only discovered to be a woman after her death.

" I was having dinner in Uskub last night at the first restaurant I could find, and was just eating a Servian dish consisting of cabbage stuffed with forcemeat, when Sophia and three other soldiers entered. Despite her smart military, dapper figure there was something clean and fresh about her face that immediately arrested the attention.

" A few minutes afterwards I walked over to them, and after a formal ' Dobra vychèra ' presented myself to the party.

" Before I tell Miss Yovanovitch's story in her own words, I want to make it clear that I have had every detail verified, and that it is absolutely true.

" ' I was born,' she said, ' at Belgrade on January 26, 1893, and my parents were comfortably well off. My father and his parents at one time owned a great deal of land in Macedonia, and had suffered much at the hands of the Turk.

" ' He was keenly interested in any political movement which might help to achieve his ideal of a Free Servia.

" ' My father's one sorrow was that he had no son to whom he

¹ *Daily Mirror*, Wednesday, November 6, 1912.

could hand his rifle. When he was on his death-bed in September 1911, he called me to his side, and placing my hands over his heart, asked me to swear by his memory and our name that if ever the occasion arose I would take the place of a son in fighting the Turk.

“ ‘ I swore that I would so do, and ever after that oath was like something burning in my brain.

“ ‘ After passing examinations at a Belgrade secondary school, I obtained a post as correspondent, first of all at a bank, and then at the offices of the State railway. After my father's death, however, I opened a dressmaking business, as I like house and women's work better than office work.

“ ‘ When there was talk in September last of a possibility of war with Turkey, I twice wrote to the Committee of Public Safety, and begged them to obtain for me an audience of the King, as I wished to join the army. They replied that the King was very busy and that they could do nothing for me.

“ ‘ I was eating my heart out with grief, but, of course, could do nothing. Then one day I had a happy idea. I would approach the King direct. I waited until King Peter opened the Skupstina, and then approaching His Majesty implored him to let me serve with his soldiers.

“ ‘ The King was most kind. He told me to ask General Yankovics (now commanding the third army), and the next day I received a letter to take to the General.

“ ‘ By the time I got to Nish, where the General had preceded me, I found that he had gone farther on, but had left instructions for me. I was sent to Procupje, and there I was taught how to use a rifle, and was made a member of a komitadje.

“ ‘ After a fortnight's stay we moved on to Vranja. I then had my hair cropped quite short. I am afraid that I did mourn the loss of my hair, of which I had always been so proud.

“ ‘ At Vranja we waited for a few days for orders, and a day before the declaration of war we crossed the frontier. The komitadje at Procupje had only consisted of twenty-four members, but by the time we got to Vranja we were fifty strong. The forty-nine men were just like so many big brothers to me, but of course I did my full share of the work.

“ ‘ The commander of our band was Theodore Schobarawitz.

“ ‘ Our first fight was on the day before the declaration of war at Veyaglave (Veya's head), when a band of Albanians attacked us.

“ ‘ We entrenched ourselves behind a karaul (stone blockhouse) when the enemy fired on us. At the word of command I took aim and fired.

“ ‘ Afterwards I was hoisted on to the top of the blockhouse and threw a bomb at the enemy. There is something fascinating about the sound of rifle firing.

" ' The next day we marched on to Czematchouka, and there we had a long and severe struggle against the Albanians. Being town-bred, I suffered a great deal in climbing over the hills, and at Czematchouka I sprained my foot. This did not, however, prevent me from taking part in the combat.

" ' Since then the band which is attached to the Crown Prince's army (first army), has been busily occupied in acting as an advance guard against Albanians.'

" I had also a chat with Miss Yovanovitch's sweetheart, who is a fellow-member of the komitadje. He is an engineer, and told me that he is coming to England next year, and after a short stay there will proceed to the United States. Directly after the campaign the couple will marry."¹

The secret of the Servian successes may be summed up in a few words—perfect organisation and the marvellous spirit of the men. The advance to and taking of Uskub had been expected to be the work of eight weeks ; it took eight days.

" It should be remembered that the Servian Army of to-day is a machine which has practically been created in about five years. It owes but little to foreign instructors, though the bulk of its officers have received courses of training in France and Russia. The French military influence is fairly strong, but it is not too much to say that the Servian army is entirely a Servian product, reared and trained specially for the task it has now achieved. Its genius is General Putnik, who has had the satisfaction of seeing, while still in active service, the triumphant result of his genius unremittingly applied. He is the organiser of and the leader to victory.

" Opposed to the Servians was an army armed with German weapons, led by officers trained in German ideals of strategy and tactics. The Servians were armed with French rifles, and used French artillery and French powder. The numbers of men and guns on both sides are given at so many different totals that it is dangerous to set forth any figures as being reliable, but the Turkish artillery was, at the battle of Kumanovo, superior in numbers to the Servian. The result, therefore, is certain to cause searchings of heart and surprise in Germany. The Turkish artillery was hopelessly outclassed from the start, and the superiority of the Creusot weapons and powder conclusively demonstrated.

" True, the Turks did not manage their guns at all as they should have done, but even making allowance for bad working, the decisive victory is quite sufficient to make Germans ponder and Frenchmen rejoice. In fact, a number of Germans here are extremely uneasy at the failure, from one end of the Turkish position to the other, of an army 'made in Germany,' and made by such a brilliant soldier as Marshal von der Goltz.

" The Servian artillery alone might have won the battle of

¹ *Daily Mirror*, Saturday, November 9, 1912.

Kumanovo, but it was the cavalry which turned defeat into stupendous rout. The cavalry was led by Prince Arsène, a capable officer who has seen twenty-seven years' service in the Russian Army. He handled his force with brilliant precision and deadly effect, sustaining particularly trivial losses. He had a magnificent chance, and he took advantage of it to the full. Had he not pressed home the advantage, it is undoubted that the Turkish forces would have been able to offer serious battle on the easily defensible heights of Ovce Poli, where, indeed, the Servians expected to have to fight a tremendous battle. As it was, Prince Arsène not only turned defeat into rout, but made a further stand by the enemy out of the question. With His Royal Highness the supreme laurels of the battle rest."

As the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* wrote :¹

"In crossing the battlefield of Kumanovo, when most of the traces of the fight were still upon it, two things struck me forcibly. In the first place, on the German quick-firing guns, abandoned with the slaughtered horses about them, I noticed that the protecting shields were riddled as though they were of cardboard. Secondly, it was grimly tragic to see blank ammunition of all kinds lying about in disorder. Either that ammunition was not distinguished by any mark or, if marked, the soldiers did not have any idea of which was which. Before such gross carelessness, of course, the best plans will fail.

"I am not inclined, however, to attribute the defeat too much to bad organisation. The number of guns captured and the extraordinarily large quantity of stores which fell into the victors' hands showed that the Turkish army was undoubtedly a finely equipped force. It was lavishly equipped. There can be no other description. It should have put up an infinitely better fight.

"What, then, are the reasons for its downfall? Some authorities attribute it to the belief that the Turkish forces were badly fed. That may be dismissed. They had enormous supplies of food. Bread and flour were lying in tons at Uskub station. The town itself was provisioned as for a siege. Neither does bad generalship explain the Turkish rout. It required but elementary strategy to defend the splendid positions from which the Turks were driven headlong.

"The strongest reason is—the Albanian. The Ottoman forces consisted, I should say, of slightly under 40,000 men, strengthened by Albanians to a degree which cannot be accurately set down. Now there are two things which the Albanian fears—artillery and snow. The snow—'Beyaz Jandarma,' he calls it, and that means 'the White Gendarmerie'—drove him from heights he might well have defended to those lower down, bringing him face to face with the full fury of the Servian guns. I believe

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Wednesday, November 13, 1912 (Mr. George Renwick).

it is true, therefore, that the first to give way were several companies of Albanians. They became panic-stricken before the fire of the opposing artillery, and the panic quickly spread, the Servians pushing forward with relentless dash, and allowing their enemy no time to re-form. Here the officers of all ranks appear to have shown utter incapacity and cowardice. They lost their heads, and made no attempt to stay the retirement from the first positions. Later, in Kumanovo and Uskub, they changed into civilian clothes to facilitate their flight, and shouted to their men, as I was told by several persons who heard them: 'The Turkish army exists no more! Let him save himself who can!'

"Some are inclined to believe that the use of the Turkish army as a political weapon has demoralised it. It is hard to believe that that has had time yet to do deadly work in its ranks. The Turk, self-confident, has simply gone down before nations which, driven forward by memories of centuries of wrong, have risen in their wrath against him, nations which have, with Spartan sternness, prepared themselves for the task."

Encouraged by their successes the Servians now openly boasted that they would not only secure an outlet on the Adriatic, but that they would in the long run, annex Bosnia and Herzegovina to their Empire.

After the evacuation of Uskub, the Turkish troops were driven by the Servians from Kuprili towards Tetovo and Gostivar. At these points they for a time made a determined stand with a force of about twenty battalions with artillery. Their defence of Dibra, to the north-west of Gostivar, was especially vigorous, but on November 8 it was taken by the Servians after severe fighting, and the Turks fled to Monastir leaving their guns behind them. At Prilep the Servians had an encounter with the Turks, in which they lost 1500 killed and wounded, the Turkish loss being 6000. The ground was difficult, the railway communications inadequate, and the wounded suffered severely. Meanwhile the Third Servian Army was making its way slowly towards Durazzo over extremely bad roads. This movement, which was bringing the Servians to the coast of the Adriatic, was watched in Austria with the greatest jealousy.

The claim of Serbia to an outlet on the seaboard was founded on her historical rights.

These go back to the twelfth century when, on the death of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus (1143-1180), the Southern Slavs became emancipated from the Byzantine Empire, and formed two kingdoms, that of Serbia under Stephen Nemanya, a descendant of the Princes of Montenegro, and that of Bosnia under the Ban Kulin, which was dependent on Serbia. Stephen's possessions included Nish, Dalmatia as far as the Bocche di Cattaro, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Danubian Serbia. He founded the monasteries of Kilandjar on Mount Athos, and the Tsarska-

Lavra at Studenitza, where he and his successors were buried. He became a monk in that monastery, and died there in 1200. The Servians honour him under the name of St. Simeon. His successor Milutin (1281-1321) extended the Servian Empire over Macedonia, reached the Aegean at Kavala, and conquered Northern Albania. Under his son Stephen III. (Urosh) Dushan (1321-1355), Servia became an Empire and the mistress of nearly all the western provinces of the Byzantine Empire save Thessalonica, Chalcidice, and the Morea. Dushan even aimed at the conquest of Constantinople, in order to make Servia a naval power, but he was foiled by the Venetians and the Turks, who within a few months after his death seized Gallipoli (1356), closed the Dardanelles, and blocked the maritime route to Constantinople to the Slavs. The fall of Servia was as rapid as had been its rise. Murad I. (1360-1389) carried the Turkish arms through Thrace. Macedonia broke away from the Servian Empire under Vukashin, and Southern Servia, powerless to resist the Sultan, was struck down in the battle of the Maritza (1371). Northern Servia shared the same fate within eighteen years. For a moment its ruler Lazarus, who had allied himself with the King of Bosnia, dreamed of reconstituting a strong central power, but Murad I. was determined to terminate the conquest of the Balkan Peninsula, and on June 15, 1389, his victory at Kossovo laid the Servian Empire in the dust. We have seen how the Servian chief Balsha, a man of Frankish origin, seized Skutari and extended his Empire as far as Cattaro in 1367. His dominions, which included the present Montenegro, Podgoritza, Spuzh, Jabliak, the Isles of Lake Skutari, and the territory of Bari (Antivari), are the origin of Montenegro.

During the rule of the Nemanya dynasty (1189-1371) the coast towns of the Adriatic were the richest part of Servia. Cattaro was an autonomous republic, which, according to some authorities, was under Servian protection, though this is denied by others, until in 1371 it placed itself under Hungarian protection, and in 1420, from fear of the Turks, transferred its allegiance to Venice, becoming Austrian in 1797, French in 1805, and Austrian once more in 1814. Travellers who visited the country in the early part of the fourteenth century found the only stone houses at Cattaro, Antivari, and Dulcigno. Stephen Urosh II. and Stephen III. Dushan called themselves "Kings of the Maritime Region," and the latter, who occupied Vallona and for a moment held Durazzo, the ancient Dyrrachium, which since Norman days had belonged to the kingdom of Sicily, could rightly style himself King of Albania, though the Albanians seem to have detested his rule. Ragusa, save for a moment in 900, never passed under Servian rule. Antivari was an autonomous republic under Servian protection until, with the coast towns north of it, Spizza and Budua, it became Venetian in 1444. Thus Servia controlled

for two centuries the western extremities of the great road which traversed the Balkan Peninsula from the Adriatic to Constantinople, and became a rich state owing to her trade with the Black Sea and the regions lying to its eastward and to her silver mines, from which the wealth was drawn which under Queen Elena of Servia and her son Stephen Urosh II. filled the coast lands with splendid churches.

Such are the historical grounds on which Servia bases her claims to an outlet on the sea. A century of economic disputes and customs wars with Austria have taught Modern Servia that without such an outlet she can become neither rich nor really independent. To obtain one on the Aegean she must become involved in ruinous disputes with Bulgaria and Greece. To reach the Adriatic she must either form a close union with Montenegro or trample on the national aspirations of Albania, at the same time as she throws down the glove to Austria and Italy, neither of whom wishes to see a third maritime Power rise up on the seaboard of the Adriatic. M. Pashitch, the Servian Prime Minister, announced on November 24 that Servia would claim a strip of coast-line measuring thirty-one miles long between Alessio and Durazzo, which she would reach by annexing a portion of Central Albania extending eastwards to Djakova and Lake Ochrida. Such being the views of Servia, it is not to be wondered at that great excitement prevailed in Austria, which soon found a pretext for a very serious dispute with her southern neighbour, whose troops, as we have seen, were hastening to the sea across the snows of the Albanian mountains.

The Servians reached Alessio on November 17. Guided by friendly Albanians, the column managed to push its way through extremely difficult and mountainous country, where no troops had up till then been seen, without meeting with any resistance. Guns and gun-carriages had to be pushed through the snow, which at some points was thirty-nine inches deep. The cold was bitter, the temperature being from 10.4° to 5° Fahrenheit. In the inhabited districts the people were friendly and supplied the troops with food, but for several days the Servians passed through regions where there was not a single village and food was then very scarce. During the whole march, which was over a distance of ninety-four miles as the crow flies from Prizrend, only one soldier reported himself sick.

One who himself took part in the march with the Fourth Servian Army gives the following account of it:

"It was all rocky ground, either a stony expanse with ridges and ruts which we levelled with our greatcoats for the passage of the guns, or—what we preferred—a winding road round the mountains, often a mere shelf whereon two feet could hardly find room together, but which brought us forward quicker than if we had wide ledges whereon to halt and rest. It must have

taken us ten miles of clambering up and down and in opposite directions to get one mile forward. We suffered from 'black' hunger, as the men call it, more than once. One day's reserve rations had to suffice for three days, the convoy carts being far behind and below us. The pack-horses, owing to the narrow path, could be loaded only on one side, and a single animal could bring but seven or eight loaves; so that a 2-lb. loaf was divided among five. I cannot describe how very delicious was every crumb of this sodden, stale bread. We wished for nothing else. Meat would have been a bother to cook. Bread is really the one food that matters, if only there had been enough of it! We pressed the snow into our tin mugs, and held them next our bodies till it melted. It is astonishing how very few drops of water come from a mass of packed snow!

"When it rained the slippery paths caused more than one tragedy. Another time I would allow only men accustomed to mountain life to make these ascents. We could ill afford to lose either the brave fellows themselves or the arms and ammunition precipitated with them to the bottom of the ravines. While we were recuperating and awaiting the arrival of the artillery a sudden attack from Albanians cost us some lives. The enemy were posted in ambush right above us, and all we could do for the moment was to get out of range. Then we worked round and went for their right flank. In less than an hour they went off, frightened, I think, by the approach of our cannon, leaving twenty-two dead on the rocks. We were invited to pass through a friendly village, but it was out of our line of march, so the Servian inhabitants brought us food and provender for the horses to where we were camped. A whole ox was roasted, and the soldiers danced with the villagers and sang patriotic songs.

"There could be nothing more lonely than the rides of the next few days. Our Albanian guides took us through easier paths than we had yet found, but the absence of human life was uncanny. We came often on what they called a hamlet; it consisted of two, or at most, three, houses, all empty. I wish I could forget the dirt of these loathsome dwellings, evidently just abandoned. However, we were glad of the maize and egg stores we discovered, and of the imprisoned poultry. We made soup of some of these, and let the rest go free. The dismal crow of the cocks at 3 A.M. woke us whenever we passed a night near these hamlets. In their flight the owners either forgot the fowls, or locked them up, hoping to find them perhaps when they returned after our passage. When we got to the Mirdite country all was different. They feasted us and marched with us, meeting us in all cases without mistrust. There were plenty of Servian families, too. Elderly women came out to see us, and blessed us with the sign of the Cross. In some of their houses there were beautiful copper vessels and baking tins hanging on the walls,

like one finds in old-fashioned kitchens in Servia. The Albanians did not invite us inside their homes, but brought us presents, and ate with us in the Servian dwellings. Here, in Alessio, every Albanian I meet wants us to employ him as a gendarme."¹

"The Servians were extremely chagrined at discovering that the Montenegrins had entered San Giovanni di Medua a day before them. The condition of the Servian army on entering Alessio was wretched in the last degree, the men being hungry and ragged, and the horses in a pitiable state of exhaustion, many of them in a dying condition. An old Turkish fort at Alessio is being used as a gaol for Turkish prisoners, amongst whom small-pox and dysentery have broken out. Some days ago the Servian hospital at Alessio was crowded with 300 sick, lying on straw on the floor, and mostly suffering from pneumonia and dysentery, the result of exposure on the terrible forced march from Prizrend. In these regions extremely few Turkish wounded are brought in. Some people can guess what that means."²

Writing from San Giovanni di Medua on November 22, the special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* said:

"In this western area of the war there is the utmost activity now that at last the Servians and Montenegrins have joined hands and shared their sufferings. I witnessed scenes at the entry of the troops into San Giovanni di Medua and at Alessio showing the very seamiest side of warfare.

"Everything has conspired to make the lot of the men hard almost beyond endurance. The country they have traversed is wild and inhospitable to a degree, accentuating the trials and hardships incidental to every campaign. Forced marches, irregular, insufficient food, bitter weather, and sleep just when and where they could snatch it have all tended to reduce them severely.

"Indeed, in moving among the troops and seeing the life they are obliged to lead for the present, I have wondered again and again whether all the power and the glory the world could offer them would be any compensation for the price they are paying for victory.

"The arrival at San Giovanni di Medua took place after a terrible struggle across country like none other in all Europe. They traversed snow-clad mountains, struggled through muddy valleys, and waded and swam swollen streams.

"Then after being thirty-five days out from its base the right arm of the Servian army attacked Alessio on the southern side of the River Drin. It is this waterway which gives the town its value as a mercantile port, and the army reached it after a journey which wound up with a ten days' forced march.

"In expectation, the Montenegrin army had taken up its

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, December 4, 1912.

² *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, December 7, 1912.

position on the opposite side, separated by a very narrow wooden bridge. Nevertheless, so sudden and dramatic was the appearance of the first of the Servian force that the Montenegrins actually began to shell their allies ! Fortunately they soon saw their error.

" It was here at San Giovanni di Medua that I stood and watched the meeting of the troops. Cheers were raised by both armies, and the Montenegrins also fired volleys from their rifles—a favourite method they have of showing their feelings.

" Footsore, weary, and heartily tired of the war, they trudged to their quarters. A few cavalry were lodged in the captured Turkish barracks, but Montenegrins already filled to overflowing the handful of houses which compose the town. The remainder of the new arrivals had to spend the night on a strip of ground by the seashore.

" This night bivouac was a memorable scene. In the gathering darkness the Servians sorted themselves out into small groups and wearily went about the work of gathering material for fires and for setting up something, if ever so slight, by way of shelter.

" Soon the smoke from damp kindling began to rise above them, and wreathed itself in and out of the weary, huddled groups of men, some of whom, in their utter exhaustion, crouched close to the fires and fell fast asleep, forgetting for a brief space their unhappy plight. With their heads nodding against each other's shoulders, and wrapped up in a variety of coverings, they looked the picture of misery, worn out with marching.

" Even a ravenous hunger only kept some of them awake. Goats' flesh had been served out by the commissariat department, and this was cooked, or half-cooked, on roughly improvised stone grates. Many of the groups only waited till the flesh was warmed through, and then, snatching it from the smoke and flames, tore it into rough portions and devoured it eagerly.

" A little later, and this strange camp lapsed into silence. It was as little like an army's camping-ground as could possibly be. There was scarcely a single tent on the field to give even the impression of shelter ; but the still cold night settled down over the huddled mass of weary men who seemed in their heavy sleep to be quite indifferent to the pungent smoke that drifted hither and thither from the dying fires. Now and then there would be a slight movement as a man tried to find an easier position for his aching limbs by rearranging the stones on which he lay.

" Others, too, moved uneasily in their ragged and sodden uniforms, in a half-conscious effort to keep warm. Near by were their arms, piled in stacks about the swampy ground. My own quarters were none too luxurious, but when I awoke during the night and heard the rain steadily pouring I pitied the soldiers with all my heart.

"At Alessio I witnessed scenes, if possible, more vividly impressive than at San Giovanni di Medua. The roads at Alessio were quagmires everywhere, deep with mud and water, and reeking with the smell and refuse peculiar to a Turkish town.

"All the people seemed panic-stricken. Trade of all kinds was entirely suspended, the shops being closed and guarded by armed sentries. The Albanian tradesmen, who were thus shut out of their own shops, were clamouring for redress at the mayor's house. Many shops had been looted before these measures were taken, and I could here and there peep through the shutters and see the disorder of the ransacked rooms.

"I met an officer who told me he had had no proper sleep or food for a fortnight. From his appearance and nervous condition I could not doubt his statement.

"Nevertheless, his first thoughts were for his comrades in other parts of the area of operations, and he asked eagerly for all the news I could give him. When I had told all I knew of the way the fighting had gone he then told me something of his own privations and of those his men had endured.

"They had struggled over mountain passes knee-deep in mud, he said. In places the snow was replaced by slush. Wherever they had come in contact with the Turks they had found them stubborn foes; but even the Turks had been obliged to give way before the combined onslaughts of the Servians and the weather.

"Large numbers of Turks had surrendered all along the march, and once a whole body of 2000 had come in. They had to be sent away, as it was impossible to feed them!

"This officer's anxiety for his own people at home was very touching. 'I have heard nothing of them for a month,' he declared, and inquired closely whether communication could be established through San Giovanni di Medua. 'I can send nothing from Alessio,' he said, 'but if I could somehow get even a postcard through to my family I should be deeply pleased.'

"I offered to do my best for him at one point or another, and volunteered to take his letter. I was immediately bombarded by others, and had quite a batch of communications given me to post.

"Another officer came along as I left my first friend. He, too, showed signs of the dire hardship through which he had passed on the way. His once brilliant uniform hung on him like a shapeless bag, all splashed and blurred with mud, and dulled after many a soaking from rain and snow. His boots, too, were eloquent of his past trials. They had been good, serviceable boots when he set out, but the heels had been wrenched off in tramping the rough mountains, and he was now walking practically on the 'uppers.' Mud was thickly coating his puttees right up to his knees. But through all his discomfort, and in spite of all his weariness, the smile of victory shone on his face.



FERDINAND
King of Bulgaria

"As I talked with him I watched the rear-guard of the army come stumbling, straggling down the rough and steep mountain-side. They were guarding the transport sections, which were composed of a great number of pack-horses, each with its full burden. With them was the Red Cross detachment.

"These and other parties gradually concentrated in the town, every street of which was soon filled with soldiers. The inhabitants had kept for the most part indoors, and not a woman ventured into the streets. Now and then I caught sight of a figure behind a lattice-screened window.

"Numerous houses had been commandeered for the use of the army. Within these some strange sights were witnessed. Without a moment's delay huge fires were lighted, and the cold and weary troops gathered round it, in the centre of the room. Into some houses even horses had been taken, while in others pigs, sheep, and chickens were as numerous as the soldiers.

"So ended this race to the coast for possession of a port—a race that will probably make history. The march it entailed was responsible for a slackening in the attack on Skutari, but now that the coveted ground has been covered, the allied troops will renew their attack together on the hitherto impregnable fortress of Tarabosh."¹

On November 16 San Giovanni di Medua was occupied by the Montenegrins with three battalions of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and one battalion of volunteers. The muddy ground had occasioned them great difficulties.

From Alessio the Servians hastened to advance on Durazzo, about forty miles to the south, where, at that moment, the Albanian Provisional Government, under Ismail Kemal Bey, was installed. Durazzo is, as has been said, the ancient Dyrrachium, which played so great a part in the civil wars between Caesar and Pompey. It was the usual port of transit from Brindisi, by which Italian travellers reached the Via Egnatia, their road to Thessalonica and Byzantium.

Its Mussulman population was greatly disturbed, and Austrian steamers were kept ready in the port to remove the Christian population in case of need. On one of these the Sisters of Charity, working in the town, took refuge. The population detested the Servians. Some amongst the Christians would have welcomed the declaration of an Austrian protectorate, but others, together with the whole of the Moslems, were ardent Albanian nationalists, and these, on November 27, hoisted the Albanian flag, consisting of a single black eagle on a red field, on the Government buildings. The Turkish flags were lowered; such Turkish functionaries as would not recognise the new government were expelled.

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Thursday, November 28, 1912.

On the previous day the Servians had reached the village of Milot, only a few hours distant from Durazzo, accompanied by some hundreds of Malissori irregulars. A Commission, consisting of the Orthodox Bishop and three or four notables, accompanied by the Austrian Consul, was appointed to go over and meet them and to offer to surrender the town without firing a shot.

The Servians accepted the proposal, but did not actually occupy the town, though they encamped close to it, possibly on the site of that Asparagium which Pompey made his headquarters. Reinforcements of seven infantry battalions and one cavalry regiment, numbering about 7000 men in all, were hurried up from Prizrend, covering the distance of 106 miles in seven days, with no tents, and indifferent food, in awful weather. Yet a month later hardly a man was to be seen who looked pinched as the result of hardship, recruited as they had been by resting in a sunny valley with plenty of good food.

The coast-line which Servia claims as her seaboard on the Adriatic is thus described by my friend Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, one of the first European authorities on Montenegro and Albania.

"From Skutari," he says, "I drove by road—a Turkish road!—for about six hours to Oboti. It is Skutari's other so-called port upon the wild river Boyana, the long estuary of the lake combined with the old course that still takes about half the water of the Drin, the other half running out past Alessio.

"A Hungarian 'tramp' took me down the winding and violent stream, and out to sea. As far as I discovered, she had no cargo but bugs; yet she bumped upon the sandbanks, and was almost wrecked in the turmoil of breaking waves and furious currents at the bar. A few ramshackle huts and a ruinous Turkish office marked the port. Far to the south—some 35 miles away—I could just make out the long promontory of Durazzo, where Caesar was. It is about as bad as any other Turkish harbour now.

"I did not think that those wretched ports and that strip of fevered coast were so soon to be the danger-point of Europe. Are all the most intellectual peoples of the world to fly at each other's throats because a semi-civilised little country like Servia asserts a claim to this miserable gateway on the Adriatic, chiefly for the exportation of her hogs? It seems incredible; yet that very piece of coast which I saw from my 'tramp'—worthless harbours, fever swamps, and all—is just the thing that M. Pashitch, the Servian Premier, publicly claims as the 'minimum' of his country's demand. And it is just that 'minimum' which Austria resolutely refuses."¹

Whilst the Fourth Army was pressing on to the Adriatic, the rest of the Servian forces were busily engaged in driving the Turks from Macedonia. On November 23 the Servian Morava division occupied Ochrida without resistance. Patrols sent out

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Wednesday, November 27, 1912.

in every direction discovered no Turkish troops except remnants of those defeated at Florina and Resna, where Fethy Pasha was shot by one of his officers, who afterwards committed suicide. The Pasha had donned the uniform of a private soldier to facilitate his escape. The Turkish troops who escaped from Monastir were rapidly accounted for by the Servians and the Greeks. Dibra was taken at noon on November 26, after a desperate struggle with the Turks, which had rallied there after their flight from Monastir, and had been joined by reinforcements of Malissori and Arnauts. With the capture of Dibra the whole of Macedonia had been subdued. King Peter returned from Uskub to Belgrade on November 23, and was received with the wildest enthusiasm. His Majesty's return was taken to show that he considered the war in the western part of Turkey as finished, as before leaving Belgrade he had declared that he would remain with the army till it was completely victorious. The welcome offered to him proved that he had done much to inspire loyalty and devotion to the Karageorgevitch dynasty amongst the Servian nation.

But, for a time, it looked as if Servia would be summoned to face a war with Austria.

Whilst hymns of victory were sounding at Belgrade, at Vienna animosity against the Servians was rising to fever-heat.

As early as November 8 the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Belgrade had been instructed to inform the Servian Government that Austria was prepared to resume Count Andrassy's friendly policy towards Servia, if she resumed a friendly attitude and gave guarantees, and the German and Italian Ministers received instructions to inform them of the solidarity of the Triple Alliance, and to declare that the Triple Alliance would consider the arrival of Servians on the Adriatic coast as contrary to its interests.

Servia, however, thanks to the attitude assumed by the Pan-Slavists at St. Petersburg, defied all the Austrian threats, in reliance upon the eventual support of Russia.

Herr Prochaska, the Austrian Consul at Prizrend, was suspected by the Servians of stirring up the Northern Albanians to oppose their advance. Consequently when the Servians occupied the town they intercepted the Consul's correspondence with the Austrian Foreign Office, and placed him under close arrest in his house. This proved the last straw.

Servia had for years been irritating Austria by a policy of pin-pricks. If Servian pigs had been excluded from the Dual Monarchy, Austro-Hungarian manufactured goods had been all but excluded by heavy customs dues from the Servian markets. Servian intriguers had kept up a constant ferment in Croatia and Bosnia, and were the foremost to encourage the Southern Slavs in their dreams of a South Slav Empire. Thus the news from Prizrend fell upon very hostile ears at Vienna, and troops

were hurriedly mobilised both on the Galician and the Dalmatian frontiers. On the other hand, unofficial Russia openly supported the Servians in their policy of resistance, even though a peaceful solution of the dispute was not despaired of. All through November feeling was at fever-heat. An Austrian official who had been sent to Prizrend was not, it was alleged, allowed to communicate with Herr Prochaska; the report spread, indeed, that the Consul had been murdered by Servian soldiers, and the receipt by his wife of a picture post-card addressed in her husband's handwriting was not accepted by the Austrian authorities as a sufficient substitute for the missing official despatches. Rioting took place at Vienna, where a crowd of Servians who had assembled before the Servian and Bulgarian Legations, hooting Austria, were charged by the police. Rumours circulated that the Servians were massacring the Albanians and even their Turkish prisoners, whilst holding the Austrian Consuls prisoners in the Consulates in the districts they had occupied. An ultimatum might, it was thought, be presented any day at Belgrade. Russia hurriedly mobilised large forces in her Polish provinces, where a formidable agitation, aimed alike against Russia and Austria, was in progress, with a view to preparing the ground for a Polish revolt were war to break out between the two Powers. Still the Foreign Offices did not lose hope of peace.

Agitation was increasing in Dalmatia, where the Croat population at Spalato and Sebenico made extravagant demonstrations in favour of the Balkan States. Government dissolved the municipalities. In vain all the Great Powers used their influence to induce Serbia to exercise moderation; it almost looked as if she was speculating on the unwillingness of Austria to make war. At Buda the Emperor Francis Joseph was holding conferences with the Ministers and Chiefs of the General Staff of the Army, whilst the German and Italian Ambassadors were daily closeted with Count Berchtold. It was said that the Emperor had remarked, "We are in favour of peace; but not peace at any price. We cannot stand everything." Owing to King Peter's absence at the front the Servian answer to the Austrian Note was delayed. Military reasons were the excuse given for their refusal to allow Consul Prochaska to communicate with the Ballplatz. The *Reichspost*, as usual, did its best to stir up ill-feeling, and published reports that Serbia was entrenching positions near Semendria so as to threaten Austria.

Germany, however, was doing her best to hold back Austria from a policy of violence. On November 25 the *North German Gazette* published an article to the effect that the rumour that M. Sazonoff (the Russian Foreign Minister) had altered his views as to the harbour question was incorrect. This was for the simple reason that the Powers were unanimous in declining to take up a position beforehand with regard to any single problem relating

to the Balkans. The rumour that Austria-Hungary had mobilised five army corps was contradicted, and it was stated that she did not intend to present an ultimatum at Belgrade.

Germany was using her influence to induce Austria to adopt a proposal to hold a European Conference to solve all pending questions in the Balkans, and, on November 27, articles appeared in the Berlin papers to the effect that the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at St. Petersburg had had a very satisfactory audience with the Tsar, who was thoroughly convinced of Austria's peaceful intentions, and who now, therefore, endorsed M. Sazonoff's peaceful policy. News also arrived that Herr Prochaska was safe and well, and was on his way from Prizrend to Uskub, where he arrived on November 26 and conferred with Herr Edl, who had been sent there from the Austrian Foreign Office.

Opinion in Europe was now coming round to the idea that a European Conference should be held after peace had been concluded between the Balkan belligerents, to revise its terms in accordance with the interests of the Great Powers. Other conferences of competent authorities would also be held to discuss any proposals relating to financial interests, railways, and other similar questions. Proposals for an International Congress were made by England.

Austria-Hungary, however, was greatly inclined to dissent from any proposal to invest an international tribunal with power to adjudicate on matters deemed vital to the Dual Monarchy, such as the autonomy of Albania and the annexation of Durazzo by Servia. Russian military opinion was indignant at the refusal of the Tsar to go to war, and demonstrations in favour of the Balkan States had to be stopped by the police. Finally Russia allowed it to be understood that her military preparations were in view of certain internal disturbances, the outbreak of which there was ground for apprehending. Possibly the attitude of England contributed to induce a more peaceful feeling in Russia, for Berlin rumour stated that "when the decision was on the razor's edge, and a rupture of relationships between Vienna and St. Petersburg was to be feared, as, in spite of the disinclination of the Tsar and his Ministers, the war party seemed to have got the upper hand, the English Cabinet let it be known in Paris and St. Petersburg that England was not disposed to take part in a war which she regarded, under the circumstances, as purposeless and contrary to her interests. Germany, it was hinted, had been informed of this, and such a proof of confidence had given great pleasure at Berlin."

In an important debate in the Reichstag on December 2 the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, very clearly defined the attitude of the Powers as to the Balkan question, but his remarks were not heeded at Belgrade, where Russia, likewise, was making every effort to preserve peace.

The Chancellor said :

"Germany is not immediately concerned, and has no direct influences in the Balkans beyond economic interests. Should, contrary to my expectation, Germany's ally be attacked or threatened in her existence Germany will then be true to her ally and fight by her side."

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg did not mention either Russia or Servia, but this was unnecessary, as every one understood, and, with the exception of the Socialist deputies, every one applauded when the Chancellor added that he was sure that in this event the Government would have the nation at their backs.

A few remarks followed about Germany's attitude in the Turkish-Italian war, in which the Chancellor maintained that German policy had resulted in retaining the goodwill of the leading statesmen of both these Powers.

He concluded by expressing his belief that the active exchange of views between the Great Powers which was proceeding would have a satisfactory result.

In the discussion which followed Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter referred to the growing intimacy between Germany and England.

Austria was firmly resolved that the Servian troops should evacuate Durazzo, and all other Albanian territory at the conclusion of hostilities : to support her diplomacy she massed large forces in Southern Hungary destined to act against Belgrade and Semendria, and to invade the Morava Valley, whilst her forces in Bosnia and Herzegovina were to advance against Western Servia and the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar. Two armies were collected to hold Russia in check.

The first or northern army was to defend Galicia, and was concentrated in the fortified triangle formed by the towns of Cracow, Przemysl, and Tomaszow, the two former being fortresses of the first class. The rest of the province is a flat plain offering little resistance to cavalry. Here entrenchments were dug round the capital Lemberg and on the frontier, and vast stretches of wire entanglements were erected over the plain, in order to check the Cossacks, of whom there were many amongst the half million of men whom Russia, in answer to the Austrian demonstrations, had massed in her Polish provinces. A second Austrian army was collected in Bukowina and Transylvania to threaten Podolia and Volhynia, whilst a visit of the Crown Prince of Rumania to Berlin was followed by rumours of a partial Rumanian mobilisation. Rumania has not, indeed, forgotten how Russia deprived her of Bessarabia at the Congress of Berlin, and is, consequently, the faithful servant of the Triple Alliance. Moreover, she had already raised claims to receive compensation from Bulgaria for having remained neutral during the war. It was thought that she would support them by force of arms.

Russia, however, was most anxious to preserve peace, and used her utmost efforts to induce Serbia to give way.

In vain Russia warned Serbia that it was a dangerous delusion for her to suppose that Russia would champion her cause whether right or wrong, and endeavoured to induce the Belgrade Cabinet to reduce their demands within reasonable limits. Russia suffered the penalty of her diplomatic methods of former days. Serbia had not forgotten what King Milan once said, that when he was rebuked by official Russia for doing what he was recommended to do by her unofficial representatives at Belgrade, he always received a Russian star shortly afterwards. Serbia believed that she had nothing to lose and much to gain by a European war, and consequently persisted in her defiance of Austria, despite the warnings addressed to her by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg in a speech which gave satisfaction at Paris, and in which he said that the Triple Alliance was firmly united in carrying out its policy, although he was accused by the Socialists of having given a blank cheque to Austria. As regards the general policy of Germany the Chancellor said: "We hope that our friendly and active relationships with the Balkan States will be improved through their indubitable accession of strength, especially in economic respects. At the same time it will continue to be our object to maintain Turkey, after the conclusion of peace, as an important economic and political factor." French observers remarked that these words might well have been spoken by a French statesman. Yet Austria continued despondent under the influence of the suffering occasioned by her military expenditure, and the feeling "that the Servian abscess in the side of Austria must be finally eradicated" was spreading everywhere. However, both Austria and Italy were firmly determined to prevent the advent of a third power in the Adriatic. Three hundred thousand men were assembled in Hungary within striking distance of the Servian frontier; Austrian gunboats patrolled the Danube and the Save, and a flotilla of river craft was collected for the transport of troops.

Servia still refused to comply with the Austrian demands, and, since Austria appeared determined not to enter into a European Conference before she had come to a settlement with Servia, the outlook was gloomy. However, Servia professed herself ready to accept the decision of the Great Powers with regard to all the points at issue.

By December 4, German newspapers were announcing that the Ambassadorial Conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey would be held in London "as the most neutral town," concurrently with the peace negotiations between Turkey and the Balkan Confederation.

The *Tribuna*, a journal in close touch with the Servian Foreign Office, said on December 3:

"According to our information, not one member of the Servian Government has declared that Serbia waives her right to Albanian territory. Serbia maintains her old standpoint, namely, that what she needs is an outlet to the Adriatic Sea through her own territories. But Serbia respects the Powers, and is ready to meet their wishes and to accept their decision.

"Generally speaking, the attitude in Belgrade circles is calm and correct to-day, but, according to information from various sources, the war preparations of her northern neighbour and the latter's concentration of troops on the frontier are being carried out to such an extent and with such haste, that Serbia will find it necessary, in order to safeguard her interests, to make similar preparations, and unforeseen provocation from irresponsible factors on either side at any moment may render the situation far more serious."

Fortunately not only was Count Berchtold resolved to display the utmost forbearance, but M. Sazonoff and M. Kokofftseff did their utmost to persuade Serbia to keep the peace.

The situation as it stood upon December 8 was summed up by a foreign diplomatist at Belgrade, in the following terms to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:

"A foreign diplomat well acquainted with the situation expresses the following views:

"The chances of a peaceful solution of the pending crisis are increasing every day. Since Serbia has declared herself ready to accept the decision of the Powers concerning the issue to the Adriatic, all perils of European complications have vanished. Austria-Hungary having accepted the invitation to take part in the conversation of Ambassadors in London, has abandoned the uncompromising view expressed in the Vienna papers that the Adriatic question must be settled by direct negotiations between Belgrade and Vienna.

"Great Britain possesses the key to the situation, and her propositions will be accepted by all the Powers, including Russia and Austria-Hungary. The Russian propositions cannot have such moral weight, as Russia will be suspected of tenderness towards Serbia; but Great Britain being quite disinterested, occupying a central position and having the best relations with all the European Powers, possesses all the moral qualities as judge and arbiter in the present crisis.

"Great Britain's views will be shared immediately by Germany, France, and Italy. There remain Austria-Hungary and Russia, who cannot compromise their world position for the sake of a Servian port on the Adriatic. The Russian Government would be glad to find arguments to suppress the really dangerous Pan-Slavonic movements, and Austria-Hungary will be grateful to escape the perils of complications not to be foreseen. Austria-Hungary will abandon her uncompromising attitude, which may

hurt the feelings of the Slavonic population within her own boundaries, and alienate Russia, thus straining relations to the danger-point, when the bitter feeling created by the annexation crisis has not yet subsided. Austria-Hungary's most important interest is not to put a new thorn into the wound.'"

"Asked what may be the possible solution, the diplomat answered :

" 'Serbia will have a port, perhaps not Durazzo, but her own port, sufficient for her pressing needs. A narrow strip of land, enough for the construction of a railway, will connect the port with Servian territory. Albania will obtain autonomy, under the protectorate of the Great Powers. Such a solution will conciliate all interests, mitigate all jealousies, and assure the progress and freedom of all the Balkans and the peace of Europe.'

" 'But,' I said, 'Austria objects to a Servian port, alleging that Serbia is indebted to Russia, and follows the aims of Russian policy.'

"My interlocutor replied :

" 'Apparently it seems so, but nobody could be more resolute to defend their independence than the Balkan nations. Serbia is hampered in her development, and must lean on Russia ; but once she has shaken off yokes of every sort Serbia will go straight forward, led by her own interests. An understanding with Austria may come sooner than anybody expects, but that must be a marriage of love, a free choice, not by force. Evident proof may be supplied by the present war. In spite of the friendly but strong representation which M. de Hartwig, the Russian Minister here, made in favour of peace, Serbia resolutely declined to act upon it. No Cabinet could do otherwise, as war was decided on by the entire nation. No advice from Russia contrary to Serbia's interests will ever be listened to. Serbo-Austrian interests and mutuality are far greater than the mutuality of Serbo-Russian interests ; but Austro-Hungarian diplomacy must find words to touch the heart of the Servian people. By those words she would not only have safeguarded her economic and political interests in the Balkans, but secured the lasting friendship of Russia, who would be glad to divest herself of her armour as the permanent guardian of the minor Slavonic States, and be able to give her whole attention to the economic and cultural needs of her enormous population. Russia will be grateful to Austria-Hungary for such an opportunity.'"¹

Outside diplomatic circles, however, this optimism was not shared, and the situation was again considered dangerous, "in consequence of a petition presented to the King and the Government by the Servian merchants, who occupy a very powerful and influential position, urging that Serbia's claims for an Adriatic port be strongly upheld."

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, December 9, 1912.

Fortunately, however, the Prochaska affair proved to be far less serious than had been supposed in Vienna.

"According to trustworthy reports from Prizrend, the Prochaska affair seems to have been exaggerated. The facts seem to be that General Jankovics, one of the most intelligent officers in the Servian army, who has passed many years at Court, became very angry with M. Prochaska, owing to his failure to pay the usual visit after the surrender of Prizrend. The Consul was allowed to attend to his usual duties, with the exception of those which he is entitled to perform under the Capitulations, but he could not use the telegraph, which was entirely occupied for military purposes.

"On the other hand, investigation has so far failed to furnish any proofs of the Consul's personal agitation against the Servian Government, but sufficient proof is obtainable regarding the agitation made by the employés at the Consulate."¹

In due course the Austrian Government received the report of its envoy Herr Edl, and, in consequence of it, the tension grew considerably less.

In the Duma at St. Petersburg fiery speakers belonging to the Right, the Nationalists, the Centre, the Constitutional Democrats, and the Progressive parties joined in declaring that no war would be more popular than one in defence of Servia against Austria, that historical enemy which, as one speaker, M. Purischkowitsch, said, was "the monarchy of shreds and patches"; and the Belgrade papers declared that if "Austria went to war with Servia, she would have to exterminate the entire Servian nation before conquering it." But diplomats took a calmer view of the situation than did the journalists, and by December 8 it was known not only that M. Jovanovitch, the newly-appointed Servian Minister to Vienna, was bringing with him proposals which might possibly lead to a solution of the conflict, but that the Emperor William had remarked, "I do not understand the continual excitement and fear of war, as the danger of fresh warlike complications is finally put aside."

In the meantime the Ambassadorial Conference assembled in London under the presidency of Sir Edward Grey, and on December 21 an official notification was issued that, as a result of their conversations, the Ambassadors had recommended to their Governments and the latter had accepted the principle of Albanian autonomy together with a provision guaranteeing to Servia access to the Adriatic. Subsequently it became known that the Conference had recommended the neutralisation of the whole of the Albanian coast-line. But for the fact that the Russian representative had not received the necessary instructions from his Government, they would, at the same time, have recommended the neutralisation of the whole of Albania. The news was

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, December 9, 1912.

published simultaneously in the various European capitals, and was everywhere regarded as a clear indication of the accord with which the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance were working in their efforts to bring about a definite and permanent settlement of the Balkan question.

For a time the Servian question was at rest ; it continued so until it became merged in the larger questions concerning the delimitation of the Northern and North-Eastern frontiers of Albania, which for so long threatened the peace of Europe. Servian troops, in the meanwhile, continued to occupy Durazzo, where quiet was only disturbed by disputes with Italy, because the seamen of the Italian steamer *Caprera*, which had been placed at the disposal of the Consulate, were forbidden to communicate with the shore. Some surprise was excited by the appointment of Colonel Popopovitch, a regicide, as commandant of Durazzo, but it was explained that the appointment was necessary on account of the lack of officers, owing to the losses during the war.

Meantime the Servians despatched the bulk of their forces to assist Bulgaria in the lines before Adrianople and Montenegro in the siege of Skutari, where their presence occasioned many protests from the Austrian Government. Even though the Austrians began to disband their forces in Galicia, they yet continued to keep their reservists under arms in their provinces on the Servian frontier, and ill-will continued to prevail between Vienna and Belgrade. Servian diplomacy confined itself to an endeavour to obtain as many Albanian towns for Servia as possible. Ipek, Prizrend, and Dibra were readily conceded by the Conference, but great difficulties were raised about Djakova and the monasteries near it. Ultimately after much wrangling the district was left to Servia. In return for the concession Servia, as we shall see, eventually withdrew her troops from the lines before Skutari and from Durazzo, which was thereupon occupied by the Albanians, aided by Turkish troops who had left Skutari on its surrender.

CHAPTER XII

TURKEY

OCTOBER 17, 1912—JANUARY 9, 1913

IN October 1912 four hundred and fifty-nine years had passed since that fatal day when on May 29, 1453, the last Christian Emperor of the East, Constantine XIII., had laid down his life for his country and for his God at the Gate of St. Romanos, and Muhammed II. had proclaimed God and His Prophet from the dome of St. Sophia. Even in the darkest hour of their defeat whispered prophecies had assured the trembling Greeks who celebrated the Holy Mysteries in mean churches amongst the hovels of the Fanar that the Church of the Divine Wisdom would once more be restored to the Christian Faith, that the Crescent would give place to the Cross, and that the "times of the Gentiles" would have an end. The words in which Hebrew seers had foretold the restoration of the Jews to their cherished Temple at Jerusalem were applied by the Greeks to their own destinies, and all through the long centuries of Turkish tyranny the Faithful have never ceased to believe that these promises would one day be fulfilled. Some chronologists had explained that these "times" would end about the middle of the nineteenth century, and this belief had caused much excitement amongst the Greeks at the outbreak of the Crimean War. It is true that the result of that war was to give Turkish misrule a new lease of life, but her wounds were not to be healed, and the events of the last thirty years had made the hopes of the Greeks run high.

The rest of Europe believed that the Turks would be the victors. Only a few soldiers who knew of the work which had been done by the Balkan peoples in their efforts to prepare for the contest had faith in their success. The Turks themselves were confident of victory, and it is probable that their German instructors shared in their belief.

Who would be the first to take the offensive. Upon the offence everything depended.

I quote the estimate given by that most experienced and able judge, the military critic of *The Times*.

" For Turkey, as for the allies, all depends upon the fortune of war in the principal theatre. So far as we know, Bulgaria has raised and armed nearly 400,000 men, of whom conceivably there are 250,000 in the field army south of Stara Zagora, which is reported to be King Ferdinand's headquarters. With these there must be reckoned, until authentic reports come in, some 50,000 Servians, so that we can, until more accurately informed, place the main army of the allies at 300,000 men.

" On the Turkish side it is supposed that there may be 200,000 men on the line Adrianople-Kirk Kilisse, and that a steady stream of reinforcements, including troops set free by the peace with Italy, will cause these numbers to increase daily, whereas Bulgaria has said her last word and has nothing to fall back upon. To what extent the two main armies have detached force to right and left—for example in the Tundja Valley—and what may be the numbers of the general reserve of these armies we do not know, but the general character of the theatre of war conduces to some dissemination of force, and the strongest staff will be that which will resist this fatal tendency and bring up all available force at the decisive point.

" On which side will the initiative lie? It should be with Bulgaria, which is apparently ready first and is believed to possess a numerical preponderance, but if her concentration took place at some distance from the frontier and that of Turkey was more forward, Turkey may endeavour to secure the advantage of the initiative and to throw the main burden of war upon her enemy's provinces. Without questioning the merits of Bulgarian organisation, or the success of King Ferdinand's concentration, we cannot feel sure that the Bulgarian staff is capable of manipulating deftly these large masses. There are very few staffs in Europe capable of the task, and even they are only kept up to the mark by constant practice, which has not been open to Bulgarian leaders. It must also be said that the reported destruction by the Bulgarians of a railway bridge between Seimenli and Adrianople throws a little doubt upon Bulgarian intentions, and a preliminary defensive, however seemingly little suited to the situation in its broader aspects, must not be ruled out until our information is more complete. In such a defensive deployment many second-line troops, which are of scant value for offensive war, could be utilized, and as Moltke could be quoted as a partisan of this form of proceeding we must not entirely close our minds to the possibility of it.

" Nevertheless, a resolute offensive is always the best way of imposing our will upon an enemy, and we must incline to the belief that Bulgarian strategy is not unmindful of the fact. In this case we must suppose that orders for a general advance were given on October 18, and that, unless the Turks seize the initiative and advance, Bulgarian columns will cross the frontier within the

next few days. All along this frontier, and on both sides of it, advanced troops are doubtless holding every avenue of approach, and to some of the combats which will ensue we shall probably attach undue importance. The air will be cleared when we know where the chief efforts are being made, and, till evidence is given to the contrary, we must take it that the valley of the Maritza and the railway will remain the chief line of Bulgarian advance.

"A military nation like the Turks is quite capable of taking the initiative, even if inferior in numbers. To allow their old vassals to invade Turkey would be an insult to Turkish pride, and no one can deny that a first victory on Bulgarian soil would raise the fighting fury of the Turks to fever heat and would have moral and material consequences of great moment. From these tendencies there might result a series of encounter-battles—that is to say, actions in which each side takes the offensive—which would continue with varying fortune until the dominance of one side or the other became marked. From the point of view of ultimate success a Turkish delaying action until the forces from Asia Minor are in line promises best; but moral considerations dominate in war, and it remains invariably true that the offensive is the best means for enchainning the sentiment of superiority to the standards of an army. This is a maxim which von der Goltz and his officers are certain to have impressed most forcibly on their Turkish disciples."¹

It was long ere the Turks opened their eyes to the realities of the situation. Even after their defeat at Kirk Kilisse Nazim Pasha could telegraph that the situation was good, that the spirit of the troops was excellent, and that having received their reinforcements they were impatient to take part once more in the conflict. He added that there was every hope of success.

I have already described elsewhere the operations which led up to the Turkish defeat at Kirk Kilisse, but I must quote the account of the battle given by a German officer who was present at it on the Turkish side.

"General von Hochwaechter, who fought with the Eighth Division on the heights at Petra, gave the following account of the battle of Kirk Kilisse, as he saw it: 'The entire army was advancing, making steady but good progress. On the extreme left, at some distance, was the First Army Division, whose movements we did not know. Then on our immediate left was the Ninth Division. We were the Eighth Division, and in the centre, while on our right was the Seventh Division, now famous as Hilmi Bey's.

"The Eighth and Ninth Divisions moved rapidly, took up a good position, and held it throughout the heavy artillery duel lasting all day. When night fell they were in a good position, with half their work done, but the Seventh Division had evidently

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, October 19, 1912.

met the strongest Bulgarian force, could not keep pace, and had been left behind, so there was a gap on our right. Reinforcements were sent back to help the Seventh, and enabled it to make good its position and advance. The battle was therefore half-won, when, for some unknown cause, the whole army began to retire.

" " In a few minutes firing was general, and despite the darkness we poured lead into the enemy, whose rifle flashes were occasionally visible when the rain held off for an instant. Firing continued nearly all night. We were losing men pretty heavily, but were advancing. Finally firing ceased not long before dawn, and with the first daylight we fell to the ground for rest, having won the battle. But we were staggered to come not upon dead Bulgars, but dead Ottomans. Only gradually did the conviction dawn upon us that we had been firing on our own men and they on us.

" " The rot began with a weak Redif regiment of Asiatics out of condition, underfed, untrained, and practically without officers. Their panic communicated itself to the rest, and though every effort was made to hold the men—officers shooting their own men—there was presently a general pell-mell flight from Kirk Kilisse. I am here myself to get a new outfit, and shall rejoice my division.

" " I should like to add that there is absolutely no truth in the reports that Mahmud Mukhtar was a coward or clumsy ; he is one of the bravest and best soldiers the Turks possess, and, as you see from the telegrams, the reports that he has been recalled and disgraced are untrue.

" During the short time I was allowed to talk to some of the refugees from Kirk Kilisse, now sheltered in one of the mosques here, I gained a rather unreliable account of the flight of the civil population. It appears that when the townsfolk saw the Turkish regiments flying in panic back from Petra, the Mutesarif, the civil governor, thought it best to get the women and children away. He hurried all he could collect to the station and crammed them into a train standing ready. This action, prompted by the reports of Bulgar atrocities perpetrated elsewhere, was followed by the remainder of the townsfolk surging to the station.

" The train was soon overfilled, but just before its departure a crowd of flying soldiers, probably part of the garrison, arrived in panic, hurled the women and children out of the train, and took their places.

" My informant, an old man, said he saw babies hurled out upon the platform by the soldiers. A few women and some of the soldiers climbed upon the roofs of carriages. My informant had no idea of the numbers, but thought there were about twenty on the roofs.

" The train then backed out of the station, and in doing so

passed under a bridge. The soldiers and women were swept off the roofs, and all, except one, killed.

"My informant added that it took four days to reach Constantinople, and many during this time had nothing to eat, but in this he was mistaken, though it is undoubtedly a fact that slightly wounded soldiers who left Kirk Kilisse on a goods train were foodless for four or five days."¹

At first the news of the battle of Kirk Kilisse produced but little effect. The principal Bulgarian force advanced by the Kirk Kilisse-Visa wing, as being the shortest route. The Ottomans fell back so as not to be outflanked, and "as a result of King Ferdinand's proclamation the inhabitants of many Turkish villages have retreated behind the Turkish lines." The war correspondents were interned at Tchorlu. Bulgarian delays after the battle allowed the Turks to receive all the necessary reinforcements. Nazim Pasha telegraphed that the spirit of the troops was excellent. There appeared to be every hope of success. On October 29, 30, and 31, these hopes were laid in the dust by the great defeat of Lule Burgas, and the Turkish field army of Thrace was forced to fall back behind the lines of Tchataldja.

The capture of Buk, a railway station on the Constantinople-Salonika line, by the Bulgarians on Friday, November 1, cut off the Turkish Army of Adrianople from that of Macedonia, and the forces of Turkey were thus finally broken into fragments.

The special correspondents of *The Times* and of the *Daily Mail* with the Turkish headquarters were eye-witnesses of the battle of Lule Burgas, and I will not venture to add a single word to their most graphic description of the fight.

"Imagine a Salisbury Plain under a gigantic magnifying glass and two hostile armies lined up in front of each other a matter of 25 miles, and you can then picture the theatre in Thrace, where the Macedonian issue is, as the writer sees it, being fought out according to the savage arbitrament of arms.

"The Bulgars were a little slow in following up their initial success at Kirk Kilisse, as they had Adrianople to mask, and also to transport ammunition sufficient to make this battle possible. As it is, the possible failure of the ammunition on one side or the other may decide the issue. As the Turks were unable to concentrate in time to take the coveted initiative, and as the Kirk Kilisse screen was forced back, the four armies fell back, as already described, along an echeloned frontage which gave them a huge area of successive positions so like Salisbury Plain. This meant the abandonment of Adrianople with its garrison, computed at five weak divisions, and Lule Burgas railway junction, but the Turkish staff believe that the Adrianople invested force will yet play a decisive rôle.

"On Monday last the Bulgarians began to press the initiative

¹ *Daily News*, Saturday, November 2, 1912.

on the main roads leading by the shortest route to the Turkish capital. Of what happened against the Turkish right *échelon* of the First and Second Corps I cannot speak with certainty; but Turkish reports say that the Bulgarian initiative recoiled before Mahmud Mukhtar's seasoned troops. As for ourselves, on Monday the Bulgarians found an opening in the direction of Lule Burgas. Pressing in under unceasing artillery preparations they denied the occupation of the village to the 12th Turkish Division and the united artillery fire set the village in a blaze.

"Ahmed Abouk Pasha's army is now established on the line of ridges Bederkeui-Haraba-Umurtcha-Imranli. I am actually with the 12th Division on the Lule Burgas road. On its right is the 17th Redif Division, with the general reserves at Kutchuk Karishdiren.

"The corps of correspondents was conveyed to Tchorlu, and there kept practically under arrest. The merest trivialities of information were communicated, and all and sundry among the Turks were warned to have no communication with the foreigners. Our feelings can be appreciated when the roar of cannon 30 miles away warned us that the great issues which we had faithfully to report were being decided within earshot while we were immured in a Turkish village.

"Fortunately at this juncture our car arrived. Rain and the Turkish roads had delayed it three days on the journey from Constantinople. The stress had been so great that petrol for only 54 miles remained. In the Thracian villages naturally none was procurable. There was enough for the moment, and with skilful husbanding it would serve immediate needs. We had permission to push forward slowly, and that permission was enough. At the first blush of dawn we started the motor to the sound of the guns. Tchorlu was almost devoid of troops. The terrible necessity of the Turkish left had called every available bayonet to push forward, and no more battalions remained to aid the Mustahfiz furnishing night outposts and railway guards. Luckily there was a heavy frost, for those who mark metalled roads in Thrace upon the maps are either satirists or knaves. Half a kilometre outside Tchorlu the metalled road becomes a cart track, punctuated after rain with slimy mud-holes which defeat all wheeled progress.

"We pass through the night outposts. At first there are no signs of war, but there is the distant reverberation of gun-fire in the frosty air. Away over the rolling downs, and from the top of the next ridge we see what seems an army in retreat, but it cannot be so because it is being crossed by a horsed ammunition convoy which has marched all night in answer to an urgent call from the front. It is the first batch of wounded marching eastwards—lightly wounded, trudging through the cold across these dismal downs to where the railway can take them or some depot give them food. But they are not all wounded. To every

casualty there seem to be half-a-dozen sound men. What does it mean? It means that the Christian element in the Ottoman Army takes every opportunity to desert—but not the Christians alone, for the whole 40 kilometres form one continuous stream of malingering stragglers who have fled from the dangers in front of them.

“This is one result of the hasty mobilisation and the under-officering of the Ottoman Army. But, more remarkable to relate, the officers, who, like ourselves, are facing in the right direction, took no count of the stragglers but left them, unflogged and un-shot, to lose themselves on the route and starving to terrorise the countryside. No wonder the Pashas in the firing-line with the stanch troops are calling for reinforcements when battalions and companies of the second-line troops melt away by desertion like snowballs in the sun. When the time comes to draw conclusive lessons from this war, let the theorists who set store by citizen soldiers think of those attenuated battalions that lost Torgut Shevket Lule Burgas.

“Anon we struck the first convoy of wounded cases lying down. One’s heart bled for these poor fellows racketed over roads that bent even our springs, in bullock wagons. They were bearing their wounds with soldierlike fortitude; a captain, shot through the shoulder and biceps, supporting himself with difficulty on a weedy pony, told us about the fighting on the previous day. Lule Burgas, according to his testimony, had been a series of fire-fights only, and on his front the Turks held their own. He laughed at the Bulgarians’ shrapnel, but, pointing significantly to his wounded arm, admitted that their rifle-fire had been terrible.

“Nor was this tell-tale trail monopolised by combatants alone; the exodus of the Turkish peasantry continues to add to the difficulties on the lines of communication. They paddle along with their flocks and families, from frying-pan to fire as like as not, to be pillaged by malingering soldiery from Anatolia who know them not. Of such was the continuous stream on the trail through which we forged to the sound of the cannon booming louder at each mile we made. At Karishdiren we found the General Reserve, the Fourth Corps, with its battalions already marching off in answer to an urgent summons from the front.

“The noise of battle was now quite near, and we avoided officers of the General Reserve lest some officious staff officer should see fit to prevent our car from proceeding further. We found, however, our first field hospital here, and the medical officers told us the little they knew of affairs at the front. It is wonderful how impossible it is for any one to find out anything during the progress of a modern battle. At this juncture up galloped a staff officer whom the writer knew. He was harassed, very harassed, and admitted that the Bulgarians had found an opening at Lule Burgas, where the Turkish line was too weak.

'But it will not matter,' he said, 'Mahmud Mukhtar yesterday drove the Bulgarians pell-mell before him, and we have enough to hold on with here.' With a wave of his hand he was gone. I hope his optimism is well founded, but for my own part I almost expect the Turkish left to be nearly back at Tchorlu by the time this is in print.

"It was just before ten in the morning when I reached the point of vantage which gives a grand panorama of the whole of this portion of the great battle. The Bulgarian artillery had just opened fire and were bursting shrapnel all along the front. There seemed from the grouping of the bursts to be six batteries in action, though the fire was dispersed and it looked as if the gunners were not sure of their targets. There had been a white frost during the night and a haze overhung all the crests till nearly mid-day. Torgut Shevket's Division, which was in our immediate front, was admirably disposed, with firing-lines thrown out under every convenient cover on the slopes from the main position, but the Turks seemed to be weak in artillery. I could count only three batteries within range of my glasses, and these were all engaged in indirect fire.

"Due south of Lule Burgas the railway passes the river Ergene by an iron bridge with several spans. On the north bank is a large village surrounded by plantations. The Bulgarians evidently made this village their salient to break through the left of the 12th Division. Little by little the crackle of small-bore rifle-fire began to increase on this front until suddenly it was evident that the enemy were trying to turn this flank. A Turkish battery on the left of the line opened a rapid fire, while two battalions from the support moved out to join the battalion already responsible for this front. It was really a heavy attack, but even before the supporting troops had come up the Turkish infantry entrenched at the bridge-head had dealt with the invaders' first essay to establish themselves on the permanent way. I was much interested by the way the Turkish supports moved into position. Wave after wave, in loosely outshaken lines, they worked with callous movement up to the position and then took cover to form firing-lines. Men dropped here and there, but there was no checking and no confusion. It was a methodical facing of death.

"The attempt to turn this flank, however, was but a side issue. Fearful things were happening on the direct front of the 12th Division. Here the Ottoman troops held an almost unending ridge of downland. About the centre were twin tumuli, and the bulk of the Turkish artillery supports were grouped on the reverse of these mounds, while a division was pushed out on the slopes towards Lule Burgas. As far as I could see, but little spade work had been done, and the troops had to find such cover as the natural conditions of the position supplied. These troops had fought heavily all yesterday, and as the enemy had been pressing them

since morning their casualties had been very heavy, and towards noon Torgut had need of reserves. Consequently company after company was pushed over the hill-brow to fill the gaps torn by the Bulgarian shrapnel and rifle fire. The Turkish brigades held their ground nobly, but the Bulgarian batteries had found the range and lashed them with salvos of sweeping shrapnel. They staved off, however, each attempt which the Bulgarian infantry made to steal ground. But dull and obstinate as they were, the Turks were becoming shaken, and shortly after noon the Pasha feared that the Bulgarian infantry might successfully be launched upon them, and the reserve and every spare unit which could be swept in by the field *Gendarmerie* were massed behind the twin peaks, while the sweating gunners worked their pieces as rapidly as the subtle mechanism would support; nor were the answering pieces slow to join in the dreadful revelry, and the wicked shrapnel of the Bulgarians ground in upon the devoted Turkish infantry.

"It was, however, clear that the Bulgarians on this front were too strong for any defence the Turks could make. As Abouk Pasha had already called up for general service the corps in support (17th Redif Division), there was nothing left for Torgut Shevket. Every available train was bringing up troops of sorts from Seidler. These were marching to the guns, but Ottoman troops do not march hot-foot, they work out their military destiny at a saunter.

"At one o'clock in the afternoon Torgut had withdrawn his guns and dissipated the strength he had collected for a counter-stroke. In ten minutes, perhaps fifteen, the guns were clear excepting those left in position, which held on gallantly; then the division began to fall back.

"It seemed as if the Bulgarian gunners had been expecting it; from under cover the Bulgarian guns opened on the concentrated Turks in a furious *rafale*. In all my long experience of the miserable scenes of war I have seen nothing finer than the retirement of the Turkish infantry. Just as the men sauntered into action so did they saunter out beneath this scathing punishment.

"There was no mass formation in the retirement, it seemed as if suddenly the whole downland had become peopled with men in hundreds, but they were all shaken out in a wonderful extension, and seemed to care nothing for the rain of metal which swept down upon them, nor, *pace* the gunners, could I see that the fearful halo-burst of shrapnel did any great or even considerable execution amongst these men whose steps it could not even hasten.

"This was the best the commanding General could do for the Twelfth Division at the moment. The Constantinople Brigade was not looking quite so bright and burnished as it does for a *Selamik*, but still looked firm and determined to take the first real chance offered. I waved to several of our friends from Tokatlian's and the Pera Palace, and wished them *bonne chance* as they trotted by to the sound of the guns. It did not look, however, as if their

chance would be to-day, for the Bulgarian infantry must be as battle-weary as are the Turks.

"The journey from the front would deserve a description of its own. It is always pathetic to be behind an army while fighting, but rarely have I been so moved as by the groups of wounded painfully toiling on their way back to the railway line. Almost without intermission for nearly 30 miles we overtook these unfortunate victims of this struggle of nations. In some cases the wounded were lying down, in others they were in bullock-carts, and the agonies that these poor fellows suffered were readable in their lack-lustre eyes, for to lie in bullock-carts over Turkish roads must be one unending agony for those unfortunates nursing their shattered limbs.

"Hundreds were dragging their weary way on foot, and seemed to have had no food, and as there was not a single habitation by the roadside for nearly 20 miles, their only hope of cover and relief was from the supply columns and field hospitals halted on the forward march. The way was replete with both, but Turkish field hospitals consist mostly of bearer companies, and its transport carries no nourishment for the hundreds that must fall by the way in this desperate encounter."¹

Mr. J. Ward Price, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, wrote describing the aspect of the battlefield :

"What lies before our eyes is this : We are standing by the car in the middle of an absolutely bare grass plain with not so much as a bush to break its dull green monotony. To the north-west, straight ahead towards the town of Lule Burgas, one looks across three shallow waves of land before a blue ridge, three miles distant, climbs up against the sky to close the vista.

"Above this ridge and on the slopes on this side of it, where the Turkish supports are sheltering, the Bulgarians' shrapnel is bursting in white balloons of lingering smoke.

"Follow the line of this first little valley in front out to the left and you see plainly through glasses the iron railway bridge over which passes the line from Constantinople to Adrianople. That bridge marks the extreme left of the Turkish front, which stretches away north-east for 30 miles in an almost continuous battle line to Visa. The Bulgarians are making a fierce effort to turn this left flank, in full sight of which we are standing. That railway bridge over the river is the key to this flank engagement.

"Look closely through the telescope. The sun is so warm that the heated air trickles across the field of view of the glass like running water. You can just make out a long line of Turkish heads in the trenches at this end of the bridge.

"Quite plainly you see the firing-line strung out on the shoulder of that slope of plough land lying nearer to us. There are the pack-horses, with the boxes of ammunition, grazing in a sheltered

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, November 5, 1912.

valley on this side. Strain your eye through the haze. There, right beyond and on the other side of the river past the blue-grey railway bridge, are two black points moving across a yellow patch of maize stubble. Two men on horseback? No, they are splitting up. They are four men on horseback—Bulgarians.

"How slowly they move! They must be in the full field of fire of those Turks lining the ridge of the plough. Now they are gone again.

"That soft black column of smoke westwards along the line from the bridge marks where Lule Burgas railway station is burning. It was set on fire by shells probably.

"It is now one o'clock. The infantry that were lying on the reverse of the slope next to the long billow of the plain have been closed up and are moving along the valley towards the left flank to meet a Bulgarian attack which is evidently developing in the valley beyond out of sight.

"They just saunter slouchingly along in no sort of formation, hands in pockets, rifles slung on their shoulders. But they take care to keep under cover of the slope of the hill and they get to their position, which are the main things.

"They do not get there without loss though. They must have had to cross a neck of sky-line which we, from our greater height, cannot distinguish.

"There is one of them down.

"He just lies there quite plain in the circle of the telescope, a shapeless green khaki lump on the bare hill-side. Now another. Wounded evidently, for he lies stretched out flat and three of the little khaki figures come and kneel round him.

"Two Turkish guns on the same slope where the infantry were have been slewed round to the left too, and are firing very rapidly. First there is a momentary patch of golden flame, then the sharp stab of the report comes up to us.

"The rifle-rattle now is loud and far-spread. The Bulgars are attacking that left flank furiously. Rest the telescope on the side of the car and sweep it round to the right. The most conspicuous features are two tumuli (hillocks) about three miles away on the crest of a low swell of ground. There are troops sheltering on this side of them. Officers riding by us on the way to the Turkish General Reserve three miles back say that Torgut Shevket Pasha is commander of the army corps there, with Prince Aziz as divisional commander.

"One officer said that Abdullah Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief, was at Amurdza, which must be near the tumuli we see. The army corps engaged at this end of the Turkish front are the First, Second, and Fourth Corps, and one division of reserves. There is a cavalry division in reserve, as we saw later.

"The Bulgarians are evidently attacking vigorously near those tumuli, too, for the supports start going up to the sky-line.

"It is now two o'clock, and we have sixty-five miles of atrocious road to cover before we reach Rodosto, from which port this despatch must be sent to Constantinople by steamer, as it is impossible to telegraph from the front.

" 'We are drawing off a little here,' said an officer riding by, 'but farther to the right we are advancing rapidly. Yesterday we drove the Bulgars pell-mell across the River Ajali up there to the north.'

"We started back towards the rear, and had crossed the first ridge when we saw a whole division of cavalry and several battalions of infantry coming along from the right flank to reinforce the left. A regiment of lancers led the way.

"They look like Constantinople Lancers; and suddenly there is Selim Bey, a young, fair-haired lieutenant I have often met in Constantinople. But this stubble-bearded Selim on a spirited black horse is scarcely to be known for the well-groomed young cavalry 'blood' with whom I was sitting at table a fortnight ago. He takes a cigar with almost a shout of joy. 'I assure you,' he says, 'cigars are a detail in which our equipment has been lacking for a long time.'

" 'We are going to reinforce the left,' he answered to my question. And off they go at a trot, perhaps to sacrifice themselves in the way that has always been the pride of cavalry."¹

Mr. Ward Price writes:

"The wreckage of an army is not a pleasant sight. There were bandaged heads with the blood staining through the lint in sickly shades of green and yellow. An old man astride a little barebacked donkey was trailing one bare foot wrapped in a crimsoned rag; a young fellow on a horse was held up by two other cripples on either side, his head drooping on to his right shoulder with an unnatural twist.

"It was almost uncanny to think that it was the agreeable Bulgarians with whom I had been staying six weeks ago who had smashed and broken and savaged the sturdy Turkish peasants into these faint, limp, drooping-eyed wrecks who lay on the floor of the carts just as they had happened to fall when lifted in. And all in the cause of progressive decentralisation in Macedonia!

"The fortitude of these Turks is wonderful. I saw two men with bullet wounds in their legs who had limped thirty-five miles, one, groaning at every step, being helped by a wounded friend, the other alone, using a rifle as a crutch.

"We saw Tchorlu on a far hill by the light of a pure sunset of flaming gold that filled the hollows of the plain with violet shadow; while above the silver evening-star shone in a pale green sky. The grim warfare of men could not mar the peace of Heaven."²

¹ *Daily Mail*, Saturday, November 2, 1912.

² *Ibid.*

But the horrors of the final retreat to Tchorlu were even more awful. The correspondent of the *Daily Express*, Mr. Alan Ostler, contrived to escape from the Turkish officers told off to look after the special correspondents at Tchorlu, and fell in with the army which was falling back from Lule Burgas. It was the fourth day of the fighting, October 31.

"I camped on the open plain, and rode north again towards the sound of gun-fire before the dawn.

"In the half light, as I followed the broad track that dips and rises over endless prairies towards Lule Burgas, I met column after column of soldiers, carts, wounded men, and baggage-wagons retreating south, as I was told, to Tchorlu. They gave me, in snatches, stories of the battle. The big guns, they said, had hammered at each other for three days; and of the Bulgarian cannon the Turks took three on Tuesday, but at a frightful cost. One entire Turkish battalion was wiped out. The Bulgars, they say, fought under cover of woods and hillocks; but the Turks were exposed upon the naked plain. The number killed outright seems really to have been enormous; and the Turks say that the enemy showed no mercy to wounded men.

"Lule Burgas has fallen, so they say. I think it must be true, for here, in this deserted, ransacked village within seven miles of it, I can no longer hear the guns whose voices were so clear last night. The sound has shifted eastward and a little south, as though the Turkish batteries near Visa were now engaged. And still a broad, grey stream of Turkish soldiers come pouring down the road.

"All the inhabitants of this village have fled, and their poor houses are filled with soldiery. Such sheep and oxen as were not driven off were promptly killed and eaten by the hungry troops. Men wrap the still warm, undressed hides about them against the keen morning air, and plunge their frozen hands into the hot blood. Forgotten furniture, cushions, carpets, lie in confusion in the street, littered with straw and garbage and the entrails of slaughtered cattle.

"I took possession of an empty farm and stabled my horse in the granary, whence soldiers, laughing gleefully, still bear off heavy loads of barley. In a kind of pantry I found onions and cobs of maize, and boiling them in a bucket breakfasted by no means ill. We found eggs in a warm corner of the rick-yard. The soldiers ate them raw. A week ago this was a quiet, orderly little village, and this farm wherein I write was dwelt in by some fairly prosperous peasant farmer. Now he is fleeing to the south, with children, wife, and servants huddled in a slow ox-cart; and all the homely treasures that he could not take away are flung out into the midden.

"The heavy boots of the soldiers trample mud into the clean deal flooring of his best room. Soldiers, squatting round his open

kitchen hearth, roast mealies or toast kabobs on cleaning-rods at a blazing fire whose smoke befouls the quaintly patterned ceiling. His dog, surly and afraid, snarls half-heartedly at the intruders, whom he cannot drive away. But the old house cat, grey with shabby fur and tattered ears, stretches contentedly in the sun upon the low-tiled roof, licking the side of her paw and blinking unconcernedly upon the Turkish retreat.

"If you draw a line from Lule Burgas to Bunar Hissar and thence to Visa, you have marked the position which the main army took up a week ago.

"Now look for the little village of Sakis Euren, seven or eight miles south-east of Lule Burgas. The road that runs through it to Tchorlu is literally crowded with retreating soldiers and baggage-wagons. The air quivers with the concussion of incessant heavy firing on three sides of the plain. Our fan-shaped front is now not more than fifteen miles from wing to wing, and all the horizon is clouded with the hanging smoke, that rises like snow-white puff-balls, then slowly spreads and seems to form a layer of dirty wool across the sky.

"Directly north of us the rattle of rifle-fire—it sounds exactly like the drawing of a walking-stick across a wooden paling—seems to be drawing steadily nearer. Already it sounds sharper, more distinct than when, a few minutes ago, I dismounted to write this. Over on my left—westward, that is—I can see and hear a tremendous artillery duel that is going on across a shallow valley. Our own batteries are hidden from me; I only see the jumping puffs of smoke, followed quickly by the detonation. But on the opposite side of the slope the Bulgar batteries are clear enough. I can see the scarlet flash and the smoke-rings from the cannon-mouths; and, long after I have watched these, the boom of the explosion reaches me, not with the staccato double echo of the nearer guns, but with a kind of muffled roar.

"Our outlying companies are pouring back from the gentle slopes on which they have been stationed due north of Sakis Euren. And from two sharp hill-crests very little further west puffs of white smoke, leaping almost every moment into the air, show where the Bulgarian batteries have advanced to take up new positions. They are firing with bursting shell. One sees a soaring smoke-cloud suddenly split with a flash like that of a heliograph. A galloper has just dashed across to where our guns on the west were answering the Bulgars over the valley; and already the sound of firing has ceased, and our men, distant brown specks, are coming across the yellow prairie-ground towards our retreating column. It looks as though our retreat to Tchorlu is to be cut off.

"I have ridden some two miles north-east of Sakis Euren—towards the sound of the rifle-fire. For some reason there has

been no firing on the extreme right, and very little on the left ; but here the din is truly terrific. Most of it is the noise of musketry ; but every now and then the heavy boom of cannon crashes through the sharper sound.

" This is that exasperating kind of country whose configuration constantly leads one to expect an uninterrupted view from the next horizon. So one rides forward, only to find that what one wants to see is taking place about two miles farther on yet, with still another ridge just hiding it from view. It looks as though a whole army division were coming in retreat over the sky-line immediately in front of me.

" The firing has absolutely ceased for the moment, so evidently another great Turkish force has been again dislodged.

" Men are taking up positions in open order across about three miles of this hill-slope. The next men whom I see on the sky-line will be Bulgarians.

" A thick, steady column of smoke to the north-east shows where shells—whether Turkish or Bulgarian I do not know—have set the little village of Bedirk (?) on fire.

" Our guns are fighting hard to hold the sky-line till the endless retreating columns shall have reached safety over the southern rim of the plain. If the Bulgarian batteries can be placed on that long ridge that makes the northern horizon while the Turkish troops are still in full view on this coverless, featureless prairie our losses will be too terrible to think of. So far, with ear-splitting din, our batteries have held the enemy in check, but from the doubled vigour of the attack one would imagine they can hardly hold out for another hour.

" The infantry now filing past me is that whose rifle-fire I have been listening to all the morning.

" The Turks are now defending the ridge on which I am writing. In fact, I have had to move aside some two hundred yards because a Turkish battery has occupied my post of vantage. I find it hard to write, because my servant has gone and there is no one to hold my horse, who is made restive by the firing of guns at such close quarters.

" Some village on the right is ablaze. I think it must be either Achmedhai or Tatarlik. Dense columns of black smoke are pouring up and moving slowly down-wind towards us.

" A gun about a quarter of a mile to the right of me has been struck by a shell. The ammunition has blown up with a fearful detonation, tongues of flame and vast smoke-clouds hiding the gun itself from view. Through my glasses I see the grass burning rapidly, leaving widening black patches here and there.

" The Bulgars are getting into position over the crest in front.

" They are getting the range. Fountains of brown earth and stones are leaping up in front of our guns, and the shrapnel is bursting right over us.

"We have retreated again, and apparently the Bulgarians are not sorry to rest. Their fire has ceased."

By riding hard all night Mr. Ostler reached Tchorlu at two o'clock in the morning on November 1.

"The retreat that I have seen is a far more terrible thing than yesterday's fighting.

"The Turkish lack of organisation of any kind is responsible for scenes far more horrible than I have any intention of describing. Suffice it that I have seen literally hundreds of wounded men, many of whom dragged themselves over ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles, only to die at last by the roadside.

"In all the fighting, neither I nor any other correspondent has seen a single trench dug or earthwork raised. The men have had to face the Bulgar shells without an atom of cover.

"And when hundreds and hundreds of them have been wounded, not a single stretcher has been forthcoming to take them to a place in which they could be medically treated. I have seen no field medical service near the firing-line, and only two groups of hospital tents, one at Karishdiren and one near the railway station at Tchorlu. And neither of these, I should say, could possibly accommodate more than a hundred patients.

"And so, all through the night I rode down a crowded road among the slow ox-carts, in a procession haunted by ghastly spectres, bearing fearful wounds and dragging themselves painfully along with pain-bright eyes and teeth hard shut upon their agony. Worst of all, because of the badge I wear, I was instantly mistaken by these poor wretches for an officer of the medical staff. They implored me to help them, to fetch carts on which they might be carried, to give them some warm wrapping against the awful cold, and, most of all, to give them food and water.

"Many—nay, most—of the Turkish troops who have been fighting since Monday have not eaten anything for two days.

"No tents have been provided for them. The greater part of them sleep in the open.

"Throughout a ride of more than twenty-five miles I passed through scenes of misery which, I think, have sickened me for ever of war. Dead horses and oxen lay on either side of the road; and dying men crept close beneath the bodies for a little warmth. Some tried to make fires with wood broken from abandoned wagons.

"There are one or two narrow stone bridges, crossing turbid streams. And over these bridges the whole retreating force must pass. So that there were great crowds of men and horses and oxen, jammed fast in these narrow ways, struggling in the darkness, trampled on, and flung into the waist-deep black slime by those behind. There was not a pontoon to be found for the crossing of any of these almost impassable bog-streams, whose banks were trampled into really dangerous quagmires. Yet I

have seen at least four pontoons—here, at Tchorlu, twenty miles from the place in which they are needed.

“An officer bringing up reinforcements during yesterday’s fighting discovered that the position supposed to be occupied by the force he was to join had been evacuated some two hours earlier.

“The Turkish officers themselves admit that there is no organisation. There has been no time, they say. Yet they are confident, or appear to be confident, that matters will be straightened out before it is too late. They talk already of successes on the right, at Visa, where, it is said, Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha has turned the Bulgarian flank.

“There may be truth in this. It seems to be borne out by the fact that the expected attack on Tchorlu has not been delivered. And already the smartest Turkish troops I have yet seen—5000 or so Asia Minor regulars—have been hurried up here from Rodosto.

“These are the only rays of hope in the gloom that overhangs the eastern army. And that gloom is deepened by the fact that rain has now set in—pitiless, cold rain, against which those battered, starving, mutilated men I saw last night can find no shelter.

“The night is wet, and bitterly cold. The narrow filthy streets are filled with shivering soldiers. They are starving. They are trying to break into the houses. Here is a picture of one of them: an unshaven, hollow-eyed man, with blood caked on his cheek, with a mangled hand wrapped in a bloody rag. He sobs to himself quietly with cold and hunger, hugging his drenched grey coat about him, and huddles wistfully against a window that is shuttered against him and his kind.”¹

We may well be reminded of the triumphant lines in which Aeschylus tells of the retreat of Xerxes’ beaten army through the very deserts which saw the downfall of Turkish rule in Europe:

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ. *κάντεῦθεν ἡμᾶς γῆς Ἀχαιῖδος πέδον
καὶ Θεσσαλῶν πόλιν, ὑπεσπανισμένους
βορᾶς ἐδέξαντ’· ἐνθα δὴ πλείστοι θάνον
δίψῃ τε λιμῷ τ’· ἀμφοτέρω γὰρ ἦν τάδε.
Μαγνητικὴν δὲ γαίαν ἥδ’ ἐὼς Μακεδόνων
χώραν ἀφικόμεσθ’ ἐπ’ Ἀξίου πόρον,
Βόλβης θ’ ἔλειον δόνακα, Πάγγαιόν τ’ ὄρος,
Ἥδωνίδ’ αἶαν· νυκτὶ δ’ ἐν ταύτῃ θεὸς
χειμῶν’ ἄωρον ᾤρεσε, πῆγνυσιν δὲ πᾶν
ῥέεθρον ἁγροῦ Στρυμόνος. θεοὺς δὲ τις
τὸ πρὶν νομίζων οὐδαμῶς τότε ᾗχετο
λιταῖσι, γαίαν οὐρανόν τε προσκυνῶν.
ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλὰ θεοκλυτῶν ἐπαύσατο
στρατός, περᾶ κρυσταλλοπήγα διὰ πόρον.*

¹ *Daily Express*, Tuesday, November 12, 1912.

χῶστις μὲν ἡμῶν, πρὶν σκεδασθῆναι θεοῦ
 ἀκτίνας, ὠρμήθη, σεσωσμένος κυρεῖ.
 φλέγων γὰρ αὐγαῖς λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος
 μέσον πόρον διῆκε, θερμαίνων φλογί·
 πίπτον δ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν· εὐτυχῆς δέ τοι
 ὅστις τάχιστα πνεῦμ' ἀπέρρηξεν βίου.
 ὅσοι δὲ λοιποὶ κᾶνυχον σωτηρίας,
 Θρήκην περάσαντες μόγισ πολλῶ πόνῳ,
 ἤκουσιν ἐκφυγόντες, οὐ πολλοὶ τινες,
 ἐφ' ἐστιοῦχον γαίαν· ὥς στένειν πόλιν
 Περσῶν, ποθοῦσαν φιλτάτην ἥβην χθονός.

AESCHYLUS, *Persians*, 488-512.

Messenger. And thence the plain of the Achæan land
 And the Thessalian cities received us
 Pining for lack of meat. 'Twas there most died
 Of thirst and hunger, for both these were there.
 Thence weary and want-worn we journeyed on
 Through Magnes' land and Macedonia's realm
 To ford of Axios, Bolbe's marsh reeds,
 And the Pangæan Mount, the Edon's home,
 When in that very night the God aroused
 Untimely winter and the rushing stream
 Of hallowed Strymon was fixed fast by frost.
 Then he who erst, when thinking of the Gods
 Esteemed them naught, poured forth his prayers and fell
 Grovelling in reverence to the Earth and Sky.
 Then soon the army stayed its litanies
 And passed over the ford congealed in ice,
 And he, indeed, of us, who ere the rays
 Of the great God were shed abroad, set out,
 Found himself saved. For when the sun's bright round,
 Flaming in splendour, passed through his mid course,
 Blazing with fiery strength, he fell upon
 The others; then the happiest was he
 Who speediest left behind the breath of life.
 And all the rest, on whom the lot of life
 Had fallen, pressing through the Thracian waste,
 With toil that out-toiled toil, at last did gain,
 Flying from Death, a handful not a host,
 Their hearth-land; thus the Persians' city mourns
 Her best-loved youth, who rot on Grecian ground.

Want of organisation was the cause of all the Turkish disasters. Her German advisers had committed every blunder which had been perpetrated by the French before the war of 1870.

"My recollection of the campaign will always be of bleak plains, with a rabble of disordered soldiery slouching from one horizon to the other across them, but always towards the rear. There were officers who had lost their men, men who had lost their officers. There was no discipline, no plan. Bullock-carts were jostling ammunition wagons. Wounded men were limping by the side of empty ambulance tumbrils.

"Straggling knots of men with their belts full of unfired car-

tridges were halting when they liked and going on when they liked. No one was in command of them, and they did not know or care to what unit they belonged or where they were going. I never saw one regular formation of troops for the march anywhere within twenty miles of the front.

"The food supply was as hopeless as the rest of the gigantic muddle. One flat loaf of rye bread, 8 inches across, had to last each man four days. Certainly it was the most delicious bread I have ever tasted.

"One thing did strike me. Among all the expressionless, trudging thousands I passed as they crawled eastwards I saw very few Nizams—the troops of the first line, the part of the army with the best and most modern training. The fugitives were nearly all the untidy, bearded, parchment-skinned peasants of the Reserve. Quite a number of them were armed with old Winchester rifles.

"One can only suppose that the majority of the Nizams had stayed and got killed. And as many reservist battalions had only eight or ten officers to 700 or 800 men, there were not enough to hold them in the firing-line.

"As for the ghastly lack of efficient transport for the wounded, it would need a Zola to describe the horrors endured by the men hit in the battle. I asked a medical officer how it was that the only wounded I saw were injured in their limbs. 'Because those hit in the body die,' he said.

"Worst of all, it seems that there is no spirit, even of despair, among the Turks. No preparations are being made to defend the Tchataldja lines before Constantinople except the concentration of masses of half-fed, weary soldiery there.

"Here in the capital are two possibilities of disorder: one a revolution of the Young Turk Party against the Government, the second looting and pillage by the hungry Turkish soldiers falling back. I saw in my wanderings last week dozens of ransacked cottages belonging to Turkish peasants who had fled before their retreating compatriots. At least half a dozen villages were burnt out within twenty miles of which the Bulgarians had not approached."¹

"The Army Corps have not one-half of the officers, or one-third of the non-commissioned officers that they should have. Moreover, the state of mind of the officers is alarming. They are courageous enough, but have no confidence. They talk of dying at their posts, but not of victory. As to the qualifications of the officers holding the chief commands, they have distinguished themselves in Leagues or Committees and were not chosen for their military ability."²

Yet the Turks were still confident of their power to come

¹ *Daily Mail*, Monday, November 11, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Friday, November 1, 1912.

out as victors in the end. A circular sent out by the Porte on November 4 to its representatives abroad said:

"The object and intention of the Imperial Government being always pacific it was in order to defend itself against the four Balkan States that it had recourse to arms, notwithstanding the fact that its military preparations were incomplete.

"The Imperial Government is firmly resolved to employ every effort to safeguard its rights, but seeing that these efforts necessitate a greater sacrifice of men the Government, in order to spare the shedding of further blood and to furnish a fresh proof of its love of peace, invites the mediation of the Powers with a view to ending the war."

The Turks in vain attempted to make a stand at Tchorlu, but were driven from it, and retreated in haste to the lines of Tchataldja. Had the Bulgarians been able to advance at once it was thought on November 1 that they would have entered Constantinople by November 10.

The causes of the Bulgarian delay were explained by the military correspondent of *The Times*.

"The exhaustion of the Bulgarian armies after their splendid efforts is natural enough, and the bold character of their tactics has probably involved heavy losses and immense difficulties in the disposal of the wounded. The question of ammunition is also very likely serious, for the expenditure during seven days of continuous combat must have been great. The Bulgarian soldier carries 120 rounds in the three pouches of his equipment. The pack ponies or battalion carts carry another 40 per rifle, and the ammunition column 90. This makes 250 rounds, which are not more than enough for three days' hard fighting, and it is not at all improbable that a deficiency of gun and rifle ammunition has been experienced. The countryside has also been deserted by the inhabitants, and supplies must be scarce, while the communications are long and the roads have been bad. The Bulgarian fortress artillery is not known to possess more than 50 Canet and Krupp guns of 12 and 15 centimetres, besides a few 24-cm. Creusot guns, and this is little enough to make an impression upon the solid defences and large armament of Adrianople, let alone Tchataldja.

"Now that the Turkish Army in Thrace has been decisively defeated, these things may make no difference to the final result, but they may help to explain the delay which Lieutenant Wagner excuses. We are still without news of the garrison of the lines and of its present armament. There should be 200 guns in the lines, and working parties should be at work night and day to dig trenches, prepare obstacles, and cut down the forest in front of the right centre of the position, where it is weakest. By damming the Kara Su, the broad and open valley in front of the strong centre of the lines should be made impassable at this

season of the year, but between things that should be done and things that have been done there is probably a wide gulf. A British general with 50,000 men in the lines, three days for preparation, and the power of large reinforcement from Asia Minor would think of anything but surrender, and even if the Turks have lost heart they have the strongest political motives for continuing the defence to the bitter end."¹

"The battle of Lule Burgas was, though the Turks would not believe it, a death-blow to their hopes of victory. When the news reached Constantinople panic reigned supreme. The population were maddened with the stories of outrages perpetrated upon the hapless Moslem peasantry. Men began to throw the blame for their disasters upon Germany. A state of siege was proclaimed at Constantinople upon October 30.

"The inhabitants have been ordered to be in their houses at 10 o'clock. The semi-official reason given for the adoption of this measure is the passage of prisoners through the streets during the night, but the real reason they have tried to convey is the threatening attitude of the troops near the capital and the Mohammedan population, particularly the law students, who are calling for the massacre of the Greek population.

"The Christians have been quietly arming themselves recently, and it is no longer doubtful that panicky conditions are beginning to prevail.

"The excitement of the Mohammedans is doubtless due to the fact that, despite all the efforts of the Government, news of repeated Turkish defeats brought in by fugitives has gradually percolated, and the condition of the temper aroused is much as I indicated would be the case a fortnight ago.

"The Government Press is frankly warning the population that any excesses will result in the prompt appearance of foreign war-ships in the Bosphorus.

"In the meantime arrangements for feeding the troops are practically broken down. A mutinous spirit prevails, especially among the reserves, and it is said that the troops sent up the line towards headquarters at Tchorlu had nothing but uncooked flour for a week.

"The railway service is disorganized. The troops coming from Smyrna had during a five days' journey only some lumps of hard biscuit and water. One man, on a boat crossing the Bosphorus from the Anatolian station, explained that he had two broken teeth, and had been unable to bite the biscuit provided, and that the water given only sufficed to moisten it a little.

"The men who fled from Kirk Kilisse assert that when trucks with bags of flour arrived the soldiers ripped open the sacks and stuffed the raw flour by handfuls into their mouths.

"The disorganization of the railway service is vouched for by

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, November 5, 1912.

officials of the line. They complain that the Turkish military authorities have no idea of the capacity of a single line. Trains are rushed up the line at insufficient intervals, resulting in some very serious accidents.

"As for the fighting at Kirk Kilisse, the majority of the wounded officers even have but the haziest notion of what happened. Here is one incident related by an infantry captain :

" ' We had Bulgaria's Ottoman subjects impressed for service. On the day I was wounded we were in a hollow north of Kirk Kilisse, facing an unknown force of Bulgars. Suddenly, as the bullets began to spatter around, two of the Bulgar Ottomans blew the signal for prayer. Our men wondered, for it was not the time for prayer, but thinking it might be a signal to receive some food they squatted down, and instantly a hail of bullets came from the rapidly advancing Bulgars, and the men became disorganized. Despite our efforts, it was impossible to avoid a hurried retreat. A search soon disclosed the fact that the Bulgar Ottomans had escaped to the enemy.'

" If it can be credited the account of the capture of Kirk Kilisse as told by fugitives is still quainter. It appears that during the night the local Governor awoke, and noticed that there was no longer a sound of firing. He made sure that this was a Bulgarian ruse, but the Bulgars had actually passed the forts and were at the gates, so he gave the alarm. In a few minutes a panic-stricken horde of soldiers, civilians, officials, women, and children were bolting for the station, where they boarded a train which was standing ready. The alarm spread to the garrison, and the way in was opened to the Bulgars.

" It is, however, asserted by the Turkish wounded that the Bulgars themselves did not comprehend the sudden silence of the forts, and they also presumed that it was a ruse of the enemy's, and fell back upon their entrenchments before the city.

" It was at this time (not, as reported here, two days later) that Hilmi Bey made his magnificent dash with one division to save the situation—*i.e.* to fill the gap along the Ottoman first line of defence. His dash was a forlorn hope, for the whole Ottoman line, from east to west, had been weakened by the gap, and obliged to fall back.

" Accounts of what happened to Prince Aziz's division are conflicting. Here is one story told by survivors : Aziz had sent out cavalry to look for Bulgars. Twice they returned reporting that they had been unsuccessful, a statement which was perfectly correct, because the Bulgars, suspecting the ruse, had actually fallen back. The third time the cavalry reported being in touch. Aziz moved his division in a semicircle, and a few minutes later the rifles were pouring death into Mahmud Mukhtar's men, who had been mistaken by the cavalry for Bulgars. The result was a wholesale panic.

" Lest it should be supposed that all the atrocities committed must have been recorded, I must mention certain things told me by eye-witnesses now in Haidi Pacha Hospital. A cavalry officer, wounded during the advance into Ottoman territory which was temporarily repulsed, told me he rode with the troops through five Ottoman villages whence the Bulgars had just retired. There came out to meet him women and children who had first been maltreated and then mutilated. In all five villages every woman had her right hand cut off, and others had their noses slit, whilst the children had their fingers sliced. Everywhere the houses were burned. Doubtless the Bulgars' object in perpetrating these horrors, if they are true, must be to drive panic into the inhabitants and drive them back on the Ottoman lines and so produce confusion. This, in fact, is actually happening. It appears that the Bulgars, as they advance, disarm the Mohammedan population and arm the Christians, making the latter responsible for the temporary government. They thus avoid having to leave large bodies of troops behind to maintain order.

" It is freely asserted that the Krupp guns are in no way equal to the Creusot gun possessed by the Bulgars, and that the German-trained officers are responsible for the defeats.

" The latter fact doubtless is partly due to the abolition, under the new regime, of rankers, who were closely in touch with their men and understood by them. The German-trained gentlemen-officers are not understood by the troops, therefore they are not followed so readily.

" In Macedonia the Turkish officials admit that the day is going against them. On the other hand, it must be remembered that there is still a strong unbeaten army between Uskub and Salonika.

" At the beginning of the war the Ottoman force here was estimated at 150,000. Supposing this is decimated as reported, it must still be 80,000 to 100,000, concentrated between Istib, Kuprulu, and Strumnitza. The men coming from Smyrna yesterday told me that they were under orders to leave to-day for Salonika. It is doubtful, however, if the coast line is still working. It was impossible to bring Abdul Hamid here overland, and it was feared that he would be captured by the Greeks if sent by sea. I am told that a German ship was asked to assist, and that accordingly she left on Sunday to fetch Abdul Hamid, much against his will, to Constantinople."¹

By Thursday, October 31, the refugees were crowding into Constantinople.

" The long procession of troops to the European station has well-nigh ceased; guns, horses, and, above all, victuals, are taking the place now of grey-capped troops in the station-yard; for the infantry regiments from Asia are being moved across

¹ *Daily News*, Wednesday, November 6, 1912 (C. Tower).

country to the Black Sea coast to protect the last line of defence, and particularly the Constantinople waterworks at the head of Derkos lake. If and when the Bulgarians lay a stick of dynamite there the end is at hand.

" Meantime, there is another kind of procession to be watched by the red-fezzed idlers at the bridge-head. Through the narrow lanes of Stambul, up and down amongst its close-shuttered houses, winds a straggling procession of the most pitiable of mankind—the refugees. Watch these that come from the goods train just arrived at the station. Mostly they are women, and almost all carry a dirty, half-starved, half-dead baby in their arms. Some stagger under huge loads that would tax the strength even of the famous Galata porters—mattresses tied round with a fragment of rope, and on the mattresses a copper cooking-pot, a bundle of little clothes, a pair of shoes, a bit of embroidery, but never one scrap of food. These are they that fled from Kirk Kilisse; and for many it is the second flight, since to Kirk Kilisse they fled from the villages north of it. Some that carry no babies have left their babies behind—dead on the platform, where Turkish soldiers hurled them to make room for themselves. A buffalo-cart passes, piled high with an indiscriminate load of women, children, and luggage. You note that of these women many go unveiled, some because they had no veils when the panic struck them and they fled, some because they are actually Bulgarian Christians. Let it be placed to the credit of Islam that for these, too, there is provision made.

" Now climb the cobbled road to the Osmanié Mosque. There are groups of young boys lounging against the high encircling wall. They will not talk much, but if you ask whence they came, they reply, 'Kirk Kilisse,' and having spoken they lounge back again against the wall and watch you with mild, incurious eyes. For you, too, in your outlandish clothes and cloth cap, are one of the things that Inscrutable Fate has apparently ordained.

" There is a good-natured military policeman at the gates, and, aided by the name of a London newspaper, writ in Turkish on a white arm-band, you pass him unhindered. For the policeman has much respect for something written in Turkish, though he probably cannot read the words. Inside the great courtyard is an Embankment scene translated into Turkish. A few old men have flung a blanket round their rags, and are trying to get some comfort from fitful sunshine. Else they are huddled, men, women, and children together, under the wall that shelters them from the north wind or in the great porch or under the colonnades with their porphyry pillars. There are family parties established with the scant belongings saved in the flight in the recesses of the porch. The great doors are open, and you may look through into the building, half in darkness, since the women must be

protected from the eye of curiosity, but struck across by one ray of intrusive sunshine. It may or may not be accident that the sunshine lights up for the most part the heads of women.

"I was seeking vainly for the customary shoes to put upon my infidel feet, when four guardians of the temple fell upon me. My interpreter explained that the presence of women forbade my entry. I produced documents with stamps on them and the names of dignitaries of all sorts (it had taken me two whole days to get those documents, working hard for more than my fair eight hours), but the Flaming Swordmen were inexorable. Thus far I had been permitted to intrude, but no farther. So I turned to the children and the old men in the porch, and began to question them. One old man was garrulous or inventive, I know not which, and I was delightedly making notes and distributing chocolate and cigarettes, when there arrived from the dark recesses of the mosque some veiled women. They spoke a few winged words, and the children dropped the chocolate and the men dropped the cigarettes (although the latter dropped my presents where they could afterwards be recovered), and incontinently all fled, and left me and my interpreter in sole possession of the porch. 'It is better that we go,' said the interpreter. 'The women say you are a kind of demon, and your presents are poison.' I was bound to laugh, though indeed it was pathetic enough, so we fled from the precincts, the dirty, unsavoury, gloomy precincts, and, returning to our carriage, drove away to the bridge and the steamboat that should take us to Haida Pacha, and the magnificent military hospital."¹

Mr. Alan Ostler, the correspondent of the *Daily Express*, who had himself been hurried along by the retreating Turks in their wild flight from Lule Burgas, had the honour of an interview with the Sultan, to whom he described the pitiful condition of the refugees.

"I told him of the awful devastation of the country through which I had ridden, every village being empty of population, and in most cases burnt.

"'Practically the entire population of Eastern Turkey is coming to Constantinople,' I said. 'The people have piled their belongings on bullock-carts and are blocking the roads for 15 and 20 miles at a stretch.'

"I pointed out to His Majesty that thousands of wounded soldiers from the army were mingled amongst the hordes of villagers.

"'All are starving,' I said, 'men, women, and children, for no food of any kind is available.' It was impossible for me to describe adequately the misery and suffering of the refugees.

"I impressed on His Majesty the urgent need for some prompt organisation of relief measures, unless these hordes of famished

¹ *Daily News*, Tuesday, November 5, 1912.

and terror-stricken people were literally to starve to death at the gates of the capital.

"The Sultan was visibly much troubled as he heard my story.

"When at the close I told the Sultan that I intended describing the conditions I had seen to the readers of the *Express*, His Majesty grasped my hand and thanked me personally with great warmth.

"I learn this evening that efforts are to be made to ship as many as possible of the fugitives to Asia, but there is a great lack of organisation.

"Already the starving hordes that are surrounding the city have brought dysentery with them, and unless something is done immediately a famine on a scale never before experienced will result. With the army itself unfed, it is impossible to feed the fugitives, and myriads must starve to death."¹

Such were the practical results of the work of Marshal von der Goltz and the German Military Mission to Turkey. The naval advisers of the Turks were Englishmen.

The Turks are excellent diplomatists, and a note to the Turkish representatives throughout Europe was soon despatched to emphasise the Ottoman love for peace, to invite the mediation of the Powers, and to explain that the disasters of Turkey were due to the fact that the Turkish lamb had been caught all unprepared by the savage wolves from the Balkans. Time, however, was fighting for the Sultan and the war would go on for a long time.²

The morrow of the despatch of that note, Tuesday, November 5, was for the European population of the capital a night of terror. As yet no warships were at hand except the weakly-armed "stationnaires" or European guard-ships which at all times lie in the Bosphorus for the use of the Ambassadors. All men prayed for the presence of the English fleet off the Golden Horn.

"The situation in Stambul is hourly getting more dangerous.

"Last night was one nobody here is likely to forget. We knew that the situation was dangerous, and the delay in sending the cruiser was inexplicable, particularly as it was stated that the Turks themselves had suggested the measure.

"Here in Pera we were comparatively safe, but a nameless fear held, and still holds, the foreigners across the water, especially regarding those who have not yet arrived from the outskirts of the city. We were flying ere we knew from panic in the night. Towards nightfall small bodies of defeated troops began to enter the city. The men were cowed by defeat, but desperate with hunger, for they had been fed last nearly eighty hours previously. They were rain-sodden, and filled with the conviction that their defeat was due to the Christians who had enlisted with the Turks.

"We knew, too, that the Kurdish volunteers had marked their road to the Black Sea ports with a long line of horror, and

¹ *Daily Express*, Monday, November 11, 1912.

² *Daily News*, Tuesday, November 5, 1912.

they stated that many thousands of others were arriving. At any moment one nervous person firing a pistol, one excited Greek making an unwise observation, might provoke an appalling massacre. The first to suffer would be the Christian Ottoman subjects, on whom the Turks lay all the blame of their defeat.

"A Turkish officer lying wounded in Gulane Hospital—a man trained in Berlin—told me that all the disasters had been caused by the Christians in the army and the Bulgarian Komitadjis within the Turkish lines. He manifestly believed the statement, and a similar conviction, even more forcibly expressed, exists amongst the lower classes.

"To show how easily disaster may ensue I will quote one instance of last night.

"Just before dusk some Greek fishermen in a sailing-boat near Galata Bridge shouted to a companion some congratulation on the Bulgarian victories. Suddenly a caique slid alongside, a Turk swung himself aboard the fishing-boat, a knife gleamed, and the Greek fell overboard dead. One second later a revolver cracked twice, and the Turk and his companion in the caique fell. Immediately revolvers were at work all round. Thirty-six Greeks and Turks were killed and wounded before a police boat shot out of the darkness. Then a bayonet gleamed, and the tumult was suddenly hushed.

"It was a night of terror. Even here in Pera women ran at the noise of a falling iron shutter, and the crash of a broken plate-glass window in the Grande Rue sent passers-by scuttling for doorways. Throughout the town only one question was asked, 'When does the English Fleet arrive?' When we replied that only one cruiser was coming and that she would not pass the Dardanelles until daybreak people stared and shivered.

"Nobody inquired for Russian, Austrian, French, or German boats; it was always the British Fleet for which they asked, in shop and counting-house, in hotel and drawing-room, in Galata, Pera, and Stamboul. Not until yesterday had I realised the magic that enables the White Ensign to calm people half-crazy with the terror that walketh in darkness.

"Let me add that I believe that the Europeans, anyhow in Pera, are safe from all except the sudden knife of some maniacal priest. The Government has issued rescript after rescript, warning the population of the dire vengeance that will fall on them, their Empire, and their faith, if one hair of a European's head is injured; but these warnings will not protect Christian Ottomans.

"The situation is such that the Government have not dared to publish the admission that they have asked for the intervention of the Powers as a last hope. Their efforts now are to keep the beaten Militia away from the city, and prevent a panic such as occurred at Demotica, where they could only be quelled at the bayonet's point.

"It is impossible to obtain a reliable account of the fighting which preceded the retreat to Tchataldja. A Turkish army surgeon describing the fight at Tchorlu, which seems to have been the last stand, said to me yesterday: 'I have seen battlefields before, but never yet saw a field which was so entirely covered with dead, and, worse still, wounded, for whom there is no possible succour at hand. It was simply an appalling shambles. The Bulgarian fire was annihilating, and our troops, once retiring, could not hold together. They were mowed down like grass.'

"One of the old-time rankers, lying with a shattered leg at Gulane, said to me: 'If you want to explain our defeat, say that we had no commandants. We were shepherdless, guideless, and foodless.'

"When I turned to a private, wounded at the capture of Lule Burgas, asking his experience, he said, 'Fighting began and lasted for ever and ever. Then I was wounded, and was glad, as I had been fighting for five days, when a rifle bullet smashed my knee-cap.'

"Appalling scenes are to be witnessed at Gulane Hospital, which only takes the worst cases of the 25,000 wounded men already in the city, and they are only relieved by the charm of the Turkish ladies, who have put off a lifetime's traditions with their yaschmaks, have donned Red Crescent dresses, and with nuns are washing and tending the wounded, including Bulgarians.

"Amongst the fugitives here is an Ottoman Christian school-master of Monastir, one of the leaders of the anti-Turkish movement in Macedonia. Knowing that the Turks in Monastir would kill him first in the event of a massacre, he fled from the city at night-fall, when the Servian guns were heard near. Travelling afoot all night, he hid in the forest during the daytime. He had only one loaf of bread, and drank rain-water when he saw it glistening in the puddles. Walking by night and hiding by day, he finally reached friends, who smuggled him into Salonica. On the arrival of an Austrian-Lloyd steamer, he swam out to her boat before she touched the shore, and threw himself on the protection of the officer commanding. Finally, as he climbed later up the gangway he turned and threw his fez into the water with an exclamation of disgust.

"Official arrangements have been made that in the event of any disturbances in the city all members of the British colony are to be sent on board the two ships that have been detained for the purpose of embarking refugees.

"Similar arrangements have been made for the subjects of other European Governments.

"Hopes are entertained that before the end of the week an armistice may have been arranged."¹

After the evacuation of Tchorlu, the Bulgarians pressed on for

¹ *Daily News*, Thursday, November 7, 1912.

the coast of the Sea of Marmora. Their objective was Rodosto, a large commercial port, lying 75 miles west of Constantinople, with a population of 25,000, of whom 13,000 are Turks, 6000 Armenians, and 4000 Greeks.

At Rodosto the Turks could disembark reinforcements from Asia Minor. On November 10, the Bulgarians who had been concentrated round Lule Burgas received reinforcements of Serbs, and at once advanced, seizing Tchorlu and the hilly country north of Rodosto, and finally occupied the village of Kavalli so as to cut the communications between Tchorlu and Rodosto. By a daring raid their cavalry rushed the Turkish cavalry barracks north-west of the place, and drove in the outposts.

The garrison of Rodosto was composed of a few Kurdish irregulars, gendarmes, Mustaphis, and the remnants of the third infantry regiment which had suffered terribly at Lule Burgas. The Kaimakam had fled a week before, but a deputation of Turks and Greeks who drove out from the town for six miles on the Muradli road to offer the surrender of the place did not meet a single Bulgar. However, the Government sent the warship *Masudia* with a few half-starved soldiers and a torpedo-boat to strengthen the defenders, and the Kaimakam emerged from his hiding-place only to fly once more when the foe really drew near. Colonel Remzi, the commandant of the place, had at his disposal about two thousand men, with but few guns, and posted on an open tableland without a single trench. The inhabitants were in a state of panic, and cordons of soldiers were drawn round the quays to prevent them from escaping. The commander had no news of the enemy's position.

Mr. Donohoe went along the Muradli road, to recover the motor which he had abandoned there during his flight from Lule Burgas, and suddenly sighted the enemy's cavalry on a ridge ahead.

"As we came up the hill they sighted us, and three mounted scouts detached themselves from the main body and rode in our direction. They seemed puzzled by our appearance as they got within rifle range of us, and as we thought it discreet to avoid capture we turned our auto and beat a retreat.

"At this the hostile horsemen, whom we took to be Servians, came on at a gallop, but fearing a trap relinquished the pursuit as we disappeared on the reverse side of the hill."

Returning to Rodosto the correspondent had just sat down to table at the British Consulate when the guns of the warships began to roar and the shot flew over the terraced slopes of the town.

"Rodosto is built on the side of a hill, and its streets are steep, narrow, and winding.

"Our own position was on a spur at almost the highest point, and one which gave us a good view of the town and bay.

"The allied infantry creeping forward covered by the dense undergrowth of the valley managed to gain the spur to which I have referred unperceived by the enemy, although it was broad daylight.

"This brought them into position to enfilade the Turkish left wing, but as soon as they showed their noses above the crest of the hill they were observed by the watchers on the warship, which immediately trained its guns upon them and opened a heavy fire.

"The Allies, however, were not very clearly visible even at that time, and it is doubtful whether the ship's missiles did much damage except to property."

All the houses in the town were trembling with the bombardment. The foreign residents crowded to their Consulates weeping, praying, and moaning. The Turks rushed about the streets like a covey of frightened partridges. Suddenly a hostile force was seen on the hills to the north, and the warship turned her guns upon them.

"As soon as they had got the range the after battery on the port side poured broadsides against those of the enemy who could be sighted on the western ridge, offering a fair target for the gunners' practice.

"At the first discharge, however, the enemy disappeared from view behind the ridge, scuttling off like frightened rabbits.

"But the fire of the warship gunners was ludicrously wild, and the Allies, finding there was no great danger, affected an impudent disdain of their efforts and again appeared at the top of the ridge, gazing curiously in the direction of the ship's guns, as if looking at some mimic target practice in time of peace.

"Again the 8-in. guns poured their shells upon the Allies, but the latter crept completely over the top of the slope and poured a hot and demoralising rifle-fire into the exposed flank of the Turkish infantry."

The inhabitants thought that the ships were bombarding the place, and panic reigned supreme.

"Many of them rushed down to the beach and hurled themselves into the sea, hoping to find safety there.

"Recovering somewhat after a time, and chilled to the bone by their prolonged immersion in the ice-cold water, they later emerged with cooler heads and more ready to believe our assurances that neither they nor their dwellings were for the most part in danger."

Christian women on their knees in the streets deliriously clasped their children to their breasts and called upon Heaven for deliverance.

"Moslem women were hastily transferred from their own homes to the houses of Christian inhabitants, under the impression that they would be safer there than in any other sanctuary."

The correspondents climbed to the roof of a house, and the whole scene lay spread out before their eyes.

"Away on the ridge on the north-east, where the Muradli-Tchorlu road cuts through the plantations of mulberry trees, the ground falls sharply and the roads converge. Where they meet there stands an old windmill, built solidly of stone. There, also, close by, is the Turkish cemetery, dotted with old and new graves, and now to be terribly extended as the result of the fighting."

Am Ruheplatz der Todten
Da pflegt es still zu sein.

Where the dead rest, there silence
Is ever wont to bide,

sings Uhland, when telling of the death of the young heir to Würtemberg in a battle in a graveyard, but some of the bloodiest fights in history from Eylau to Planchenoit and Père la Chaise have been fought in the midst of tombs.

Such was to be the case at Rodosto.

"While we gaze hastily at the unroofed mill, and at its arms, twisted as if by a blow from some giant fist, there comes to us the splutter of musketry, in which could be distinguished the sharp crack of the Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, up among the mulberry trees. Away up among the green patches the figures of blue-clad and brown-clad men are discernible swaying and struggling.

"Suddenly the blue line rolled clear, and went tumbling down the hill. Little knots of brown-clad soldiers also soon showed clear of the edge of the mulberry-trees, and were seen to take pot-shots at the running blue men.

"To avoid possible confusion it should be explained that the Turkish reservists are still wearing the dark blue uniforms, not having been supplied with the khaki uniforms worn by the regulars.

"We could see the blue men tumbling and scrambling down the declivities as best they could. Now and again one would plunge heavily forward, and one knew that his part in the fighting was over. Farther to the right I could see a bare ridge, and some stubble-covered lands, with freshly-ploughed fields close by. When we first looked a straggling line of blue men lay under the slope shooting at an enemy, invisible to me, on the other side of the ridge.

"Shells from the warship swept over both slopes of the elevation, descending on the farther side with a thud that was easily audible at my position. As I looked, one of the shells from the vessel, failing to clear the top of the ridge, and as if preferring the easier prey on the visible slope, descended with a shriek into the middle of the line of blue men. Two feet of earth spurted up,

marking where it fell, and when the dust thrown up had disappeared on the wind a great crimson splash dyed the dun-coloured land ominously.

"Around lay mangled forms of dead and writhing bodies of the wounded, but still living, Turkish soldiers, whom the mis-directed shells of Turkish gunners had sent to death.

"After this appalling and wholly unexpected calamity the gunners fired no more on that side of the ridge.

"But the brown-clad men began to come over the top in swift, sudden rushes, firing at the end of each into the blue line in front of them, which was now retreating. Little groups of brown figures ran forward, threw themselves prone to the ground, fired off a round or two, jumped to their feet again, and once more dashed ahead, labouring heavily in the boggy soil.

"At each discharge gaps were left in the retreating blue line, and it was quite clear very few of the cartridges were being fired at random, and that more than the usual proportion found a human target.

"It was murderous work, and the Turkish soldiers could not stand before it for long.

"Dispersing and scattering right and left they made for the shelter offered by two roads which ran through deep cuttings, and dropped out of sight.

"Opening fire from their naturally formed rifle pits they poured death upon the advancing enemy from Martini and Mauser rifles at short range.

"Men of the Allied Army, mortally hit, threw up their arms convulsively, spun round spasmodically, and then fell to the ground inert.

"But the gaps were filled as fast as they were created, for the supports poured into the firing-line and replied to the shooting of the enemy.

"These newcomers quickly extended right and left from their centre and speedily found the cuttings which had sheltered their opponents.

"Leaping from the high ground into the road they found themselves once more face to face with the Turks, who were driven before a heavy fire towards the windmill at the junction of the two roads.

"It was hot work, but the harried Turks found excellent cover in the cemetery, behind tottering tombstones, and in the high-ditched gardens at the foot of the mill.

"Quitting my observatory in the middle of the town, I made my way to the old mill, where I found the eastern section of the defenders making their last stand.

"The Turks had taken cover in a ditch, and were delivering a rapid and erratic fire.

"The enemy were well hidden, with broken ground in front

of them, and the only indication of their presence was the swish of the bullets above our heads.

"The Mustaphis were firing wildly, not even troubling to adjust their rifle sights.

"Generally speaking, the muzzles of their weapons were well elevated in the air, and their firing could not have occasioned many casualties among the Allies' soldiers.

"At the beginning of the firing the enemy's shooting was also wild and uncontrolled. But it very soon improved, and became increasingly dangerous.

"We had taken cover behind the mill, and the bullets soon began to hum round our ears like a swarm of angry bees. Others crashed into the top floors of the wooden houses around, and in the line of fire, or chipped pieces off the exposed stone front of the mill.

"In the meantime the enemy's infantry were creeping up without unduly exposing themselves as targets for the wild and unskilful marksmanship of the Mustaphis.

"At a critical moment the latter found themselves short of ammunition.

"Our front reservists having blazed away unchecked, soon emptied their bandoliers. But two mules, laden with ammunition, soon came galloping through the village streets, urged on by the blows of whips, and by the fierce cries of their drivers.

"As they approached us the commandant of our section, with four soldiers, attempted to capture the supply, amidst the expostulations of the muleteers, who pleaded that the ammunition was needed for the left front firing-line, and that there was none to spare for our side. By way of compromise half the supply was appropriated, and the remainder we hope reached its original destination.

"The enemy pushed back the defenders on all sides on our left front. The high ground and the lines of straggling houses shut out our view of the fighting, but the continuous musketry and the dropping shots unpleasantly near proclaimed unmistakably the slow but sure advance of the enemy. Momentarily we expected that the Allies would turn their artillery on the town, and end the resistance. But if the attackers were provided with guns, they mercifully abstained from using them.

"From the mill the defenders fell back, next taking shelter behind a mass of farm wagons which were blocking the main street.

"Continually pressing forward, the enemy quickly obtained a footing in the cemetery, where they lay, awaiting an opportunity to make a final rush.

"The houses at the threatened points were emptied of their inhabitants, and petrol was sprinkled all over the most combustible portions. Late at night, when further resistance was

useless, they were fired, the Turks hoping to delay the enemy's progress from the mill.

"The warship was still firing, although the lengthening shadows on the hilltops and slopes told that evening was approaching. But the enemy had obtained foothold on the reverse slope of the principal ridge, where they burrowed out for themselves cover, so that it was difficult for any but howitzer fire to reach them, and so that the shells from the battleship's guns exploded harmlessly in their rear and were wasted.

"With the tenacity of bulldogs the enemy, having secured a grip of the Turkish main position, refused to let go, and thus completed the circle of investment round the defensive lines. The west section held the khaki-clad regulars of the third regiment on an exposed plateau, the latter suffering considerably. The defenders' second position was bare and unprotected, and their fate was a foregone conclusion.

"Returning to the Consul's house we found one of our confrères, a veteran of many wars, bored to death by the bombardment, reclining on a couch, and reading a novel. The spectacle did much to restore local courage to its normal condition. One citizen, whose nerves had been badly shaken by the bombardment, was heard to express profound admiration for this British sangfroid.

"When night fell both sides ceased firing, but the fears of the timorous inhabitants remained unallayed, and they expected each moment to hear the wild cries of the Balkan allies resounding in the streets. Every one, old and young, who was able to walk, sought safety from the danger they feared by flight.

"A funeral was wending its way to the Christian cemetery. As is customary, the corpse was carried on a bier with its face exposed. Suddenly there boomed out the sound of the first shots from the warships. Immediately the cortège disappeared, and the mourners fled precipitately. The bearers deposited the body by the roadside, and also sought safety in flight.

"At the beginning of the engagement four coasting steamers that had been lying in the bay hurried out to sea, and a small French steamer that showed up before dark was instantly surrounded by boatloads of refugees demanding passages.

"Despite military restrictions the inhabitants fled in masses, making their way to the jetties, where every craft that was able to float was either seized or chartered at fabulous rates.

"Women of all classes, Turkish and Christian alike, hurried through the silent streets, many of them only half clad. Frightened-looking children clung to their mothers' skirts, while men followed, carrying bundles of clothing, or some treasured household possessions.

"Bedding and clothing, with other portable property, was flung down indiscriminately on the beach. The soldiers attempted

to stop the seaward rush, but they might as well have tried to stem the incoming tide with a mop.

"In order to escape capture by the Bulgarians we decided to escape from Rodosto.

"We shortly found ourselves confronted by a stampeding crowd, fleeing from the enemy. We turned down a side street to avoid them, and found ourselves looking down the muzzles of levelled Turkish rifles, and listening to the imperative orders to go back, bawled into our ears. Making a detour, we succeeded in gaining the water front.

"It was a clear, starry night, and one of perfect calm, following upon the turbulent day. Hundreds of boats filled with the panic-stricken fugitives surrounded the steamer, fearful of being left behind.

"Men cursed and literally fought for precedence on the ship's gangway. And out of this shrieking, struggling mass, above the babel of tongues, one occasionally distinguished a broken sentence of Greek, Turkish, or Armenian, or some woman's plaintive appeal for help.

"Scantily-clad women and children were handled like so many bales of merchandise, hauled up by ropes, dumped on the deck anyhow, and left there panting, shivering, and afraid of all kinds of disaster.

"The captain of the boat at last hauled up the gangway, and then the baffled fugitives sprang for the ladder like salmon for the fly. Some caught it and were dragged aboard. Others missed it and fell back into the boats or tumbled into the water and were left behind to be picked up or drowned.

"I had got a precarious foothold on the gangway before it was hauled up, and was struggling and fighting my way to the deck when a Greek behind sought to pull me down into the water.

"A vigorous prod with my riding-crop sent my assailant tumbling into a boat laden to the gunwale.

"The boat steamed away into the blackness of the night, followed by the maledictions and despairing cries of those in the unemptied boats."¹

Mr. Donohoe aptly compares the scene with an episode in the ninth canto of Dante's *Hell*.

Yet that scene was but an episode in the horrors which marked the war in Thrace.

By the occupation of Rodosto the Bulgarians interrupted all communication by land between Constantinople and the rest of Turkey in Europe, whilst the Greek fleet cruising in the Aegean for many weeks kept the Turkish battleships at anchor in the Dardanelles. The capture of Rodosto thus rendered it hopeless for the Turks to attempt to reinforce their armies in Macedonia, in Epirus, and in Albania.

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Friday, November 15, 1912 (M. Donohoe).

The horrors of famine were raging all over the Turkish districts of Rumelia. They lacked none of the awful features which always accompany famine in an Eastern war.

All Eastern Thrace was an unpeopled waste. The Moslem peasantry had fled before the Bulgarian invaders, as the villagers of Benjamin once fled before the Assyrian.

Mr. Alan Ostler, the correspondent of the *Daily Express*, writes :

" From the Bulgarian frontier as far south as a line drawn roughly across to Visa, the country, with the exception of Adrianople, is actually in the hands of the Bulgars.

" But infinitely more serious to the Turkish people than the mere military occupation of that tract of land by a hostile force, is the fact that the native population has been driven out of it.

" The entire population of the countryside is fleeing southwards. Not only the population of the district held by the Bulgars ; nor of the regions in which actual fighting has taken place. The entire population.

" Here, close as I am to Constantinople, I am writing in a village entirely occupied by the Turkish soldiery. I cannot, for any amount of money, hire a roof to shelter my horses, my servant, and myself. The inhabitants—some six or seven thousand, judging from the number of the houses—have fled ; their houses, their school, mosque, church, public buildings, are crammed with men and horses. Horses are tethered in the school, and the rough deal benches at which little children sat a week ago are used as mangers. Maps have been torn from the wall, desks have been broken up, to make fires.

" Presently, some building will catch fire, and a score more will follow suit. To-morrow, it may be, half this village will be blackened ruins. . . .

" That is the state of a town only thirty-five miles from the capital of Turkey. Now let me try to describe the depopulated, devastated land through which I have ridden during the last few days.

" It is pillaged, burnt, ruined, peopled only by retreating soldiery and fleeing peasants.

" The Bulgars have not yet been further south than Sakis Euren, or at most, than Karistiran, whither they pursued the Turkish rearguard last week, only to withdraw at once.

" It is not warfare, but panic, that has ruined that stretch of country ; not fighters, but fugitives.

" After the fight at Lule Burgas I went down into Karistiran, on my way to Tchorlu. I went with the retreating army. After Karistiran night came on, and I, having made a detour (because the press of soldiers and carts was too thick to allow of any passage at the bridges till daylight should come again), lost my way in the darkness.

"Then it was that I first began to realise that, great as is the tragedy of the army, the tragedy of the people of the country is far greater. Whenever I rode towards a village, I found it empty, or made into a bivouac for soldiers. Whenever I asked a peasant the way to Tchorlu, he said he did not know it, and gave me to understand that he did not live in that district, but was a refugee from the north. Until at last I reached Tchorlu, I found not a single native of the part of the country through which I was riding.

"At Tchorlu, some few hundred terrified souls, unable to get away, were still barricaded in their houses, and in one of these I got quarters for the night.

"Since then I have not slept in an occupied house, nor eaten properly-cooked food. I have gone for a day and a half without eating at all, and for two whole days without drinking, because I was afraid to touch the corpse-fouled water of the streams. Sometimes my servant roasted corn-cobs, and we hung them at our saddles, and nibbled the hard grains as we rode along.

"One happy day we came upon a flock of geese on the green of a deserted village. We lured them into an empty house with grain from our horses' nose-bags, killed two, and ate them both, hardly waiting till they were roasted. Once, too, finding in a house of the better class leaves of tobacco hanging in bundles under the thatch, we chopped them up, and making pipes from corn-cobs, with straws for stems, sat by our camp fire—there was no food to cook that night—and, for the first time in many days, delightfully smoked.

"Throughout the area marked black upon my map I could not, even with a belt full of gold round my waist, buy food of any kind, at any price, save only at Tchorlu and at Tchataldja.

"And, all day and every day, the roads by which I have travelled have been crowded with fugitive peasants.

"Crowded! The word does not begin to describe their state. In open, rolling country, not unlike some vaster Sussex downs or Salisbury Plain, I have seen daily the long, sorrowful trains of buffalo-carts, extending in close line from horizon to horizon.

"Suppose the entire agricultural population of England from as far north as York were to pour, panic-stricken, down every highway and byway leading to London. Suppose that they had left their homes, left their houses, villages, and market towns quite empty, taking with them only such few household goods as could be packed, together with the women and children, upon a country cart.

"Suppose that, instead of metalled roads, trodden paths were their avenue of retreat; paths turned by rain into rivulets of mud, and trampled by the hordes of fugitives into quagmires half a mile broad, where horses would sink belly-deep in clinging black

slime, and carts be buried to the axle. And suppose that, with these fugitive wretches, there pushed and struggled a disorganised mob of starving soldiers, perhaps a hundred thousand strong, ranging the fields for roots and the hedgerows for berries to eat, burning deserted cottages to taste a little warmth, and, it may be, driven to rob the peasant fugitives of the little stores they carried in the carts.

"If that were to happen in England, England would be as Turkey now is.

"If you can imagine that!

"But you cannot. If we were invaded, and our armies beaten, still our non-combatants, I think, could never be driven in panic-stricken flight from their homes.

"With these unhappy people it is different. War, in this part of the world, has never recognised non-combatants. The home, the crops, the goods, the women of the people of an invaded country in the East are the lawful spoil of the victor.

"It is because they and their kind have taught and learnt this bitter lesson for ages that the population of invaded Turkey are now emigrating *en masse*—emigrating they know not whither. Dumb as their own dull cattle the rag-wrapped men who walk by the buffalo-carts stare ever straight ahead in hopeless misery, longing for the next horizon to show them food and safety.

"They will go to Constantinople for the most part, though some have made for ports like Silivri and Rodosto, whence attempts are being made to ship them over into Asia Minor. But the greater part it seems, are making for the capital.

"What will happen to them there? Constantinople cannot hold a tenth of them. Turkey, who cannot feed her own starving soldiers, certainly cannot feed these hordes, whose scant provisions cannot carry them through the wasted region they have still to traverse. They will simply lie down outside the walls of Constantinople and starve to death.

"I saw, near Tcherkeskeui three days ago, one of these long, low wagons slowly toiling nearer and nearer to a point where, by the roadside, seemed to lie a soldier's crumpled greatcoat, with a huge, black, shiny busby where the wearer's head should be.

"As I overtook them, a child, a girl of ten or twelve, jumped from the wagon-shaft and ran towards the object. And at that the busby rose up with a horrid squawking, and resolved itself into a cloud of unclean birds! Their meal had been a Turkish soldier. Now he lay, with great eye-cavities picked bare and fleshless cheeks, one arm bent impossibly behind him, and his side smashed in by the wheel of some cart.

"The girl knelt down and searched hastily through the pockets of the coat. She opened the rain-sodden leathern wallet, pulling feverishly at the buckles. Then, finding nothing, she beat the stiff body with her flat hands, sprang up and ran back whimpering,

to the wagon, her knuckles at her eyes. *She had hoped to find something to eat.*

"Often, in the evenings, I have seen the wagons drawn up, laager fashion, the men standing on guard, eyeing all passing soldiers fearfully, while dishevelled women, bending over fires of brushwood, measure out with pitiful care half-handfuls of their scanty stores of maize into the black cooking-pot.

"This is but the beginning. And the war has lasted barely three weeks. Even if it should cease to-night, the mischief is done. The country cannot be repopulated in a generation.

"Meanwhile, from all quarters, a million or so of homeless wretches are bearing down on Constantinople. Their food supplies by now are nearly done. Winter is come. The war is to go on, for already the Turks are preparing to defend Tchataldja.

"The fate of the fugitives, save, perhaps, for some few hundreds who may reach Asia Minor, is, inevitably, starvation. Even those who may be shipped to Asia Minor must begin their lives and start their homes there afresh. Meanwhile, they will want food, which Turkey, at least, cannot supply.

"There is no organisation throughout the length and breadth of the Turkish Empire to-day. Turkey, of all countries in the world, is least fitted to cope with even a small, localised famine. And this is going to be a national famine, which nothing can avert, which Turkey unaided will not be able to palliate.

"Half the nation will starve to death.

"I append official estimates of the population of some of the larger towns and villages in the war area. With the exception of some few hundred in Tchorlu and Tchataldja, and (possibly) in Sarai, all this population is now en route for Constantinople :—

Airebolu	8,500	Tchorlu	12,000
Baba Eski	16,500	Kirk Kilisse	25,000
Bunar Hissar	16,000	Lule Bourgas	16,000
Tchataldja	5,500	Sarai	5,500
Chekmedji	1,500	Visa	24,000

"These few alone make up a total of over one hundred and thirty thousand people. Far greater numbers of fugitives, however, come from the fifty or sixty little hamlets and clusters of houses with which the biggest-scale maps are dotted—villages like Seidler, Hadem Keui, Kabakdja, Karistiran, Sakis Euren, and so forth. Each may hold anything from 500 to 5000 persons."¹

"Unfortunate Moslem refugees have been selling a sheep for 1s., poultry for 2d., donkeys for half a crown, or even less, and cattle at from 7s. to 12s. a head, so great was their distress. During the cold snap and heavy rain ten days ago many burned

¹ Alan Ostler, *Daily Express*, Thursday, November 14, 1912.

their wagons as firewood in order to keep warm. They are being dumped down in Asia by the authorities, and left to find food for themselves.

"One thought strikes one forcibly on seeing these people migrating back to their ancient homes, namely, how little they have altered after 500 years. They are returning in practically the same manner as they wandered into Europe five centuries ago, with the same rough wooden carts dragged by bullocks or buffaloes and covered with straw matting which conceals not merely miscellaneous household lumber, but also the female members of the family. They are occasionally to be seen hunched up into the smallest conceivable space, peering with sad eyes at the unfamiliar sights. Usually one or two extra cattle, with calves, are attached to the axles of the wagon, while small herds of sheep and goats are prevented from straying from the neighbourhood of the carts by the youngsters of the family.

"Constantinople, largely ignorant of the awful conditions at the front, remains extraordinarily calm. Business continues as usual, and the music-halls and other places of amusement are still filled nightly with gay crowds, as though there was nothing so remote as war.

"Nothing more unlike a city with an enemy hammering at its gates can be imagined.

"The commanders of the foreign battleships are thoroughly prepared for every eventuality.

"The scheme drawn up, to be put into operation if landing becomes necessary, allocates machine guns to all the commanding positions in the European quarter.

"Every sailor will know what his position will be ashore. Maps have been made for the instruction of the officers, and a great feature of the scheme is that it can be put into execution well within an hour's time.

"Europeans regard their position here as perfectly safe. Practically the only danger now is the retreat of the disorganised rabble of Turkish troops into the city.

"The first part they would reach would be Stamboul, where even a slight disorder would quickly swell into serious rioting, and possibly result in a big fire in the bazaar quarter.

"If the Bulgarians prevent a rush of the beaten soldiers into Stamboul, it is believed that the entry of the victorious army would be quietly effected.

"Small bands of armed firemen are patrolling the city, and the authorities say that their arrangements are adequate, but in the confusion before the fall of the city the inclination of the authorities might be to let matters take their own course and to leave everything without a directing hand.

"Many reports are current that rather than allow the Bulgarians to sing a Te Deum in the St. Sophia mosque, or replace

the Crescent on the dome by the Cross, the Turks will blow up the sacred edifice. This is extremely improbable.

"Everything points, if peace is not immediately concluded, and if the Bulgarians act swiftly and handle the position firmly, to a peaceful entry into the oft-threatened centre of the Ottoman Empire.

"Refugees, who for days have been camping in the streets, courtyards, and floors of the mosques, are being removed in shiploads to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

"It is estimated that 50,000 have passed through the city. The overcrowding on the ships is terrible. The sanitary arrangements are hopelessly inadequate, and a serious outbreak of disease is inevitable.

"The plight of the refugees, left to shift for themselves as regards food and clothing, is deplorable, and, packed like cattle on board ship, they present a most pitiful spectacle, especially the very young and old.

"The weather here is very warm, and all the conditions are present for the outbreak and spread of disease.

"I visited several of the mosques to-day, including St. Sophia. There, save for the corners reserved for religious ceremonies, the whole building is still taken up by soldiers and refugees, sleeping, eating, cooking and doing all sorts of work.

"At the War Office a complete chaos is reigning. Squads of raw recruits and reservists were being drilled outside the building in elementary military exercises, and their awkward movements were watched by an idle, chaffing crowd.

"These and hundreds of other soldiers cannot be sent to the front because there are no weapons available. Several hundred troops who were sent to Tchataldja without rifles returned to the city because there were no arms for them at the front."¹

The natural results followed, and by Sunday, November 17, cholera had broken out amongst both armies who were in their death-grapple at Tchataldja.

"To-day I rode along all the positions of the Turkish centre at Hademkeui. I saw pictures of misery such as were never witnessed before. Miles before we reached Hademkeui, which is in the rear of the Tchataldja lines, we saw dozens of dead horses lying in puddles and marshy streams where passing soldiers, tortured by burning thirst, drink their death-draughts.

"Battalions of the Fourth Army Corps were landed at San Stefano on November 16, on their way to the front, and already they are carrying dozens of cholera patients with them. The cholera victims are coming from the front to Makrikeui, poisoning every place they pass.

"The nearer one gets to Hademkeui the more frequent become the heaps of corpses beside the road. On a bridge before

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, November 16, 1912.

the village a dying man desperately stretched out his hands to us as we passed. At the railway station a train was just leaving with Ali Riza Pasha, commanding the artillery of the Tchataldja lines, who has cholera.

"In every wayside ditch the dead and dying lie. The General Staff Officers declare that last Sunday there were 500 cases and 100 deaths. To-day there are already 5000 dead.

"This is the end. In the forts, it is true, there were only fifteen deaths at first, and an attempt was made to localise the epidemic. But the wagons with chloride of lime are arriving too late. If they had been sent off a fortnight earlier the spread of the disease might have been prevented. Now all the wells are dry, and the men are drinking out of the puddles. The sick have been herded together in a camp surrounded by barbed-wire fencing, while a circle of guards, with fixed bayonets, is drawn round the place.

"These precautions are in vain, for outside the camp thousands lie writhing and groaning. Their piteous cries rend the air as, with distorted features, they grovel in the streets and squares and gardens and fields outside Tchataldja.

"We look for our horses, which we left here ten days ago. Dying men drag themselves into the stables, but are brutally driven out. They scream appealingly to God and their mothers. Many curse like madmen. We find our horses, and are forced to pay high tribute to the honesty of the Turks. Beyond our hand luggage we have lost nothing in the retreat.

"The officers disinfect themselves and give advice to the men. The soldiers, however, either from thirst or fatalism, go on drinking the pestilential water in which the corpses lie. The population is fleeing.

"In the centre of the lines the assembly of the Bulgarians is not yet completed, and to-day only a few shots were fired by the heavy guns. On the other hand, the assembly of the Bulgarians at Derkos, at the north end of the lines, is terminated, and the attack is expected on any one of these days.

"Preparations are also complete on the Turkish side. The lines are an iron girdle of 1200 guns. The reinforcements arriving from Asia are strategical reserves. If cholera does not spread to the forts the Turkish resistance can last for weeks.

"Dr. Roth, of Reichenhall, has been summoned to the Bulgarian headquarters by King Ferdinand for the purpose of assisting in the efforts to stamp out cholera among the Bulgarian troops."¹

"An eye-witness who had just returned to Constantinople from the front saw 263 bodies buried in one big trench at Hademkeui last Tuesday, the bodies being dragged by hooks and dropped into a trench which was not nearly deep enough.

¹ *Daily Mail*, Tuesday, November 19, 1912.

"It is stated on good authority that cholera has already appeared among the Bulgarian troops, which is not surprising, seeing that they occupy the position where the disease claimed the first Turkish victims.

"The sights at some of the stations near Tchataldja are quite unnerving. The victims crawl to the stations either for water or in the hope of getting to Constantinople. They can be seen lying about the permanent way in every stage of infection. The greatest danger menacing Constantinople is that its water supply from Lake Derkos should become contaminated.

"Not only has cholera broken out among the troops, but there are even a greater number of victims among the refugees. One train alone, which arrived in Constantinople on Monday, brought 160 patients to San Stefano, whence they were conveyed to the lazaretto at Beycos on the Bosphorus. Twenty bodies of soldiers who had succumbed to the disease were taken out of the same train. Two other trains arrived at the Sirkadji terminus with several bad cases among their passengers, consisting of wounded or sick troops."¹

It was reported as early as November 12 that the Porte had applied direct to Bulgaria to arrange an armistice.

On November 13 the Ministers of the Great Powers at Athens, Belgrade, Cettigne, and Sofia were instructed to inquire upon what conditions the Allies would agree to an armistice.

Before, however, their Cabinets had replied, fighting began at Tchataldja, and the decisive battle of the war appeared to be at hand. A telegram from the correspondent of the *Reichspost* announced on November 15 that the Bulgarians had succeeded in breaking through the Turkish lines at Hademkeui and in rolling up the Turkish defence. Sofia journals asserted that the Bulgarians had captured six of the Tchataldja forts, two of them important and modern, after desperate fighting. On November 17 the Turkish rule at Constantinople appeared to be doomed, and the commanders of the European warships in the Bosphorus decided to land sailors, who were not to appear in the streets, but to proceed to posts allotted to each detachment, where they were to remain until their intervention might be required.

Heavy firing could be distinctly heard at Constantinople, and from five o'clock in the morning crowds were assembled on the roofs and in the open spaces to listen to the boom of the guns.

"The cannonade of the artillery and fleet is so intense that houses at Kermer Burgas, a dozen miles away from the front, are violently shaken.

"Although considerable excitement prevails, the population remains calm.

"A great sensation was caused by the news of the discovery of a Young Turk plot to establish a Republic under Mahmud

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, November 16, 1912.

Shevket Pasha, the Young Turk military leader who successfully planned the revolution which overthrew Abdul Hamid, and who until a few months ago was Minister of War, when he was replaced by Nazim Pasha.

"It was intended to carry out a *coup d'état* in a day or two.

"The recent activity of the Young Turks, however, aroused suspicion. Several volunteers were enrolled to spread discontent in the army.

"When the plot became known, the Government immediately ordered the arrest of the chiefs of the Committee of Union and Progress.

"Thirty were arrested at dawn, and the prisoners include prominent men, among them Emroulah Bey, an ex-Minister of Public Instruction, two ex-Deputies, and several prominent journalists.

"Djavid Bey, the ex-Minister of Public Works, managed to escape on a Russian ship. Arrests were also effected in Smyrna, Trebizond, and other places.

"Despite this abortive plot, and the sound of the big guns, which tell of the presence of the enemy at the gates, Constantinople remains outwardly calm. It is the calm of disappointment and despair.

"Faith in the ability of the army to hold the last line of defence, so strong a week ago, has now almost vanished. The Turk is now quite resigned to seeing his capital fall into the hands of the enemy.

"That the Bulgars will enter Constantinople is now regarded on all hands as certain. I believe that the peace preliminaries came too late, and the Turkish proposals were not of such a character as to succeed to the extent of preventing the great final battle and the early entry of the Bulgarians into the city.

"I have obtained what I believe to be a reliable summary of the proposals which Turkey proposed to the Bulgarians. They are of an extraordinary character.

"Turkey suggested that she should keep that section of Thrace immediately west of Constantinople, and all the region south of the railway line to Adrianople. Adrianople itself, it was proposed, should remain in Turkish possession. Serbia was to have Old Serbia, Greece a large tract of Southern Albania, and Montenegro was to receive a strip of territory adjacent to its south-eastern frontier.

"All the remaining conquered regions were to be governed on terms similar to the old law of the administration of Rumelia."¹

Such proposals were, indeed, unlikely to secure acceptance from the Allies.

"Now that the city has heard the deep-tongued guns at work in the preliminaries of that stupendous battle which will finally

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Monday, November 18, 1912.

decide Turkey's fate, it is recognised that the peace preliminaries came too late.

" 'Even a drawn battle,' said a highly-placed official to me at the Porte to-day, 'might save Constantinople for us; otherwise, all in Europe has gone for ever.'

" The streets of Constantinople during the last day or two have presented worse sights than ever. Refugees are still crowding into the city.

" Of those remaining here 1500 are lying ill in their filthy carts and tents with cholera and dysentery.

" The conditions are appalling, and a serious menace to the health of the city. It is impossible to estimate exactly the rate of mortality, but it must be frightfully high.

" To-day I saw several carts going along the streets of Stamboul with dead bodies lying on the carelessly-packed salvage of the scanty belongings of these wretched people. In order to reach the city quicker the refugees sold everything that they possibly could.

" The result is that these poor folk reach the city almost destitute, and will soon be dumped down absolutely penniless in a new country.

" During the last few days the military authorities have been making every possible effort to strengthen the last line of Constantinople's defence.

" All day long straggling rows of men, scarcely drilled and of poor physique, can be seen pouring out of the city in the direction of the position of the Turkish forces. One pities these poor raw peasants, who are sent forward and expected to stand against Bulgarians flushed with victory.

" Horses, hurriedly laden with all sorts of stores, are also to be seen straggling painfully along—so desperate is the attempt being made, with the clumsiest organisation and hopeless material, to retrieve the almost completely shattered fortunes of the Empire.

" But owing to the very large number of desertions from the ranks at the front the newcomers will scarcely strengthen the Turkish forces. As the reinforcements go out a constant stream of deserters, who have thrown away their arms, can be seen moving towards the city.

" The walls of Constantinople, however, are heavily guarded, and the deserters who come in are met with fixed bayonets, made prisoners, and sent by ship to Broussa, in Asia.

" In addition, 2000 soldiers have been expelled from the Tchataldja lines for attempting a demonstration against continuing the war.

" Everything goes to predict another stupendous rout of the Turks.

" The suspense will soon be ended now. The city is quite

resigned to awakening one morning to find the Bulgarians in complete possession. Stamboul, the only danger zone, remains extremely tranquil.

“ ‘Kismet,’ says the Turk. ‘It is written in the Book.’ Meanwhile we listen to the sound of guns whose booming heralds the last phase of the war.”¹

But it was not written that the Cross should once more be placed upon Santa Sophia in November 1912. Just as the plague saved Jerusalem from the Assyrians, so Constantinople was saved from the Bulgarians by the cholera. Once more the Turkish Empire, or such remnants of it as are left in Europe, has been given a space for repentance. Will that space be wisely used?

The Balkan Allies transmitted their proposals for an armistice to Constantinople on November 19, accompanied by the main conditions for the conclusion of peace. Thanks to the energetic efforts of the Russian and English Ministers at Sofia, and possibly with some regard to the result of the fighting before Tchataldja, the principal condition permitted Turkey to retain Constantinople and a strip of coast territory in Europe. It was said that the conditions for an armistice included the surrender pure and simple of Adrianople and Durazzo, and also of the Tchataldja lines. The cessation of hostilities appeared to be in sight. Their reply was conveyed to the Ottoman Foreign Ministry by the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople. Turkish feeling became more hopeful, especially as the check sustained by the Bulgarians before the lines of Tchataldja became known.

“Pera was now held in considerable force, naval detachments occupying the Embassies, Consulates, foreign schools, and other buildings with machine guns. All arrangements had been completed, and the position of Europeans caused no anxiety. The landing of marines undoubtedly had a calming effect on the population in Stamboul.

“Public excitement was rising a little, but careful observation and inquiry revealed no reason for the belief that the entry of the victorious enemy would be accompanied by difficulty or disorder. For example, the danger of the Turks blowing up mosques might be dismissed, as these buildings, especially the Sophia Mosque, were filled to overflowing with patients, mostly suffering from cholera.

“During Sunday night no fewer than 6000 sick, a large percentage of whom were suffering from cholera, were brought from the front and put in mosques, which were hastily converted into improvised hospitals.

“The scenes in these crowded buildings were beyond all description. It was impossible to attend to a tithe of the sufferers, many of whom were carried into the mosques only to be soon

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Monday November 18, 1912.

carried out again dead, without having received any attention in the interval. Round the mosques the sick were lying in hundreds.

"There had been 4000 cases in the army within the last forty-eight hours. The plains in the rear of the army were thickly dotted over with corpses."¹

The terms rumoured to have been proposed by Bulgaria proved incorrect. The Bulgarians merely demanded that the Turks should not reinforce the Tchataldja lines, although they required that Yanina should at once be handed over to the Greeks and Skutari to the Montenegrins. The Turkish Council of Ministers regarded these terms as absolutely unacceptable, and on November 21 sent orders to Nazim Pasha to resume hostilities at Tchataldja without delay. The Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, said that the Turks would fight to the last cartridge.

The Bulgarians, however, were willing to modify their proposals, and on November 22 it was agreed that Dr. Daneff, President of the Sobranye, General Savoff, the Commander-in-Chief, and General Fitcheff, Chief of the Staff, should be commissioned to leave at once for the lines of Tchataldja to meet the Turkish delegates. The Bulgarians, from a wish to be able to come to a settlement directly with Turkey, without the intervention of the Powers, gave up all idea of entering Constantinople. They, however, proposed to ask for a War Indemnity from Turkey. At the Bulgarian headquarters Serbia was represented by General Chepovitch and Greece by M. Frantzis. The Turks named as their delegates the Commander-in-Chief, Nazim Pasha, Izzet Pasha, Osman Nizami Pasha, Ambassador to Berlin, Hadi Pasha, Chief of the Staff, and Reshid Pasha, Minister of Commerce. It was agreed that their first meeting should take place on November 25.

In the eyes of many Turkish authorities the situation was by no means desperate.

"Every day strengthens the conviction that the Bulgarians will not succeed in piercing the Tchataldja lines, and this, together with the diminution in the violence of the cholera outbreak, and the arrival of fresh troops from Adana, renews confidence and hope in both civil and military circles.

"The Ottoman Government appears to be decided not to accept a discussion of the surrender of Adrianople, Yanina, and Skutari, and all the more so because it is returning to its hope of breaking up the Balkan coalition and inducing Greece to negotiate separately. In Ottoman circles the conviction also exists that Montenegro, completely exhausted and with inadequate artillery, is absolutely incapable of capturing Skutari.

"As for Serbia, it is stated that England and France have informed Russia that they would not risk war in order to ensure for Serbia a port on the Adriatic Sea, while Germany is reported

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Thursday, November 21, 1912.

to have assured Austria of support with all her strength, as in the Bosnian affair, so that Serbia would find herself alone in face of Austria in her most critical position.

"This view of the situation inspires civil circles with the hope that, with sufficient firmness, peace can be concluded on a basis of the preservation of the whole of Thrace, with Adrianople and Lule Burgas, and autonomies in Macedonia and Albania, with Christian or even foreign Governors, but with the maintenance of the sovereignty of the Sultan.

"As for military circles, they are much more sanguine. They consider that now, with the accumulation of fresh troops and the perfecting of restoration of the *moral* of the old troops, the Tchataldja lines are impregnable; and that, if the negotiations are broken off, Turkey could immediately assume a vigorous offensive.

"As a characteristic illustration of this change of feeling, I may quote a letter from a general officer now in the Tchataldja lines, which was read to me by its recipient. 'Now,' he writes, 'we have ninety-nine chances in a hundred of driving the Bulgarians back over the frontier, and, with the help of God, in a short time I shall be able to write to you from Sofia.'¹

Austria had already mobilised 300,000 men on the Servian frontier, and the Chief of the Austrian General Staff had paid a visit to the Chief of the German General Staff at Berlin. Rumania too was rumoured to be preparing to mobilise.

Bulgaria seemed to be drawing back her troops, and matters at Tchataldja were left in the hands of the diplomatists. Hadi Pasha, from political considerations, replaced Izzet Pasha as one of the Turkish delegates.

The first meeting between the delegates took place on November 24. The original Bulgarian demands, which were very drastic, were rejected by Turkey. They involved the surrender of Yanina, Skutari, Adrianople, and Durazzo, and retirement from the Tchataldja lines, and would have left Turkey nothing but Constantinople and the territory enclosed in a line running from Midia on the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora near Gallipoli.

The Porte, however, stood firm, as it was believed both at Vienna and Berlin that the Bulgarian Army was all but exhausted, and the assertion that Greek and Servian troops would be brought up to assist in the attack on the Tchataldja lines was not believed. France was doing her utmost at Belgrade to smooth down the dispute between Austria and Serbia. Turkey felt she was being abandoned.

At Constantinople "the indifference of Europe, especially Great Britain, to the fate of Turkey has produced a marked impression in Government circles. Great Britain, said the Grand

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, November 25, 1912.

Vizier, was losing her prestige here in consequence of it. For the peace of Europe a strong Turkey was necessary. Otherwise it would not be long before Europe felt the consequences of its present policy.

"Kiamil Pasha also referred to the delay of the Powers in replying to the Porte's application for mediation, and said he could not help feeling that it was owing to the conversations with the Powers on that occasion that Salonika fell. In view of this delay, the Porte was compelled to address itself direct to King Ferdinand.

"Speaking of the position at Tchataldja, the Grand Vizier expressed himself as satisfied with the condition of the troops holding the lines, 'which,' he said, 'are impregnable. The Bulgarians have only to try and they will learn it to their cost.'"¹

"News has been received of an important struggle going on at Dedeagatch, in the Gulf of Enos, where a portion of two Turkish divisions, amounting to 8900 soldiers, whose commander is stated to be Yaver Pasha, have been captured, with twelve rapid-fire guns, four Maxim machine guns, a full train of munition, and 1100 horses.

"Further particulars from an official quarter state that 253 officers were taken at the same time. These soldiers formed part of the Macedonian divisions and the troops stationed south of Adrianople, and had been gradually driven back east and west by the different Bulgarian commands, which operated very cleverly."²

For a moment, however, peace seemed assured. It was asserted that "the Bulgarian conditions had undergone considerable modifications.

"The Bulgarian frontier is to be thrown forward 15 kilometres (about ten miles) in the north of the vilayet of Adrianople, leaving Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, the fortifications of which are to be demolished, well within Turkish territory.

"The frontier line will then follow, roughly, the Maritza valley.

"In return for Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, Bulgaria receives Kavala and Dedeagatch, the new western frontier running from a little beyond Kavala in a north-easterly direction to Bulgaria's present border.

"Turkey also agrees to the autonomy of Macedonia and a large section of Albania.

"The Servians will retain their ancient capital, Uskub.

"The Ottoman Government has no objection to ceding to Servia a strip of the Adriatic littoral adjacent to the Montenegrin coast.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, November 25, 1912.

² *Ibid.*

"The Greek frontier will be extended to Monastir.

"The decision in regard to the enlargement of Montenegro and the question of the Sanjak and Salonika have not been much discussed. Probably, however, the latter will be annexed to Greece, and Montenegro, in addition to Skutari and a tract adjoining the south-east frontier, will be offered a large portion of the Sanjak, the Servian frontier being moved forward a little to meet the Montenegrin."¹

At last on December 3 an armistice was signed which was to extend over the whole duration of the peace *pourparlers*.

During the armistice the armies were to remain in their actual positions.

The armistice had been drafted by Dr. Daneff, and contained the following conditions:

"1. The belligerent armies remain in the positions they at present occupy.

"2. The besieged fortresses shall not be revictualled.

"3. The revictualling of the Bulgarian Army shall be carried out by way of the Black Sea and Adrianople, commencing ten days after the conclusion of the armistice.

"4. Negotiations for peace shall begin in London on December 13."

The armistice was signed by the Bulgarian plenipotentiaries on behalf of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. The Greek Government reserved for twenty-four hours its decision as to signing the protocol, but even should Greece not sign it, she would, nevertheless, take part in the peace negotiations.

The reasons for the delay of Greece were that she found herself unable to agree to terms the effect of which, it was pointed out, would be to enable Turkey to accumulate any amount of food, munitions of war, and coal throughout the theatre of operations. In addition the moral result that such conditions would have both upon the Turkish Army and population, who would regard them as having been imposed by a victorious Turkey upon Allies reduced to impotence, would be enormous.

Turkey, however, had long been intriguing to detach Greece from her allies.

"The Greek Minister in London said:

"It is only just that the following points, for which I can vouch, should not be lost sight of in judging the Greek attitude. Immediately prior to the war the Porte approached M. Venezelos with tempting offers, wishing to detach Greece from the Alliance. These were indignantly rejected. Then Turkey declared war upon Bulgaria and Servia, but not upon Greece, once more with the object of detaching her from her Allies, but Greece declared war against Turkey.

"Quite recently, immediately before Turkey's demand for

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Monday, December 2, 1912.

an armistice, the Porte once more addressed itself to the Greek Premier with offers of a separate peace, and again M. Venezelos in honourable faith to his Allies declared that he would on no account come to even a partial understanding without the full knowledge, co-operation, and consent of the Allies.

“ ‘Greece’s contribution in the present war had not been confined to the uninterruptedly victorious operations of her army of 140,000 men. The action of her fleet may be justly considered as the one decisive factor in the whole war. Without the presence of our ships Turkey would have been able, within ten days at the utmost of the declaration of war, to bring her best troops from Asia Minor and Arabia, and land them at Dedeagatch on the flank of the Bulgarian armies, thus rendering their magnificent victories quite impossible.

“ ‘The Greek fleet has also paralysed the whole of the system of the Turkish railways by interrupting the supply of coal, thus compelling the reinforcements from Asia Minor to arrive weary and footsore after long and exhausting marches. One must also consider the moral effect of the much-vaunted Turkish fleet not daring to show its nose outside the Dardanelles in view of the presence of Greek ships.’ ”¹

As regards Bulgaria, it was soon realised that Adrianople would prove the critical point in the negotiations.

“The early fall of Adrianople would no doubt expedite the negotiations, which may also be affected in some degree by the recent Bulgarian success at Marhamli. Notwithstanding the reported starvation of the garrison as described by deserters, it is impossible to say what is the actual state of affairs in Adrianople, and the information which the Turkish delegates presumably possess on this point places them at an advantage. The ultimate surrender of the town seems certain unless the new Asiatic troops, who expect to be led to Sofia, succeed in relieving it on the way. The final possession of Adrianople is regarded as a *sine qua non* here.

“The visit of the Austrian General von Hötzenndorf to King Charles of Rumania naturally excites much interest here. Nothing is known with regard to the object of his mission, but I learn on the best authority that Austria has hitherto offered pacific advice to Rumania, while both Austria and Rumania have tendered counsels of moderation to the Turks, advising them to make peace without delay. It is realized at Bukarest, as it ought to be realized at Constantinople and the Balkan capitals, that neither Turkey nor any of the States of the Peninsula has anything to gain should the present complications be allowed to culminate in a European war. The importance of future good relations between Rumania and Bulgaria is fully understood on both sides, and the question of a rectification of frontier will

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Wednesday, December 4, 1912.

doubtless be amicably discussed and settled at the proper time. Some irritation, unfortunately, has been produced in Rumania by certain utterances of an irresponsible Bulgarian politician published in the *Neue Freie Presse*, which represent nothing more than his own opinions.”¹

Hostilities at sea between Greece and Turkey continued, as we have seen, despite the armistice, although Italy was using threatening language to the former Power on account of the advance of her troops in Southern Albania and her bombardment of Vallona.

The arrangements as to the garrisons of Skutari and of Adrianople were somewhat complicated.

“The garrisons of Adrianople and Skutari have the right to make good any damage to their defences as long as they do not break fresh ground, and the besiegers, for their part, can also strengthen their entrenchments and make good any damage.

“The difficult problem of feeding Adrianople day by day has been settled by a very simple and practical expedient, which does credit to the common sense of the delegates, and is an earnest of their evident desire to come to terms as soon as possible, and with a minimum of delay and inconvenience. The Turkish army at Tchataldja will feed the Bulgarian army in front of their lines, and the Bulgarian army besieging Adrianople will daily hand over a similar quantity of provisions, amounting to one day’s ration for every man, woman, and child in the place, to the beleaguered garrison.

“This will save the Bulgarians transporting food from Kirk-Kilisse to Tchataldja, and the Turks from having to send up food from Constantinople to Adrianople. This war is full of dramatic and unique situations, and surely this spectacle of two armies which ten days ago were engaged in a life-and-death struggle now mutually feeding one another is almost without a precedent in war. Men very seldom keep up a quarrel after they have eaten one another’s bread and salt, and this arrangement is a happy augury for peace.

“The negotiations for peace are to be conducted at Tchataldja, at any rate until the broad outlines of an understanding satisfactory to all parties has been arrived at, but I am inclined to think that the poor quarters and the severe winter weather will speedily bring about this much-desired consummation and allow the delegates to discuss minor details in more comfortable surroundings. Although it is denied that the actual terms of a final settlement have been discussed by the delegates, and although nothing is mentioned of the lines on which the discussion will proceed in the armistice which was signed yesterday, I have every reason to believe that privately amongst themselves the delegates are already agreed on the broad principles of an understanding.

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, December 3, 1912.

I am assured that the whole of the vilayet of Adrianople, including the fortress and the port of Dedeagatch, will be left in the possession of Turkey, and that Bulgaria will be compensated by a strip of the coast-line east of the Istrandja mountains. The autonomy of Macedonia and of Albania will be settled, and Salonika will become a free port, as Tangier is to-day.

"Servia and Montenegro will also receive some slight increase of territory as a reward for their successes." ¹

The signature of the armistice is thus described by the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:

"The last meeting of the plenipotentiaries, like the preceding ones, took place in the train which brought the Turkish representatives as far as the bridge over the Kara Su.

"This is a solemn hour, in which the face of Europe is being changed.

"The armistice will be followed within ten days by a congress of Balkan and Turkish representatives, which will be held in London, and will establish the conditions of peace.

"The Greek plenipotentiaries had not received instructions, and, therefore, they withdrew from the ceremony of signing the armistice.

"The principal conditions of the armistice are the maintenance by the armies of their reciprocal positions and the right of the Bulgarians to revictual their army by way of the sea, and to pass military trains through Adrianople.

"The trains will be able to carry goods of any kind.

"Either adversary wishing during the course of the negotiations to resume hostilities will have to give four days' notice, and this condition makes the continuation of the war practically impossible. It is an armistice *sine die*.

"The signature of the armistice was an act of great solemnity.

"The time was a quarter-past seven. For two hours the discussions between the Bulgarian and Turkish plenipotentiaries had been prolonged upon a question in regard to which an agreement seemed to be impossible. There was one last point to which the Turks clung with the utmost tenacity. It concerned the most serious condition which the Bulgarians imposed, namely, that of being allowed to pass their military trains, no matter what they might be carrying, through besieged Adrianople. With this concession the fortress, created to prevent the use of the railway by the enemy, would lose its value, and its splendid resistance would be rendered useless.

"In the whole of the military history of the world, there is no example of a situation so strange and painful as that of a blockaded and famished fortress, which could not be revictualled, being forced to allow the enemy's convoys loaded with food and arms to pass through it. To the garrison there only remained the

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Thursday, December 5, 1912.

honour of not having surrendered. Adrianople was virtually subdued.

"It will easily be understood how reluctant the Turks were to give way to the inexorable will of the victors. They made one proposal after another which might mitigate the harshness of the Bulgarian demand, but they encountered a firm and irreducible determination. The colloquy languished. There were long intervals of silence, which were broken only by some commonplace exchange of courtesies, such as the offer of cigarettes or coffee; it was felt that the decisive moment, upon which war or peace depended, was approaching.

"Night had fallen, and in the interior of the railway carriage the lamps had been kindled for some time. The meeting took place, like the preceding ones, in the Turkish train, which at half-past four in the afternoon had emerged from among the Turkish positions, and had slowly descended the slopes of the fortified hills, appearing and disappearing between the entrenchments until it had stopped at the bridge over the Kara Su, at the foot of the Ottoman forts. That small black convoy, which glided slowly down the bare hills, was the only living thing in the vast, desolate, hostile landscape which was darkening with the declining day.

"From the train of the Bulgarian plenipotentiaries, in which I had been invited to take a place with my colleagues, Naudeau and Victoroff, we attentively followed the slow progress of the Turkish train, which in that place, and at that hour, assumed a somewhat solemn and mysterious aspect. It came like an imposing and prodigious ambassador, to bring a verdict of life or death for a whole multitude of men; it came to tell us whether or not other human hecatombs were necessary in order to confirm the triumph of Bulgaria. Our convoy had already traversed the encampments—the great towns of canvas glistening on the other side of the hills, all teeming with soldiers and veiled by the smoke of the watch fires—and we were passing close to the trenches, on the black parapets of which we saw in the twilight the outline of a moving embroidery of heads. Further on was the deserted field of battle.

"At our approach a company of Turkish infantry on the other side of the Kara Su formed up alongside the railway, and remained motionless, like a vast grey hedge. Almost at the same moment the two trains reached either end of the bridge, of which only one footway remains intact. A minute later the plenipotentiaries of the Balkan States passed in Indian file close alongside the steel parapet. With Dr. Daneff and Generals Savoff and Fitcheff representing Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, there was the Hellenic Minister, M. Panas, representing Greece. They were followed by a suite of officers.

"A Turkish military command rang out in the silence, and

the guard of honour rigidly presented arms. The Bulgarians and Greeks returned the salute. Rechid Pasha, Nazim Pasha, and an officer of the Turkish General Staff, were standing outside their railway saloon.

"Precisely at five o'clock the plenipotentiaries shut themselves in the compartment where the sittings have been held. A few minutes later the Greek Minister, deeply moved, and with a serious expression on his face, came out and went away without saying a word. He was accompanied by the Greek Attaché, and they both went to resume their places in the train which had brought them to the place of meeting.

"What had happened? Greece had withdrawn from the agreement. The Turkish and Bulgarian officers belonging to the two suites, who were conversing together in low tones in the neighbouring compartment, became silent when they observed the old diplomatist pass with frowning brows before the windows of the carriage, and for some minutes none of them spoke.

"A new situation had been created. The solution of the riddle occupied every mind, and the thought of new and imminent battles cut short the polite frivolities of those enemies, who were so strangely united in the saloon carriage. No sound came from the neighbouring compartment, and it seemed as if the plenipotentiaries were sitting in silence around their table.

"Time passed slowly, and one had the impression that an obscure menace was being matured. It was felt that the prolongation of the colloquy, which had to be definitive, signified that a serious obstacle to an agreement had arisen. This time the armistice did not represent only the suspension of hostilities. Owing to the singular conditions of war, an armistice could not be arranged without solid guarantees of peace; it should have almost the value of a preliminary treaty.

"We dimly understood that behind the military discussion there might be some secret political design which decided the bases of peace. It was really peace which we were awaiting in that memorable hour. If the plenipotentiaries should separate without having come to an understanding, perhaps, when the next day dawned, the tumult of battle would again have invaded the funereal valley, and the battle would be more desperate and bitter than any other.

"Later on we learned what had happened among the plenipotentiaries. At the time every minute that passed was full of doubt and anxiety. Night came on. The two engines had lighted their great round eyes, a reflection of which trembled in the waters of the Kara Su, the terrible stream which merits its name of "black." In the mud of the river hundreds of Bulgarian soldiers disappeared while trying to ford it as they fearlessly advanced to the attack of the enemy's positions about sixteen days ago.

"In the last glimmer of twilight which still reddened the distant marsh of Boyuk Chekmedje to the west we perceived all around us on the muddy plain the most advanced trenches of the Bulgarians, which were dug on the night of the battle, some two hundred paces from those of the enemy, and close to these were winding lines of disturbed ground which marked the supreme and most sanguinary stage of an heroic attack by some small, dark objects which lay all around ; they were corpses which had been piously covered by a few spadeful of earth thrown hurriedly over them while the hurricane of the enemy's lead was still falling, and which remained as they had fallen. The air was full of a terrible odour of death.

"A deep but immensely remote hum, a dull roar, scarcely perceptible in the quiet of the night, came from the west. As in other moments of absolute calm, the echo of the artillery at Adrianople reached us apparently from the direction of Stamboul. Battle was raging more furiously than ever around the besieged city, and its terrible roar insinuated itself amongst the words of the plenipotentiaries.

"When darkness had completely invaded the land, no light shone in the lugubrious landscape, and the two trains appeared to be alone in an immense desert of shadows. The decisive colloquy between the two belligerents seemed to be surrounded by something imposing and full of anguish. We all felt the sinister, tragic grandeur of the scene in the midst of which Mussulman power was slowly dying.

"In the apparent solitude myriads of eyes were gazing towards us. Invisible crowds were silently waiting for the fatal minute to strike. Taking advantage of the darkness, some Turkish soldiers approached us from trench to trench, and we saw them assembling about a hundred paces from us. Dark shadows passed over the parapets of a redoubt. We were within speaking distance of the forts.

"As I have already stated, the discussion was prolonged upon the right of the Bulgarian military trains to pass Adrianople. That right would deprive the Turks of any hope of resuming the war with success—if they cherished such a mad hope.

"After a long silence, Nazim Pasha suddenly exclaimed : 'Well, let it be so ; but wait ten days before sending your trains through ; wait for the beginning of the peace negotiations in London.'

"Dr. Daneff, who was sitting opposite the Turkish Generalissimo, rose, and solemnly extended his hand, saying : 'It is finished ; we are in agreement.'

"It was twenty minutes past seven. The plenipotentiaries, moved by unrestrainable emotion, all rose to their feet. The tension had been too long and too intense. Under an impassible, impenetrable appearance, these men of politics and war had felt

the most penetrating anguish and doubt under the tormenting weight of responsibility, in a tumult of uncertain hopes. A sudden reaction came to their tired minds, a wave of emotion seized them when the last barrier which separated them had fallen; their impassivity vanished; for one moment they forgot the tremendous struggle between their nations, and with a spontaneous, irresistible gesture they exchanged an embrace and a kiss.

"Savoff, the Bulgar Generalissimo, and Nazim Pasha, the supreme commander of the Turkish army, clasped each other in silence. The joy of triumph and the pain of defeat vanished for one moment beneath a wave of human fraternity. It was a moment of noble and silent abandonment.

"Then General Fitcheff summoned M. T. Chaprachikoff, Private Secretary to King Ferdinand, who acts as secretary to the Bulgarian mission, and who was in the neighbouring compartment, and asked him to make four copies of the armistice agreement. The news immediately passed through the train. All the silent officials were on their feet.

"Bottles of champagne were opened, and Nazim Pasha, pale but full of dignity, appeared at the door with a glass in his hand. With a serious voice he turned to the Bulgarian officers and said, 'Gentlemen, I drink to the health of the valiant Bulgarian army.' His hand trembled slightly as he carried the glass to his lips. 'To the health of the valiant Ottoman army,' the officers replied.

"After this first moment of excitement and emotion, the generals retired. There was a scarcely concealed expression of sadness on the faces of the Turkish officers as they compelled themselves to resume the attitude of courteous hosts. With a little trace of embarrassment conversation was resumed upon remote questions about which nobody was thinking.

"Precisely at eight o'clock the plenipotentiaries listened to the reading of the armistice agreement, and placed their signatures to the document, which was drawn up in French. The official signatures will be affixed to-morrow, at ten o'clock.

"The state of war remains, but the war is virtually ended.

"Nazim and Rechid Pashas, having resumed their impassive and correct aspect when they reappeared before the Bulgarians, retired in the flickering light of torches to their train accompanied by the Turkish officers. A few minutes later we were proceeding towards the station of Kanakja, from which we had started.

"A crowd of soldiers ran up when the train arrived, but, on hearing the news that an armistice had been signed, they gave three cheers, the sound of which spread to the neighbouring encampment. We heard the cheers echoing over the hills towards the headquarters, but we also heard the sound of the bombardment of Adrianople—a strange commentary on an armistice! And the thunderous voice of battle aroused a vague doubt in our minds as we thought of all that still remains obscure

and inexplicable in this historical hour, while the frontiers of five nations are being displaced and an Empire five centuries old is crumbling, while the geography and politics of Europe are assuming aspects that are still mysterious, and 700,000 men still remain in arms in the battle positions, awaiting the dawn of a new era.”¹

Servia and Montenegro had asked Bulgaria to represent them. When the Greek delegate arrived at Tchataldja, he found that the terms of the armistice had been arranged in his absence. He referred them at once to Athens, but the Greek Government refused to sign them.

The Hellenic Government addressed a long, dignified, and touching appeal to the Governments of the Allies, beseeching them not to take any course calculated to weaken or endanger the League. At the same time, Greece offered all her naval and military resources in case Turkey was not disposed to accept terms less damaging to the interests of the Allies.

“This appeal formed an important historical document which, when published, will show that Greece, far from having any intention of breaking away from the League, has put forward every effort to maintain it in its original form.”²

But the Furies were not yet appeased. The innocent blood which during the long centuries of Turkish rule had been shed like water in Thrace, in Armenia, and in Macedonia, was still crying for vengeance from the ground, and the Peace so confidently foretold by diplomatists and by journalists proved, indeed, to be no Peace. Blood had to be wiped out with blood. Scarcely had the question of Adrianople, which had so long occupied the Conference of the Balkan and Turkish delegates in London, been settled by its surrender to Bulgaria, when a revolution broke out at Constantinople. The Young Turks came into power, Nazim Pasha was murdered, negotiations were broken off, and the blood of Nazim Pasha was only atoned for by further hecatombs at Adrianople, at Yanina, at Tchataldja, and at Skutari.

We have seen that on November 16 the Government discovered a Young Turk plot for the establishment of a Republic, and that the arrest of the chiefs of the Committee of Union and Progress had been immediately ordered.

“The real leader of the movement was undoubtedly Djavid Bey, who escaped arrest.

“Talat Bey, ex-Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, was less fortunate. He was serving with the army at the front as a volunteer, and when he heard that the plot had been discovered he attempted to escape, but was caught when about to flee the camp.

“Two of the alleged conspirators offered serious resistance.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, December 9, 1912 (Luigi Barzini).

² *Daily Telegraph*, Thursday, December 5, 1912.

Djamboulat Bey, an ex-Minister, shot at and mortally wounded the gendarme sent to arrest him. Djamboulat was tried, sentenced to death, and shot.

"Another prominent conspirator was Husein Djahid Bey, then directing affairs from Constanza, and editing the journal *Tanin* there.

"There were a large number of arrests in the army. All the military conspirators will be tried by court-martial at once.

"The police found traces of a second plot by ulemas or priests, but though this is not regarded as serious, it shows potentialities."¹

Arrests and courts-martial, however, only scotched but did not extinguish the fire of rebellion, which continued to smoulder during the sittings of the Peace Conference at St. James's Palace, possibly, as subsequent discoveries served to show, with the encouragement of some officers amongst the beleaguered garrison of Adrianople.

The negotiations in London must now be briefly described.

Turkey would not give up Adrianople whilst the fortress still held out: such was the main obstacle in the way of peace. At the luncheon given to the Peace Delegates in the Guildhall in London Mr. Asquith might speak of his confident hope that the struggle would be closed by a "Peace of London," which would do much to promote peace and happiness throughout the world, but at Constantinople the Government, itself the child of a *coup d'état*, saw at every moment the swords of military conspirators hanging over its head.

As a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* pointed out on December 18:

"One of the most serious, if not, indeed, the most serious, danger in the way of peace in the Balkans is the present condition of affairs in Turkey. No one who has followed at all closely the recent trend of events in Constantinople, much less any one who has had the advantage of having been there during the last two or three months, can possibly be blind to the extreme seriousness of the situation.

"It is doubtful if the Peace Conference in London would survive a Cabinet crisis in Constantinople, and it is not alarmist to state that Kiamil Pasha's hold on power is anything but a strong one. It is an open secret that the members of his Cabinet do not work at all well together. Particularly evident of late has been the difficulty which Kiamil Pasha and his Foreign Minister, Gabriel Effendi, find in keeping upon the same path of policy. Gabriel Effendi is perhaps the strongest member of a somewhat mediocre Cabinet. His withdrawal would go far to break it up, and during the last month or two his resignation has more than once been on the point of being tendered.

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Friday, November 22, 1912.

" Kiamil Pasha, though his energy and capacity for work are enormous and surprising in an octogenarian, most obviously cannot hold the reins of power much longer. Physically he is weakening, and his popularity, never a very strong support, has come near to vanishing-point.

" And his successor, if he resigns office ? One looks round in vain for the safe and strong man who would be required to face the extraordinarily difficult position which the retirement of the present Grand Vizier would bring about at this juncture.

" To gauge how serious that situation would be, the state of affairs, recent and present, in Constantinople must be taken into consideration.

" Public memory is short. The Turk is beginning to forget his defeats, great though they were. And it has not been difficult for him to consign them—if ever, indeed, he knew a great deal about them—to oblivion. He does not know what the war has cost Turkey in lives ; the cholera-stricken soldiers were brought into the city at dead of night, when martial law kept every one indoors ; only a trivial number of the wounded reached Constantinople ; the guns boomed in the city's ears for a day or two, stopped, and the talk was of peace ; the Turkish Press was most effectively muzzled.

" In short, there was nothing to impress on the people of Constantinople anything but that the Turkish army had sustained some inevitable preliminary reverses which it is now in a position to wipe out.

" The consequence is that an extremely dangerous warlike spirit prevails in the population and exists in a highly accentuated form in military circles. And it is not altogether without a foundation of sorts. A military organisation so hopelessly muddled and mismanaged as that of Turkey cannot be transformed into a very much more improved machine in two months of warfare and defeat.

" Still, however, a great deal has been done to restore confidence in the ranks of the army and in the people. If Nazim Pasha's name will be connected in history with one of the greatest defeats in modern warfare, it must not be forgotten that he rallied that beaten army in a way which compels a considerable degree of admiration. Ever since the Bulgarians' onward march ceased, Nazim Pasha has used every minute of night and day to strengthen his position beyond those miles of fine fighting country over which the boom of the Bulgarian guns once sounded.

" Just a fortnight ago I was permitted to go to Nazim's headquarters, and what I saw spoke plainly of a tremendously strong position, with its miles upon miles of entrenchments. I spoke with several staff officers and many others. They were all looking eagerly for an opportunity to avenge their defeats. Cholera has practically disappeared at the front. Food is there

in abundance. Great numbers of fresh men and some of Turkey's finest regiments have been brought up to the position.

"There is, therefore, very real danger of serious happenings should a peace be concluded which is to any great degree unpopular. 'The blindfold game of war' is always uncertain, and the belief is deeply rooted in the Turk that it is worth wagering Constantinople itself on another effort to retrieve the losses of the war.

" 'If the Bulgarians,' military authorities in Turkey argue, 'throw themselves on our lines, they are bound to fail and suffer heavily, and if they do the Turkish army will be able to follow up such a success.'

"Another point is the increased activity of the Young Turks. The recently frustrated conspiracy to set up a Republic was clear evidence of the fact that they are by no manner of means 'back-numbers.' Kiamil Pasha acted firmly and well in handling this matter at first and arresting the ringleaders. But he found himself powerless to hold to his strong policy in the face of the tremendous influence which the Young Turks brought to bear upon him to release the conspirators.

"That influence was nothing less than the influence of the army, and it was expressed by the direct intervention of Nazim Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief himself, a clear indication of the tremendous support behind the Union and Progress party.

"Nazim Pasha is extremely popular with all sections of the population. So much so is that the case that if Kiamil Pasha were overthrown in any crisis brought about in the course or at the conclusion of the negotiations, Nazim's name as his successor would spring to almost every lip. In the confusion—for a crisis at such a moment would create the utmost confusion—he would be almost certain to find himself compelled to step in, seeing that practically all administrative powers are in military hands. That he who successfully interceded for the imprisoned conspirators should be dictator would "suit the book" of the Young Turks to a nicety.

"It would also mean the continuation of the war.

"The Grand Vizier, then, is faced with a very difficult and dangerous situation. It is impossible to say if he is able to hold to his post till he has steered his country safely into the harbour of peace. But to bring the army-supported Young Turk into power under such conditions as the present would be the most dire disaster which could fall upon stricken Turkey, and it is to be hoped that Kiamil Pasha, poor though his Government is, has yet the strength to prevent a military dictatorship which would set guns booming and blood flowing again in the Balkans."¹

Such was the state of affairs for some weeks. Turkey would

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Wednesday, December 18, 1912.

not give way as to the possession of Adrianople or cede those islands of the Archipelago which are adjacent to the Dardanelles or to the coast of Asia Minor. Bulgaria would not sacrifice in vain the blood which she had shed before Adrianople. The question of the Sacred Places in the city rose into prominence, and the Mosque of Sultan Selim was invested with an accession of sanctity which amused the antiquarian and did not deceive the diplomat.

From the armoury of German learning, and from the archives of the Vatican, the Porte drew weapons which it brandished in the defence of Islam against the Cross. A division of Adrianople was proposed. The portion of the city beyond the Maritza, which contains the railway station, was to become Bulgarian; its centre, with the Holy Places, glowing in thrice-brightened haloes, was to remain Turkish: Tsar Ferdinand was to become Administrator of Adrianople; whilst the Sultan's authority was to be represented, as in Egypt, by a Resident, whose functions were to be to draw his salary and to do nothing; in fine, Tsar Ferdinand was to be a kind of Vicar-General for the Sultan, whose spiritual authority was to be exercised by a Naib-es-Sultan, or Spiritual Viceroy. The plan was, doubtless, modelled on a scheme for the settlement of the Roman question which was proposed by Cavour through the Jesuit Carlo Passante in 1860, and which was within an ace of being accepted by Pius IX. This suggestion was that Victor Emmanuel should govern Rome and the Patrimony as the Vicar of the Church, but that Pius IX. should remain their sovereign. The question of the position of England as regards Turkey in Koweit, and other territories on the Persian Gulf, seems likely to be settled upon very similar lines. However, the Bulgarians are a plain people, and with the cry of "Adrianople for Bulgaria," they quickly broke through these diplomatic filaments.

On January 9, 1913, it was officially announced that the Porte had addressed to the Ottoman Ambassadors abroad a circular intimating that if the Balkan delegates did not by the end of the week accept the proposals of peace formulated by Turkey, the Ottoman delegates in London would be immediately invited to return to Constantinople.

" 'Whatever happens,' continued the Note, 'the Porte is firmly resolved to maintain its point of view as explained during the course of the negotiations in London in regard to Adrianople and the Aegean Islands, seeing that the sacrifices to which it has already consented have reached the extreme limit.' "

"The general opinion is that any step taken by the Powers, even if supported by a naval demonstration, with the object of compelling the Porte to conclude peace on the basis of the cession of Adrianople, is doomed to failure.

"The Balkan Envoys in London had again emphasised the

fact that they would not re-enter the conference unless Turkey gave way on the question of Adrianople and the Aegean Islands.

"It is reported that suggestions have reached the Allies in guarded form that the Powers were likely to advise that those islands nearest the Dardanelles should be retained by Turkey, that those nearest to Greece should be ceded to Greece, and that possibly some others might be made autonomous.

"Assuming that there is any good foundation for these intentions attributed to the Powers, the Allies, it is further stated, would not be likely to adopt a defiant attitude and decline to further negotiate, although the cession of the islands was included in their demands.

"'But if,' said a delegate emphatically, 'we learned to-day that Turkey would yield Adrianople, we would not consent to resume negotiations on that basis alone, but would flatly refuse unless the status of the Aegean Islands were left open to discussion and reasonable arrangement.'"¹

Gossip at Constantinople reported that England had done her utmost to secure the retention of Adrianople by Turkey in exchange for concessions to her own advantage with regard to the Bagdad Railway.

On the afternoon of January 9 the Porte made known that it would not accept the proposals put forward by the Allies, but would decline the intervention of the Powers, and recall its delegates from London, unless its own counter-proposals were accepted. A meeting of Ambassadors was held at the residence of the Margrave Pallavicini, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador; who is the *doyen* of the Corps at Constantinople, in order to draft a Collective Note to be handed to the Porte. Public opinion, however, held that this step would be doomed to failure, even if the Powers supported it by a naval demonstration, if they insisted on the cession of Adrianople. Neither the army, where feeling ran high in favour of the maintenance of the war, nor the general public would by that time have allowed any Ottoman Government to make such a sacrifice, although they would have agreed to the conclusion of a peace which would retain Adrianople for Turkey, even with the fortifications dismantled. It was rumoured, indeed, that the armistice had been broken, and that a party of Bulgarians who had been endeavouring to cut the telegraph near Lake Derkos, at the northern end of the Tchataldja Lines, had been driven back by the Turks with some loss.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, January 10, 1913.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREEK OPERATIONS

MACEDONIA

THE Greek army in Macedonia was commanded by Crown Prince Constantine, and included the pick of their forces, amongst whom were many foreign volunteers. Amongst the Evzones (Rifles) were many Americans, who had been engaged in tobacco planting in Greece. The Turks had concentrated a force of 30,000 men at Sarandoporo under the command of Hassan Taksin Pasha, but sustained a crushing defeat.

By Tuesday, October 22, the Turks were in full retreat on Serfidje (Servia), completely demoralised, and the Greeks were following close on their heels. Two million rounds of cartridges, four siege guns, four field batteries, and hundreds of blankets and greatcoats were found in the track of the flying army.

It was expected that the Turks would have defended the Stone Gates, the pass leading from the basin of the Xeragi River to that of the Vistritsa, but the Greeks met with no resistance in occupying the approaches to the pass.

They were jubilant at the results obtained. As a high officer said, "We expected much greater resistance, but when officers in the army engage in politics it means that the *moral* of the men is sapped. This has happened in Turkey."¹ The Greeks had learnt this lesson in the war of fifteen years before.

Two Greek divisions operating in Western Thessaly defeated the Turks at Deskati and drove the enemy before them to Kossani.

Hope ran high, and, if the gossip of Athens was to be trusted, M. Venezelos hoped that the war would have been finished and the country have resumed normal conditions before Christmas, but preparations were being made in view of a lengthy campaign.

"To-day I visited the barracks outside Athens, where hundreds of volunteers are going through various stages of military drill, from the goose-step to shooting practice. All classes of men have

¹ *Daily Express*, Wednesday, October 23, 1912.

volunteered in the different squads—shopkeepers, bankers, out-of-work labourers, peasants in baggy blue trousers and high boots, Greek Mohammedans wearing the fez, but eager to fight for Greece and liberty.

"One squad was composed solely of Mohammedan Greeks from Thasos, 'an island which forms part of the private estates of the Khedives of Egypt,' wearing long turned-up slippers, silk stockings, and blue trousers, copious enough to carry a sack of potatoes, and short braided jackets shaped like Etons. The difficulties of 'right-about-turn' were too great for them. They remarked that they could fight without knowing that.

"On the parade ground I met an old friend, Skides, a famous captain of insurgent bands, and formerly a terror of the Bulgarians. He was watching the drill with the experienced eye of a general. I asked him if he would be glad to be crossing the frontier again. 'They should have sent me earlier,' he said, 'but there are plenty of us there to pull the pig's nose.' 'And your old enemies, the Bulgarians?' I asked. 'Well,' said Skides, 'we are friends with them now. Perhaps we may remain so.' A poor wise man has proved wiser than the politicians.

"Skides is a Cretan. Thousands of these islanders are eluding the winking eyes of the international fleets, and have arrived at Athens ready to fight for Greece against any enemy."

A Servian general had arrived at Athens, and was to remain during the war in close touch with the Greek General Staff, so as to facilitate the co-operation of the two armies. The four torpedo-destroyers purchased in England also reached the Piraeus on the evening of October 22.

The correspondents who arrived at Larissa from Athens on October 26,¹ found themselves in the midst of war-like turmoil. The scenes in the old Pelasgian capital on the Peneios, which the road to the Vale of Tempe and Tirnovo at the foot of the frontier range now crosses by a broad modern bridge, were dramatically picturesque.²

"This road has been the setting of many pathetic scenes for the frontiersmen of Greece. Along it their defeated armies have retreated with their families, driven from their burning homes in Macedonia to fly in terror to Larissa and the sea-coast. Over it hordes of victorious invaders have marched along to pillage and ruin the beautiful, prosperous country-side between Tirnovo and the sea. Alaric's Goths followed the Persians of Xerxes, and the Arian invaders of Greece were, perhaps, not less cruel than the generals of Sultan Murad II. It was Europe alone which saved Thessaly from a similar fate in the Greco-Turkish War.

"To-day the road has become a glorious pathway leading

¹ *Daily Express*, Tuesday, October 29, 1912.

² *Daily Express*, Wednesday, October 30, 1912 (J. A. Sinclair Pooley).

northward to victory and revenge and a security unknown before to the highlanders on the frontier.

"As I rode along this morning, I passed hundreds of peasants who, weeks ago, when fighting seemed inevitable, fled with their goods to the comparative safety of Larissa. To-day they are returning to their homes, with their goods packed in long, open carts—tables, beds, and all the chattels which go to make a fireside home." They who had gone forth weeping, were now returning home rejoicing. "I stopped one of the families. The father was a tall Macedonian of about fifty, dressed in dark homespun. He wore a belt filled with pistols and knives about his waist. His face was scored with the constant tragedies of his life.

" 'Why did you leave your home?' I asked.

" 'Four weeks ago,' he replied, 'the Turks sent me notice that in case of war they would cut the throats of all *Yunans*' (Greeks, *i.e.* Ionians, the *Javan* of Genesis x. 2). 'I fled with my family. My father and two brothers were killed by the Turks, so I know what they would have done, and I fled with these children from Eleuterochori.'

"His tale is typical; but now the fear of the Turks is gone, and the people are tramping back along the trunk road, assured by the Greek victories that the Greeks can and will protect their brethren in Macedonia.

"The refugees, although passing over the road in thousands, represent only a small portion of the traffic which marches day and night across the valley to the mountains.

"At one place I passed an ammunition convoy, a motley collection of beasts, diminutive donkeys, decrepit horses and mules mingled all together.

"On each side of the beasts was slung a box containing 1500 rounds of cartridges. Each animal was led by a guard of the mobile soldiers over forty, who are being used also as scouts, guarding the lines of communication. In this way the soldiers are saved, and every available fighting man is sent to the front.

"Along this road all the guns and ammunition stores have had to pass. The task has been herculean, as there is no railway beyond Larissa. Everything has had to be carried up to the frontier on the backs of pack animals. The question of commissariat is the most difficult the army has to face, for to-day the animals are scarce, and every available beast has been pressed into the service. Many died, but the necessities of the army increased, as it advances every day fifteen or more miles.

"The roads in parts are terrible. They were badly constructed to begin with, but they have been hopelessly cut up by artillery, and at places are almost impassable.

"The army must have bread, and for this reason the Crown

Prince is pushing east with almost frenzied haste to reach Salonika, where the army can then be replenished from the sea.

"The railway south from Larissa was encumbered with wounded *en route* for the hospitals at Athens. The victims were as cheerful as could be."¹

"One train was filled with men whose injuries were only in the arms. They objected most strongly to being sent to the rear, declaring that they could still fight.

"Amongst them were a number of wounded Turks, who chatted and laughed with their erstwhile enemies, seemingly content to have fallen into the hands of their Christian conquerors.

"A wounded Greek told me that at first the Turks refused to have their wounds medicated, thinking that they would be murdered.

"Coming along in the train I noticed the lines were guarded by peasants wearing blue frock-coats, white tight leather trousers, flat-soled shoes, regimental caps, and waist-belts filled with cartridges.

"They were reservists of the older class who had been mobilised in the districts through which the railway passes to guard the lines and tunnels and bridges.

"Larissa is choked with wounded from the desperate battle at Sarandoporo. Day and night, trains and bullock waggons are bringing them into the three hospitals."

As had been the case in the war of 1897, the hospital arrangements were wholly inadequate.

"The Greek army has acted with such rapidity that it is impossible for the field ambulances to keep pace with it.

"Princess Alice, the wife of Prince Andrew, the fourth son of the King, is following the army with a staff of picked nurses and rendering first aid to the wounded, by whom she is spoken of as the 'ministering angel.'

"At Sarandoporo she performed miracles, flitting with her staff from one quarter to another until late in the evening, by which time her dress was drenched in blood.

"Princess Helena, the daughter of the Crown Prince, has arrived at Larissa with her hospital train. She personally described to me some of the difficulties under which she is obliged to work.

"Looking round the station, which was littered with wounded men, some on ambulances and others propped against the walls, she exclaimed in pathetic terms, 'Only three weeks to prepare for all this. It was too little; and this is only the beginning.'

"At this moment a special arrived from Volo with Queen Olga on board. The Queen immediately descended and came to the hospital train. One by one she visited the wounded, speaking words of encouragement and thanking the brave soldiers.

¹ *Daily Express*, Tuesday, October 29, 1912.

At one cot slung in a third-class carriage she stopped for nearly half an hour.

"The case was that of a soldier shot through the lung. His mother, who lives at Volo, had come to see him. He refused to go on to Athens, pleading to be allowed to remain.

"'You see,' he said, 'I can work. I can pull the trigger. It is only here it hurts me,' and, in ignorance, he patted his chest, not knowing perhaps that his wound might be fatal, while some of the men with shattered legs and arms might live for years and come to wear medals, and glory that they were part of the army which drove the Turk from Europe.

"As the train drew out of the station, the Queen stood on the platform weeping, while the invalid soldiers cheered.

"King George arrived in Larissa on Friday night, October 25. After sleeping in the house of the mayor, he left yesterday morning in a motor-car for Serfidje. The journey was a risky one for the monarch, as between Elassona and Serfidje thousands of Turks were fleeing from the victorious Greek army, hiding in the woods, caves, and slopes of the mountain.

"It was necessary that special precautions should be taken for the safety of the King. A pilot motor-car, carrying Greek highlanders, preceded His Majesty's car, which, in turn, was followed by two more cars.

"Soldiers were stationed along the route to keep a watchful eye on marauding Turks at Serfidje, where the King arrived last evening.

"To-day the King proceeded to Kossani, occupied by the Greeks on Friday. I learn that the Turkish force at Kossani was strong, but, seeing the Greeks outlined on the southern mountain ridge, they were seized with panic and fled, abandoning all their munitions, including fourteen thousand bags of flour, and a splendidly equipped hospital of five hundred beds.

"It is unknown how long the King will stop at the front. In this connection I am permitted to send you the following conversation, which took place between the King and M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier. The Premier asked His Majesty how long he proposed to stay at the front. 'I don't know,' replied the King; 'perhaps a fortnight.' 'I think your Majesty has an idea of returning by ship from Salonika,' observed the Premier. 'You are always optimistic,' replied the King, 'and this time I believe you are right.'"

King George's words were fulfilled; he returned by ship from Salonika, but as David was not allowed to see the dedication of the Temple, so it was not given King George to see the realisation of the hopes for which he had toiled so long. Yet just as the Church is founded on the martyrs' blood, so will King Constantine's throne stand the firmer because his father sealed a hero's life by death at the hands of one of those whom he had saved from

slavery. Who can say what the death of William the Silent wrought for the Dutch Republic?

Go, soul, to peace from this wild whirl of war,
In which thou hast well earned eternal peace.

CAMOENS, *The Lusiads*, x. 32.

"The scenes in the crowded cafés of Larissa were pregnant with the tragedy of war. Sitting at the next table to mine to-day was a smart old gentleman who appeared to be cheerful, even happy. He had just been to hospital and learnt that his son, who had been shot in the stomach, was better; but he added, 'I am told he will be dead before midnight.' This is the Spartan spirit.

"Round the hospital gates are thronged groups of peasants, come from all the frontier towns to inquire after the conditions of the wounded, as a rule sons. They are a silent, hard people. They have lived for years on the frontier suffering shame and indignity from the Turk. They say that if their sons have died winning freedom for their highland frontier home, they will have died in a good cause.

"No trace has yet been found of the Turkish Army. It is believed that a portion managed to escape to Veria, and that the rest scattered over the slopes of Mount Fieria.

"I discovered a typical instance of the unpreparedness of the Turks. A force of 500 Turks is always stationed in the mountains at Kalamata above Trikala. By some mistake the Turkish general forgot to notify them of the outbreak of war. On Thursday it became known that the Turks were still at Kalamata. Two battalions were sent from here, and after a short fight captured the whole force, which they brought in as prisoners."

Two days later 480 Turkish prisoners, taken after Sarandoporo, arrived at Tirnovo.

On the same day (Tuesday, October 29) the first flight made by any aviator in time of war took place.

"Kamborios, one of the army aviators, left Larissa this morning on a Blériot machine. He made a great flight, travelling at a height of four thousand feet over the mountains."¹

It is a curious reflection that amongst those mountains must have been Olympus, where the old Greek gods held high revels, and whence Zeus hurled his thunders.

Aviation was practised thousands of years ago; to-day it is but a revival of a lost art. Most people think that Daedalus was a myth, yet Juvenal says he was an aviator:

Graeculus esuriens in caelum, iusseris, ibit.
Ad summam non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax
Qui sumsit pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis:

which I translate—

¹ *Daily Express*, Wednesday, October 30, 1912.

"If you were to tell a half-starved little Greek cad to go to Heaven, he'd get there somehow. It wasn't a Moor, a Slav, or a Thracian who first put on wings, but a fellow dragged up in the slums of Athens."

And so was his son Icarus an aviator who, as many of his successors have done, set another example of self-devotion and courage and fell into the sea.

It ran in families, as it does now; the Wright brothers are the Daedalus and Icarus of our times.

I do not know whether M. Kamborios is an Athenian. If he is, I trust he will not think that I am applying the quotation from Juvenal in any depreciatory sense to a brave man who dared in his flight over the Olympian heights dangers far more real than the fabled thunderbolts of Olympian Zeus.

Fresh regulations were issued by the Greek censorship at this time, and no message was allowed to pass which related to any movements of the Greek army; so particulars as to its movements now grew more scanty.

The Turks abandoned the famous Meluna Pass, the southern gate of Macedonia, without a fight.

"To-day (Wednesday, October 30) the Queen of Greece made her first trip into Macedonia, driving from Larissa to Ellassona, where she visited the hospitals. The town of Ellassona is a collection of miserable hovels, divided into two sections, Greek and Turkish. The leading Greek priest welcomed Her Majesty in the name of the population, and Her Majesty replied saying that she was pleased to visit a Greek city outside of, but so near to, Greece.

"The Metropolitan of Athens is on his way to the front to give the blessing to the troops before the last great fight between Cross and Crescent. He said he hoped to meet the army at Veria."¹ Veria is the Beroea where St. Paul resided after his expulsion from Salonika, and King George was there celebrating the anniversary of his accession to the throne on October 31.

From Veria the Greeks advanced down the Vistritsa towards its junction with the Vardar, where at Janitsa (Yenije) they fell in with a Turkish force of 33,000 men, only 6000 of whom formed part of the army they had vanquished at Sarandoporo. The remaining 27,000 had been opposing the advance of the Bulgarian army on Seres.

"The operations at Yenije, near the Vardar River, were fierce, a furious cannonade being kept up from 8 A.M. until dusk. The Turks held a position behind the stream to the south of the Vardar, protected by swampy ground and high rushes, which afforded considerable protection. For three hundred yards the grass rises high on the river-bank, the stream being one hundred yards wide and very deep. On the night of November 2 Ahmed Tewfik Pasha, commanding the Turkish left wing, sent two brigades of

¹ *Daily Express*, Wednesday, October 30, 1912.

infantry and four mule batteries of 12-pounder mountain guns over Plati Bridge to attack the Greeks at L'aniver and Tirikala. The force moved rapidly and occupied a position previously selected. Here they entrenched on quite flat ground, but the rain came down rather heavily, and filled the trenches with water. Early in the morning the Greeks began to move forward to the attack, the infantry advancing under cover supported by the guns. The advance was met by a tremendous Turkish fire, but the Greeks replied with shell which burst with great effect, the time-fuses working faultlessly. The Greeks, having the advantage in numbers of infantry, soon made an impression, and after an hour's fighting the Turks were driven back to and out of their position and began a retreat. They had no supports nearer than two miles away, and only the railway bridge at Plati available for troops to cross the river. The retreating force became congested on this bridge and got a hail of shrapnel. The field hospital was placed quite near and received many of the shells. The fire was more than the Turks could stand, and the dispersed, go-as-you-please retirement ended in the men running. Many lay down on the rails, and others made off through Kirjak Station along the line. At noon the Turks got six guns into action and checked the Greek advance, whilst a wing of the infantry held on finely until left by both guns and supports, when the whole force broke, throwing away coats and kit, and running. For five miles along the line discarded equipment lay strewn. No use was made of the stretchers, and only about 200 wounded reached the train at Kirjak, which left covered with men on the roofs and buffers. There was no one in command, and the officers on the train did nothing to keep order. The cold and the rain cooled the men's panic, however. The Greeks have only one more obstacle, namely, the trenches at the Vardar River at Topsin."¹

Good gunnery was the chief secret of the Greek successes. The correspondent of the *Morning Post* with the Turks at Salonika wrote :²

"So quick, so purposeful, so resolute was the advance of the Greeks against the Turkish Army under Hassan Takzin Pasha that almost before one had time to realise that war had actually started in earnest we had the Turks driven back on to the river Kara Azmak. From the Kara Azmak to Salonika is less than 34 miles. At Kara Azmak Hassan Pasha held an enormously strong position, with his right flank resting on high mountains, his front protected by a river only passable by bridges, of which there were two railway bridges and two road bridges, and his left flank circled gradually back across the main road. Hassan had a force of certainly 40,000 to 45,000 men to hold this position.

¹ *Daily Express*, Friday, November 1, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Monday, November 11, 1912.

"The Greeks probably were in the proportion of three to one. The front was roughly 20 miles long, and it was impossible to watch the fighting along such a vast frontage. I elected, therefore, to watch the defence of Plati Bridge, an iron railway structure without any roadway except a narrow one for foot passengers. The fight for this railway bridge was short, but very fierce. The Turks defending it were one brigade infantry, composed of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions 64th Regiment, one battery (four guns, Mountain Mule Battery), two guns Field Artillery (German Krupp guns).

"The Greeks attacking had their entire 7th Division, with the 5th, 6th, and 9th Batteries. Their guns are of the French pattern, and the difference between the French and the German guns is that the German guns, like our own British guns, are for time-fuse; that is to say, they burst by being set to burst at a certain interval of time after the shot is fired. The French guns, with which the Greeks were armed, burst by being set to explode so many revolutions after the projectile leaves the muzzle of the gun, the spin of the projectile being given by the rifling in the gun-barrel.

"Watching the shooting of the Turks from beside their batteries, I saw that the laying and serving of the Turkish guns was excellent, but that they burst the rounds in precisely the same place every time. I watched this Turkish gun-fire for a long time, standing beside the commander, and I was unable to locate exactly the position of the advancing Greeks. I set it down, therefore, to want of finesse that he did not alter his range frequently. Having been under the Greek shrapnel fire for too long a time to be pleasant, I can speak with authority on the Greek artillery practice. It was an experience I am not likely to forget.

"I was running for my life during it, through ankle-deep mud, with putties fixed on too tightly, with the result that my legs were causing me intense pain. The Greeks shot exceedingly straight. They started on the Turkish infantry in retreat, this being their target, just short of the greatest mass. I have not the technical term for a round of gun-fire, but let the word volley suffice. The first volley was burst just short of the greatest mass, and gradually the time of the burst of the shrapnel was lengthened some thirty yards at a time. It was splendid marksmanship. After the taking of Salonika, I went up to the Major of the 5th Battery. This battery had pushed up so close to Plati Bridge that they were but 1500 yards distant when they opened fire on the bridge. I introduced myself, and told him I had been under his fire there, and we became friends at once. He asked me if his fire had done great havoc. I asked him if he had ever known any artillery fire do any havoc. He laughed. I inquired if he had been aiming at the railway embankment itself. He replied that he aimed to burst the shells on either side of the embankment. When I told him his shooting had been extraordinarily

good, as his shells had literally plastered the ground on either side, but that the majority of the Turks had fled down the railway itself, *i.e.* on the top of the embankment, his answer was in emphatic English!

"I asked him how the Turks had shot. He said: 'They were about three hundred yards short of us all day, and my men were laughing at them.' This might lead to a long discussion of the relative merits of the two systems of bursting fuses. My own idea is that the Greek artillery officers outshone their opponents. The lesson more than any other that this campaign has taught me I can set down in a few lines. It is this. In England our officers are not accustomed to conduct troops routed by an enemy. Few British officers have had the handling of such large armies as have been handled by the Turks and the States that are opposed to them. All our European armies practise the attack—outpost, flank, and rear guards—but a retirement of beaten troops is seldom ever discussed. The idea that Ottoman troops, of whom the Sheikh-ul-Islam says 'every Turkish soldier is a hero,' could be defeated by the young States was never deemed possible. The retreat was never practised. And when the time came and the Turks had been driven back from position after position, never once were orders issued for retreat. I know very well that even in our army, an army famed for one thing in particular, that of "never knowing when it is beaten," orders for a retreat are only issued under the direst necessity, and then made known to only a few of the senior officers.

"I have seen now an immense army defeated, defeat quickly turned into a rout, rout into a stampede, and really fine men fleeing each for himself. There is more to be learned from one really good 'mix-up' than from all the scientific instruction of a lifetime. Seeing the Turks driven over the railway bridge at Plati on November 2, demoralised by an inferno of shrapnel fire, I watched them as I fled side by side with them for safety. I watched officers make for safety, and the sight of a panic-stricken officer is not good to gaze upon. A few splendid officers tried with all their might to stop the stampede, but their religion and their pride is against the showing of violent joy or of anger. Our officers to stop such a 'rot' would have drawn their revolvers and have used them, too—not so the Turks. A few men here and there stopped, and were eventually formed into a last line of resistance. It was such a mix-up that no officer could have established order out of that rushing mob—and why? The answer is that all uniforms were similar. Does not that remark give us food for thought?

"My last thought is to run the British officer into the expense of buying yet another fashion in headgear after the expense to which he has been put of late years in purchasing the latest form of kit. Looking at our infantry, we can distinguish the Guards

and the Highland Brigade. But the rest are so similar in appearance that one has to go close up to a man in khaki to read the name on his shoulder; one line regiment is indistinguishable from another. Officers are still harder to distinguish than the rank and file. It is absolutely necessary that officers of different regiments should be easily distinguishable to their men, so that they can gather around them after being thrown into disorder and thus be re-formed.

"For regiments I consider a difference of head-dress to be the best distinguishing mark, but beyond this brigades and divisions should have an easily distinguished sign. The similarity in dress, to my mind, was the outstanding cause of confusion in this retreat. It is such an easily remedied one that I have dealt with it first. Space does not permit me to give the other disadvantages under which the Turks suffered, but which I hope to be able to do later."¹

In the two battles at Sarandoporo and Janitsa, the Greek Army disposed of 60,000 of the enemy's forces, made 37,000 prisoners, captured 106 guns, 75,000 rifles, and enormous quantities of stores and ammunition. Their losses in the campaign from the crossing of the frontier in Thessaly up to Salonika amounted to 3752 killed and 9452 wounded.

The road was now clear for the Greek advance upon Salonika, the ancient Thessalonica, to whose inhabitants St. Paul addressed the two Epistles to the Thessalonians. It had been in the hands of the Turks since 1430. Although often attacked by Bulgaria and Servia, it never belonged to either Empire.

The city lies on a crescent of low hills facing the gulf of the Aegean to which it gives its name, and a little to the eastward of the mouth of the Vardar, the ancient Axios, the chief river of Macedonia, down whose valley runs the railway which connects the Danube with the Aegean. It is the best harbour except Constantinople in the Balkan Peninsula, and, when in the hands of a capable government, will become the Hamburg of the Mediterranean, if its Custom House is managed with common honesty. The population is 121,600, including 60,600 Jews, who regard themselves as of Spanish origin dating from 1571, and speak a corrupt Spanish amongst themselves, and 20,000 Moslems. Salonika is one of the two heads of the great railway which runs through Central Europe from Paris by Vienna, Buda Pesth, and Belgrade, the other terminus being Constantinople.

Such is the city which surrendered to the Greeks on Friday, November 8, 1912.

The Greeks had, indeed, already shown their flag in Salonika harbour. On the night of October 31, some Greek torpedo vessels had made their way into the roads and torpedoed the Turkish warship *Feth-i-Bulend*. Between seventy and eighty

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, November 20, 1912.

of her crew went down with her. The crew of the despatch-vessel *Fuad*, which a Greek torpedo missed, became somewhat nervous and fired on a fishing-boat which they took for the enemy. They then mutinied and shot their captain, and many of them were in turn shot by their other officers. A panic set in amongst the Mussulman population, but it was arrested by the arrival of the French warship *Bruix* and the British warship *Hampshire*.

The bridge over the Axios (Vardar) was passable, and over it the Greeks advanced from Janitsa.

The following account was telegraphed to Athens by the Crown Prince of Greece:—

“ ‘ All day and night yesterday our troops were crossing the Axios bridge. Last night the Consuls-General of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, with the Commandant of Salonika and a representative of Takzin Pasha, the commander of the Turkish army, came to find me in my headquarters at Topsisin, in order to submit to me proposals for the capitulation of the town and the army. They asked that the army, while engaging to remain neutral until the end of the war, should be allowed to retain its arms.

“ ‘ I refused, making the surrender of arms a condition *sine qua non*, and only conceding that their arms should be returned to them at the end of the war. I gave them until six o'clock in the morning to reply. As it happened, at five o'clock in the morning the Commandant of Salonika, accompanied by the Diplomatic Agent, returned with counter-proposals, admitting in principle the surrender of arms, but demanding the exemption of 5000 rifles destined for the instruction of recruits. This request being refused, they departed, after having obtained a further delay of two hours in order to make an arrangement with the Turkish commander. As they had not returned at the stipulated time, I ordered our troops to march, which they did at nine o'clock in the morning.

“ ‘ When our lines drew near the enemy's advanced posts, towards half-past four in the afternoon, Takzin Pasha sent an officer with a letter declaring that he accepted my conditions. I therefore suspended the forward march, and sent two officers to draw up a protocol for the surrender of arms and the capitulation of the town invested by our troops. The Turkish officers have been authorised to keep their swords, on condition that they give their parole to take no further part in the war.’

“ ‘ A great silver diadem of laurel leaves, surmounted by the two-headed eagle of Byzantium, is being made in Athens for presentation to the Crown Prince on his return.

“ ‘ M. Ractivan, the Minister of Justice, left here this evening for Salonika with a large number of administrative officials. He is going as the representative of the Government, and not, as was

previously stated, as Governor of Salonika. M. Ractivan will retain his position as Minister of Justice."

Within twenty-nine days the Greek army had marched over mountain roads, paths, and passes in wet and cold. It fought two hard-contested battles at Sarandoporo and Janitsa. In both it covered itself with glory, and gave an example of endurance rarely surpassed by any army. For thirty-six days it marched incessantly. It covered nearly 500 miles on foot over mountain roads and paths, without any lengthened halt.

As one correspondent wrote: "I can give a better idea of what it went through by mentioning that during the days I followed the army I twice went thirty-six hours without food, my best bed was in a barn, and I had to pass several nights in the open near a camp fire. We experienced ten degrees of frost at Kardjalar, and torrential rains such as are usually only encountered in tropical Africa. Many died of exposure. The percentage of sick reached a climax at Vodena. Still the spirit of the men was unimpaired."¹ If a war correspondent, possessed of means, and whom every officer was anxious to oblige, fared so badly, it is easy to imagine what the soldiers must have suffered.

"The capitulation of Salonika to the Greeks was signed at the Konak at midnight on Friday, November 8.

"At the request of the Vali, Mr. Lamb, the English Consul-General, called a meeting of the foreign Consuls, and decided to request Takzin Pasha, the general in command of the Salonika division, to state the terms on which he was willing to surrender.

"Takzin refused, saying that he must fight to retrieve the honour of Turkey.

"When it was pointed out to him that he should have fought at the passes, which he had abandoned, he permitted the Consuls to leave for Topsin to interview the Greek Crown Prince. The terms offered by the Prince were, however, refused.

"Then, on Friday, the Prince gave orders for the divisions to advance, and Takzin capitulated, and sent back officers to accept the extremely reasonable terms of the Prince, who was just caught as he was riding off to the battlefield.

"After discussion of details regarding the policing of the town, two Greek representatives were sent to Salonika to sign the protocol of capitulation.

"The entry of four battalions of Greek troops was the sign for an outburst of enthusiasm from the Greek section of the population."²

Amongst these troops were many American and English volunteers, and for the first time the sound of an English cheer or an American College yell struck upon many a Greek, Jewish, and Turkish ear.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Tuesday, November 26, 1912.

² *Daily Express*, Monday, November 18, 1912.

The Turkish troops who surrendered at Salonika numbered 25,000.

The hardships of the advance from Ellassona had been terrible.

"I have arrived safely" ¹ (on Sunday, November 10) "at Katerina, after an exciting journey from Ellassona.

"In addition to the escort of Highlanders provided for us, the officer in charge at Ellassona arranged for four soldiers going to rejoin their regiment at Yida to travel with my party. Among these was the Prime Minister's son. We were, therefore, sure of being able to give a good account of ourselves if attacked.

"The journey, which should have occupied a few hours, took two days. We travelled across the Pass of Petros, which runs three thousand feet above the level of the sea, the road being rendered almost impassable by the enormous boulders of shale from the mountains. How the Greek artillery managed to get over the pass is a marvel.

"All the bridges on our route had great holes in the middle showing where the Turks had tried to destroy them in their retreat.

"It was necessary for us to proceed with great caution. During the night we could see the beacons made by burning trees, indicating the presence of wandering bands of Turks. Our Highlanders made our party halt for some hours as they feared a night attack.

"At the bridge of Karina we found a party of Greek soldiers with a convoy of Turkish prisoners captured in a night skirmish. Just after leaving the convoy we heard heavy firing, and sending a man back to inquire, we found that a party of fugitive Turks had attacked the escort and unsuccessfully endeavoured to release the prisoners.

"When we reached the battlefield at the mouth of the Katerina Pass, we found much evidence of the battle which was fought there on Tuesday, November 5. Bodies of dead Turks were scattered all over the ground, while all the Turkish villages in the neighbourhood were destroyed, having been burnt by the inhabitants before fleeing for their lives.

"The entry of our party into Katerina was a triumphal progress, owing to the presence of young Venizelos, the Premier's son. The inhabitants surrounded our carts, shouting, "Zeto Venizelos, Liberator Macedonia." [Hurrah for Venizelos, the Liberator of Macedonia.]

"The Premier's son, who was driving an ammunition cart, seemed considerably embarrassed by the enthusiasm of the crowd.

"At Katerina I found that the Seventh Division, which we are all trying to join, had reached Yida, where, after a five hours' battle, it had succeeded in driving the Turks from their position. The division then proceeded along the railway"—that from

¹ *Daily Express*, Wednesday, November 13, 1912.

Salonika to Monastir—"to Kara Asmak River, which is within ten hours of Salonika."

Before the capitulation of Salonika, the Greeks "had camped for three days in pouring rain. The ground was a swamp, and it was impossible to erect tents amid great pools of water. A bitter north wind was blowing, the mountains were snow-clad, and the bread convoys had not arrived. The army was cold and wet, with empty stomachs. But the men remained cheerful in this depressing bivouac at Topsin.

"Four miles away we could see the faint lights of Salonika. Across the bay, the cold inquisitive electric flashlight of Karan Bourun blinked at us for the last time in the Turkish interest. On Saturday morning, November 9, it was known that the surrender had been signed, but no orders to advance arrived. Half a mile away, on the top of a slight rise, were the Turkish guns in position, and it was not till eleven o'clock that these were withdrawn.

"An hour later we received the order to march in and take up positions in the town for the maintenance of public order. I entered the town in a carriage with a wounded colonel, who insisted on seeing this last phase of the march.

"Our entry was a triumphant progress. The streets were packed and the Pioneers' Regiment were obliged to force a way with the butts of their rifles.

"The Greeks of Salonika, whose tongues had been muzzled for weeks past, gave free vent to their joy at seeing the Greek uniform. The Turks scowled in solemn silence. The balconies on the Marina were crowded with ladies, showering flowers on us and cheering the mud-splashed uniforms.

"After us came battalions of Evzones (Highlanders), long-limbed mountaineers in khaki greatcoats hiding their no longer white kilts—simple men from the highlands of Greece who could not hide their satisfaction at their reception, letting out yell after yell in response to the cheers of the people, and at the same time hoisting their little tasselled skull-caps on their bayonets, and waving them to the girls in the balconies.

"The mitrailleuse batteries were especially noted, and tired mules carrying them received many a cheer of encouragement and praise.

"Then was the greatest scene of all when the shot-pierced flag of the Evzones came into view, the little blue standard with a white cross, which meant so much to the people, who now had a new-born feeling of pride. They saw the standard for the first time in their city, and they pressed round the bearer, content to touch it with their finger-tips, and then stood with bared heads accepting with gratitude the blessings which the army chaplain, bearing a great gold cross, bestowed as he rode by."

I cannot but recall those noble lines in which Aeschylus awoke

the thunders of a theatre thronged with the men who but seven years before had struck down the pride of Persia in the waters of Salamis :

XOP. τοὶ δ' ἀνὰ γᾶν Ἀσίαν δὴν
οὐκ ἔτι περσονομοῦνται,
οὐκ ἔτι δασμοφοροῦσιν
δεσποσύνοισιν ἀνάγκαις,
οὐδ' ἐς γᾶν προπίτνοντες
ἄρξονται βασιλείᾳ
γὰρ διόλωλεν ἰσχύς.
οὐδ' ἔτι γλώσσα βροτοῖσιν
ἐν φυλακαῖς λέλνται γὰρ
λαὸς ἐλεύθερα βάζειν,
ὥς ἐλύθη ζυγὸν ἀλκᾶς.
αἵμαχθείσα δ' ἄρουραν
Αἴαντος περικλύστα
νᾶσος ἔχει τὰ Περσῶν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *The Persians*, 584-597.

which I may, perhaps, English roughly thus :

Chorus. No longer now will Persia give the law
To Asia's tribes, no longer will they bear
Their tribute to a despot master, now
No longer grovel prostrate on the earth
Making his word their will, for now the strong
Kingdom hath met her doom. No longer now
Will men set guards upon their tongues, for lo !
A free people hath been set loose to speak.
Now is the yoke which bound their courage loosed,
For Ajax' sea-girt isle the Persian holds
For ever in her fields, soaked red with blood.

Great were the rejoicings at Athens when the news arrived that Salonika had fallen. One hundred and one guns thundered whilst *Te Deum* was being sung in the Cathedral in the presence of the Cabinet, the Municipality, and the civil and military authorities. Enthusiastic crowds acclaimed M. Venezelos, who was afterwards congratulated by the municipal authorities. All the public buildings were hung with flags. The legations of the Allied States were surrounded by cheering multitudes. What, indeed, did the fall of Salonika mean ? It is a strange thought that it has been left for our generation alone of all those who have lived since the surrender of Granada on January 2, 1492, to see a great Christian city rescued from the infidel, and brought back once more under the standard of the Cross.

In our day we have seen many a great and venerated Moslem sanctuary pass into European hands ; within a brief thirty years Kairouan, Cairo, Khartum, Kano and Fez have been occupied by European armies, whilst Khiva and Bokhara tremble before the Ukases of the Russian Tsar. But since the fateful day when Granada bowed her haughty neck to the Castilian conquerors,

and the soil of Spain was freed from its Moorish tyrants, no such victory, even if we take into account the storming of Buda and the transient Austrian occupation of Belgrade, has been won for Christianity as has been gained by the liberation of Salonika.

It was in Macedonia that the Gospel was first preached to the European world; it was to the Thessalonians that St. Paul foretold the impending advent of the Antichrist, whose coming was to many a trembling monk fulfilled in the inrush of the Tartar and Turkish hordes. Was it not fitting then that Salonika should be the first city to be freed in that war of liberation from which we trust and hope that such great good will spring for Europe and for mankind?

On November 9, 1912, dark rainclouds brooded over the scene, and the heights of Athos in their wintry white, dimly looming through the driving mists, might well have recalled the crags of Mulhacen and the cliff-flecked snows of the Nevada in Pradilla's picture of the "Last Sigh of the Moor." Nor were the actors in any way the inferiors of those Spanish sovereigns who, amid a splendid throng of ecclesiastics and of warriors, received the keys of Granada from the weeping Abdullah el Faquir under the cypresses on Genil's banks, whilst the skies rang with the herald's sonorous proclamation from the Vega tower, "Granada, Granada, for the glorious Kings of Castille, Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabel."

The sons of the Sea Kings who have sat on the throne of Denmark for a thousand years, the men whose forefathers gave Europe her philosophy, her art, her poetry, and struck down the Persian at Marathon and at Salamis, are in no wise unequal to men of the bluest blood which ever flowed in Spanish veins. Nor are the victories of Sarandoporo or Janitsa unworthy to be placed beside many a world-famous fight of the long struggle against the Moor.

A colonel of the Herefordshire Regiment may be pardoned if he remembers with pride that many a Herefordshire lad was amongst the troops who fought at Granada under the banner of Earl Rivers. Nor, as we have seen, were English and American volunteers absent from the ranks of the Highlanders who headed the Greek columns on their entry into Salonika.

Te Deum Laudamus was up the Alcala sung,
Down from Alhambra's minarets were all her crescents flung.

LOCKHART, *Spanish Ballads*, "Las Guerras de Granada."

Early next morning the Crown Prince arrived. He came at five o'clock to avoid a public demonstration, and later in the day attended a Te Deum in the Church of St. Minas. He had hoped to enter Salonika on Friday, which was the feast-day of St. Demetrius, the patron saint of the town, who is buried in the

ancient Greek church, now a mosque, bearing his name. But the fates were against him, and the Te Deum was celebrated in St. Minas instead, the Metropolitan of Salonika being assisted by the Metropolitan of Athens, who had accompanied the troops on their march, inspiring them in the evenings with words of encouragement, and preaching to them to protect Turkish property and the lives of non-combatant Turks.

All the Greek priests of the town, wearing beautiful robes of scarlet, purple, blue, and heliotrope, and bearing ikons and relics set in gold and precious stones, received the Prince at the door of the church, which was packed with thankful men and women. Even the window-sills were utilised to provide accommodation. The Metropolitan's address emphasised the need for the war crusade, and at the end he called for cheers for Christian Macedonia.

"Uno rey entra cantando; otro rey llorando va." (One king entereth in singing, another weeping steals away.)

The King of Greece arrived in Salonika on the morning of Monday,¹ November 11. "He received a tremendously enthusiastic welcome from the army and the people, and wearing the full uniform of the Generalissimo of the army he went to the Cathedral where a solemn Te Deum was sung.

"On Tuesday, November 12, King George made his state entry. On Friday at mid-day, when I passed the Vardar River, I found the King, Prince George, Princess Alice, and the staff picnicking in the rain on a little wooded island under the span of the bridge. The royal band had arrived at the moment, and, stationed at the end of the bridge, began to play the royal anthem. The King immediately abandoned his picnic party, and calling his companions, approached the musicians.

"Not content with the execution of the piece by the frozen players, he took the baton from the hands of the conductor and himself beat time for them.

"In view of the State procession to-day the streets were lined with troops. The pelting rain had kindly ceased for an hour. Picked regiments of the third division lined the route from Uskub station along the Marina to the old Turkish Konak. Behind the troops were packed a population of red-fezed heads looking like rows of closely-packed poppy blooms. Amongst them, no doubt, was many a descendant of the proud Jews who had scowled at Ferdinand and Isabella, as they rode up the Alhambra Hill to the lordly gate of the conquered palace.

"The procession was not led by the band, and the King of Greece entered the ancient capital of Macedonia without musical heralds.

"Behind a squadron of cavalry came the King riding a big

¹ *Daily Express*, Wednesday, November 13, 1912.

brown horse. He could never in his life have looked more pleased. Satisfaction, joy, and good fellowship beamed from his countenance as he nodded and waved his hand to the people, and now and then spoke a word to the troops.

"After years of toil and worry as the King of Greece, and when the span of man's life is drawing to its close, he had the joy of riding with his victorious troops into Alexander the Great's capital, on a day which will live for ever as a landmark in the regeneration of Greece.

"Close behind the King rode the Crown Prince, to whom the military glory and success of the campaign are due. With him were the Princes George and Andrew and the Crown Prince's son, with the general staff following. In a carriage was Prince Nicholas, who was ill, with Princess Alice, the wife of Prince Andrew, the darling of the soldiers. It was she who, on the marches over the rough mountain passes, accompanied them on a primitive ambulance cart, blowing kisses to them as they went by."

To the surrender of Granada, of which Columbus was a spectator, it was owing that Spain found her hands free for the conquest and colonisation of America, which he discovered on Friday, October 12, in that same year. What may Europe and the world owe to the recovery of Salonika from a rule which has so long held in abject ignorance the populations, brutalised by its tyranny, over which it has domineered?

These results, if not so great as those which followed the discovery of America, may yet be of no slight importance.

From its geographical position Salonika is called to be the Hamburg or the Antwerp of the Eastern Mediterranean. If it is farther distant from the harbours of America than are Genoa, Marseilles, or Barcelona, it is the nearest good European haven to the ports of Asia, of Africa, and of Australasia. The haven of the Piraeus, which under no circumstances could ever have really good communications with the Continental railway system, cannot hope to rival its northern neighbour, whilst, now that the barriers raised by Turkish jealousy have been thrown down, the broad valley of the Vardar which communicates with the Danube basin by comparatively easy passes, and which of old gave passage to that Via Egnatia by which the riches of the East travelled from Constantinople to Western Europe, has allowed of railways being constructed which place Salonika in the closest connection with Hamburg and with Paris. Whatever may be the future which lies before the Bagdad Railway, it is improbable that the distant havens of Koweit and Bassora in the burning and unhealthy coast-lands of the Persian Gulf can ever hope to rival Salonika, whilst much of the river-borne traffic of the Danube, which, though it is carried cheaply, can only reach the seas beyond Europe by the long and circuitous passage through the

Black Sea and the Dardanelles, may possibly be diverted to the harbour on the Aegean. Salonika, in the hands of a modern and civilised Power, will be the first port on the Mediterranean.

Only one of the allied states can be the mistress of Salonika, and that mistress must be Greece.

It is true that the rural districts of Macedonia almost down to the seaboard are inhabited by Slavs, whether of Serb or Bulgar race, and that ethnographical maps of recognised authority colour the country as Serb almost as far as the mouths of the Vardar and the Vistritza; but even in rural Macedonia there are important Greek, Wallachian (the Kutso-Vlachs), and Albanian elements in the population, and it would be far from correct to say that in Salonika itself the bulk of the inhabitants are of Slav origin. But, in the case of a port like Salonika, other considerations besides ethnographical ones must have their due weight. Whatever may be the good qualities of races like the Bulgars and the Serbs, it cannot be said that they have ever shown any great aptitude either for dealing with business on a world scale or for administering international interests such as those which are at stake in Salonika. On the other hand, the Greeks rank amongst the best traders and financiers in the world, and a love of the sea is in their blood. If Salonika is to become all that it can become, Salonika must be a Greek city. The fact that it has at the same time to be the chief port of the Balkan States on the Aegean may, it is to be hoped, lead to the establishment of a Balkans Customs Union, which (as was the case with Germany) may be the first step to the re-establishment of that Roman Empire of the East, which would do more than any other scheme which can be devised to secure peace by stilling the ambitions of the Great Powers of Europe. When the Palace of the Blacharnae once more sees a Roman Emperor and a dynasty ruling by the free choice of the Balkan sovereigns and peoples, but, like the German Emperor, by hereditary right, the Eastern question will have been solved once and for all. The solution was suggested by Mr. Gladstone when he uttered that great truth that the Balkans are for the Balkan peoples. The Custom House of Salonika may be the foundation-stone of their future Empire, but if Salonika is to be all that it can and should be, that Custom House must be honestly administered. Corruption and a greedy horde of place-hunters are what have kept Greece from Salonika for eighty years. If the management of Salonika is allowed to fall into the hands of the satraps of the Hellenic polling-booths, Salonika will remain a second-rate provincial town—and may quite possibly see her interests sacrificed to those of the Piraeus, as those of Venice were to Trieste in the days of Austrian rule. If Salonika can be administered like Hamburg, she will rival, if she does not surpass, the great Elbe port within fifty years, and long before that time she may have become the greatest commercial outlet of the Roman

Eastern Empire. M. Venezelos may, if he can silence his Cleons, be the Bismarck of the Balkans.

But if M. Venezelos is to secure the re-establishment of the Eastern Roman Empire, he must be prepared to make a great sacrifice, a heroic renunciation. Humanly speaking, it is all but impossible that the diadem of the restored Empire can be worn by King Constantine of Greece.

We live in a democratic age, and if the Allies are destined to restore the Eastern Empire, that Empire can only be the outcome of the free will of four, if not five, free peoples, three of whom are Slavs. It cannot derive its origin from the rights which the Divine Will bestowed upon the Comneni and the Palaeologi.

In a Balkan Confederation the Slavs will form the majority. Consequently the future ruler of the Eastern Empire must be the ruler of a Slav people.

But God fulfils Himself in many ways, and it may be His pleasure that the fresh, unworn intellect of the Slav race, tempered as it is with that deep sense of religion and that resignation which, in some degree, make them mentally the kinsmen of those Turks whose kingdom has been given to them, should be the channel through which new life will be infused into the veins of a worn-out world.

The Greeks have poured out their blood like water to give freedom to Epirus, to Macedonia, to Crete, and to the islands of the Aegean. They have quitted themselves on the battlefield like men. Yet the subtle, restless Greek intellect, keen it may be, yet fickle and fond of change as ever it was of old, does not, as their dead king saw, offer a firm ground on which to raise the fabric of an Empire such as will endure through the ages for the happiness of mankind. But if the Greeks are shifting sand, the slow, stolid, patient, hard-working Slav, at once a peasant and a mystic, is solid rock, and upon that rock an Empire may be reared which will defy the storms of centuries. To a Greek Empire of to-day the wranglings and dialectics of its parliaments would prove a greater solvent than all the dialectics and wranglings of its theologians were to the older Empire. Those who slew the Empire of the East were the men who framed its creeds. Constantinople atoned for the errors of those who refused to accept the decisions of the Council of Florence by enduring 450 years of Turkish rule.

But, however this may be, the Greek victories in the present war have brought great good to humanity, and her sons have not poured out their martyr blood in vain. It may well be that the recovery of Salonika is the crowning triumph which will fall to the Greek race once more risen to life from its grave of centuries; that Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, not King Constantine, will be anointed Roman Emperor in Santa Sophia. Yet, on the chancel arch of St. Demetrius those words in which the Christian Church

sums up her victories, "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat" (Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules), may be inscribed as fitly as they will be in the dome of Saint Sophia, when it once more glitters with the emblems of Christ triumphant, Christ All-ruling, and is once more crowned with the Cross of Christ. Let Greece, to restore the Eastern Empire, sacrifice her own feelings. Her greatness does not need the Caesar's diadem, and, even in this world, her self-denial will find its reward. Greece, standing by herself, yet the possessor of some of the most important naval bases in the world, will always be the puppet, if not the prey of the Great Powers; as a member of an Eastern Empire she will be their equal and will speak with her enemies in the gate. To retain Salonika, Greece must re-establish the Eastern Empire. Without one a Greek Salonika has no future.

From the first the question of the future of Salonika aroused much ill-feeling amongst the members of the Balkan League. Greece had come late into the field. It was said that there was no Treaty in existence which regulated her share in the partition of the Turkish spoils. Whilst the Greek Army was advancing from Thessaly, a Bulgarian force had, as we have seen, been making its way south-west through the vilayets of Drama and Seres, and was said to be within striking distance of Salonika when the Greeks entered it, a statement angrily denied by the Greeks. As a matter of fact, if the Bulgarians had really been threatening the city, the Turkish generals could never have concentrated their forces at Janitsa, three days' march to its north-westward. The battle of Janitsa led to its surrender.

Two days after the fall of Salonika, 16,000 Bulgarian troops entered the town and remained there sixteen days, until they were conveyed in Greek transports to Dedeagatch. As a matter of fact, although much tall talk was indulged in between the Greek and Bulgarian newspapers, there was at that time no ill-feeling between the cabinets, and no permanent harm seemed to have come of the dispute.

As early as November 23, the presence of Bulgarian troops at Salonika was a cause of trouble.

"The prolonged presence of Bulgarian troops at Salonika is creating a critical situation for Graeco-Bulgarian relations. The following cases show how difficult, if not impossible, is the task of Greece to keep order in the town of Salonika, and at the same time to avoid a rupture with the Bulgarian Ally.

"A loaded ox-wagon going along Salonika streets, guarded by three Greek soldiers, was attacked by Bulgarian troops, and the contents were looted.

"A patrol of Cretan police seized a Bulgarian in the act of robbing, and took him to the police station. The station was immediately surrounded by Bulgarian regulars and irregulars, carrying bombs, and threatening to blow up the building if the

culprit were not immediately released. The Greeks had to give way in order to avoid an open conflict.

"At a Greek church in a village close to here, while the priest was officiating, and, following the custom inaugurated since the beginning of the war, was mentioning in his prayers the names of all the four Allied Kings, Bulgarian irregulars brutally interrupted him, and forced him to offer prayers only for King Ferdinand.

"Such incidents are of daily occurrence. These three I have personally investigated, and am in a position to affirm their accuracy most authoritatively. A large pile of such reports lies in the office of Prince Nicholas of Greece, who has been appointed by his brother, the Crown Prince, as military commander of this place. It is due to his moderation and tact, and to his strict orders to the Greek officers and men, that even under the most flagrant provocation on the part of Bulgarians they should not retaliate, that a semblance of good relations still exists between the two armies. But his task is daily becoming more impossible, and cannot last much longer.

"Another source of constant friction is that the Bulgarians insist on patrolling the streets independently of the Greek authorities, though the latter only are responsible to the inhabitants and the foreign Consuls for the maintenance of order.

"When the Bulgarian Army arrived before Salonika, two days after the surrender of the Turkish troops and the occupation of the town, they claimed, as *droit d'alliés*, to send in two battalions only, and, on the Crown Prince conceding it, they promptly sent in a whole division, and have kept it there ever since. Their general even wired to King Ferdinand congratulating him on the Bulgarian occupation of Salonika, as if the Greek occupation had not taken place.

"The Bulgarians are considering the war on quite different lines from the Greeks. They regard their irregulars (*komitadjis*) as part of their regular army, and endorse all their lawless acts. The reports of atrocities committed by these bands, if true, equal the worst acts of the Turks. On my previous visit here, just after their first entrance, I spoke with several Bulgarian officers. On my inquiry as to whether they made many Turkish prisoners, I was given the significant reply that prisoners require men to guard them, and food to feed them, and they could spare none.

"The inference to be drawn from this reply is so dreadful that I hesitated to report it. I do so now, as I have had the information reaffirmed to me by the best authority.

"In contrast to the above strained relations between the Bulgarians and Greeks, the relation between the Greeks and Servians are excellent, and the operations round Monastir are being conducted with cordiality and willingness to help each other."¹

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, December 4; Saturday, December 7; *Morning Post*, Friday, December 6, 1913.

Turkish plots also caused anxiety.

The Greek authorities at Salonika discovered a serious conspiracy "among the Turkish officers, who surrendered with the garrison. By an abuse of one of the clauses of the terms of capitulation, they had been utilising the passports of Turkish refugees for soldier prisoners, the idea being that the latter, thus regaining their liberty, should form bands for the creation of disturbances. Among the officers involved was the well-known Dr. Nazim Bey, one of the promoters of the Turkish revolution, who remained in Salonika as a member of the Red Crescent Society.

"After this discovery it was decided that all the Turkish officers who are prisoners of war should be removed to Greece."

Rumours were also circulated, but immediately contradicted officially, "that the Greek soldiers were let loose on the Jewish population in Salonika, and committed great excesses on Jews. Even before the capitulation of Salonika it was observed that both in Turkish circles and in certain quarters in Europe efforts were being made to engender suspicion and sow discord between the Greeks and the Jews in Salonika. With this in view the rumour was assiduously spread about in that city that Greek soldiers, who had maltreated Jews, had been poisoned by Jewish publicans.

"At the same time the state of complete anarchy which reigned in Salonika immediately on the defeat of Turkish troops in the neighbourhood allowed the deserters, who fled into the town, and the disorderly elements which are a notoriously strong portion of the population of that seaport, to commit excesses, both on the Jewish and the Christian inhabitants. But as soon as a regular administration under Greek authority was established, and as soon as the Greco-Cretan gendarmerie arrived, the most perfect order reigned in the city."

On December 3 Austrian official circles believed that "serious dissensions exist between Greece and Bulgaria on account of Salonika. It has even been reported during the last few days that 3000 Greek soldiers attempted to enter Seres, a town already occupied by the Bulgarians, but that they were repulsed by the garrison, losing 250 killed."

These assertions were denied by the Greeks, but the stories continued to be circulated for some time.

As late as December 16 it was stated that "it is to be hoped that peace will speedily be concluded, as the present strained relations between Greeks and Bulgars are fraught with danger.

"Some incidents have already ended fatally. The other day, for example, a Greek soldier entering a tramcar brushed against a Bulgarian soldier, who had already found a place. The Bulgarian snatched off the Greek's cap and trampled it underfoot. The Greek drew his bayonet and killed the Bulgar. On Saturday morning last a detachment of Cretan gendarmerie went to close

the office of the *Bulgarin*, a Bulgarian newspaper which had been suspended by order of the Greek authorities. On arriving at the office the Greeks found it already occupied by Bulgarian soldiers, who refused to clear out. Both sides loaded their rifles and sent for reinforcements, and in a couple of minutes the narrow street was occupied by at least a company each of Greeks and Bulgars glaring at each other with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. Only the opportune arrival of General Andreieff and the Prefect of the city prevented a collision. This affair caused quite a serious panic even in the streets some distance from the scene of the action.

"A party of eighty Greeks had gone to occupy Demir-Hissar, but, on arriving at that place, they found it already in Bulgarian occupation. The Bulgars received the Greeks as their guests, and billeted them in small parties in different houses; then, when the Greeks were off their guard, their wily hosts laid hands on them and sent them back under escort to Salonika.

"A Bulgarian chief named Dumboulakoff is terrorising, pillaging, and murdering Greeks and Turks alike in the Nigrita district, to the north-east of Salonika. He is reported to have entered the Greek church of Ligovani during service, which he interrupted, instructing the priest to pray in future exclusively for the Tsar Ferdinand, and to omit the name of the Greek King from his prayers. Dumboulakoff took the Turkish villagers of Ligovani outside the village and made them a target for the rifles of his band, the Greek military 'authorities' not daring to interfere because (1) they were too weak, and (2) they had been ordered to avoid quarrels with their 'Allies.'"

The Greek official Report as to the fall of Salonika formally denied all the Bulgarian assertions.¹

"In view of a report by the Bulgarian General Todorov on the capitulation of Salonika, the following report, addressed by General Danglis, Chief of the Greek General Staff, to the Minister of War, dated November 11, is published:

"On October 21 (old style) (November 3, new style), we received at headquarters a letter emanating from the Consul of a Great Power, in which it was stated that conferences for the capitulation of the town were taking place between the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Takzin Pasha, and the Consuls of the Powers. This information agreed with that from other trustworthy sources, showing that owing to its defeat at Yenidze on October 19 and 20 the Turkish Army was completely disorganised, and incapable of offering resistance. On October 24 and 25 the Greek Army composed of six divisions, passed the Axios, and marched against the Turkish Army at Salonika on the evening of the 25th.

"At that time there was no information of the approach of

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, November 29; Tuesday, December 10; Saturday, December 21, 1912.

the Bulgarian Army. The French, German, Austro-Hungarian, and British Consuls, accompanied by Sherif Pasha, the Military Governor of Salonika, appeared at headquarters, and offered the surrender of the town and the Turkish Army. During the night of the 25th Takzin Pasha, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, sent Sherif Pasha and M. Carapiperis as his special representatives to treat for terms of surrender. The Crown Prince, not accepting their conditions, ordered at six o'clock on the morning of the 26th a general attack on the Turkish army occupying the positions east of Gallikos, while simultaneously a division of cavalry carried out an encircling movement, *via* Vathylakos and Dapatgli, which was completed at noon on the 26th. Takzin Pasha was thus forced before a battle began to accept all our conditions for the capitulation of the army.

“ ‘ At Karabournou shortly afterwards a cavalry officer arrived, announcing to the Crown Prince that about noon Bulgarian horsemen had made their appearance at Apostolar, 30 kilometres from Salonika. The officer who commanded them had informed the aforesaid Greek officer that he intended to pass the night at Giourdino, 25 kilometres from Salonika, and that 15 kilometres behind the cavalry, or 45 kilometres from Salonika, was a Bulgarian division. The latter, in fact, passed the night of the 26th at Giouvesna, 30 kilometres from Salonika. The same night the protocol for the surrender of the Turkish army was signed, and part of our Seventh Division occupied the railway station.

“ ‘ The same evening the Crown Prince warned the commander of the Bulgarian division by letter that it was useless for him to advance on Salonika, seeing that the army there, having capitulated, was about to lay down its arms. On the morning of the 27th, while this disarmament was beginning, the Bulgarian division was marching from Giouvesna to Salonika. When it arrived near Boldji, General Kalaris, commanding the Second Division, seeing that the Bulgarian army was forming for battle, warned the divisional commander, General Todorov, in writing, to halt, as the Turkish army had surrendered.

“ ‘ General Kalaris's letter was delivered to a Bulgarian officer, who transmitted it to General Todorov. In spite of that, the Bulgarian troops having passed the lines of the Second Division, fired five to six gun-shots at the Turkish soldiers who were disarming. Takzin Pasha, advised of this, addressed a protest to the Crown Prince. After a further communication, the Bulgarians halted at Aivali. However, during the whole of the 27th the disarmament continued, and Salonika was occupied by the Constantinopoulos Regiment of Evzones and the Seventh Division.

“ ‘ On the 28th the Bulgarians continued their advance, halting a few kilometres from the town. A Bulgarian officer then proceeded to the Governor's Palace and requested the Assistant Chief of the General Staff to authorise the Bulgarian Army to

enter Salonika. Colonel Dusmanis observed that the demand ought to be addressed by the General to the Crown Prince. General Todorov, accompanied by the Bulgarian Minister in Paris, M. Stancioff, and a reserve officer of the Bulgarian Army as interpreter, asked for an audience of the Crown Prince.

“The audience was granted, and, on a formal declaration being given recognising the occupation of the town by the Greeks, and that there was no question of a joint-occupation, and that hospitality was only asked for two battalions which had suffered severely from bad weather, the Crown Prince assented to the request on condition that he referred it to the Greek Government. M. Stancioff begged his Royal Highness, if the Greek Government did not agree to two Bulgarian battalions staying in the town, to communicate this to the Bulgarian General, giving ten hours for reply. Simultaneously, General Todorov informed the Crown Prince, through M. Stancioff, that the two battalions, during their stay in Salonika, would be under the orders of the Greek commander of the Salonika garrison, and would every day send an officer to receive his orders.’”

The story of a Bulgarian ultimatum to the Greeks at Salonika was also satisfactorily explained away.

“The story of the Bulgarian ultimatum to the Greek Crown Prince at Salonika, threatening to enter the town by force, is totally untrue. While at Salonika I had access to official communications which passed between the two armies, and can say authoritatively that the request, as *à droit d'alliés*, of the Bulgarian Princes to enter the town with two battalions was graciously conceded. I was present when the Turks capitulated at 5 P.M. on Friday, November 8, five miles outside Salonika. I myself entered the centre of the town the following morning, November 9, at 8 o'clock. The Bulgarians entered on the following Monday, November 11, at noon. The rather liberal terms conceded to the Turkish Army are fully explained by the pressure exercised on the Crown Prince by the foreign Consuls at Topsis on the Thursday night, November 7, and by the anxiety to save the large Greek population of the town from the horrors of street fighting.

“The accusation that the Greek Army stole a march on their Bulgarian Allies to enter Salonika before them has been refuted since by so many independent witnesses, not only from the Greek side but by English, French, and German correspondents who were with the Turks at Salonika, that it is hardly necessary for me to repeat what has already been published in my telegrams. It should suffice to state again that the best judges in the matter are the Turks themselves, and they one and all, from their generals downwards, affirm that there never was nor could there ever have been any question of surrendering Salonika to others than the Greeks.

“Greece is accused of disloyalty to her Allies. The facts,

however, do not support this opinion, and if any disloyalty exists it looks as if it comes from the part of Bulgarian irresponsible persons, politicians, and military jingoes, who by such assertions, not in conformity with well-established facts, seek to take away from the Greek Army what belongs to it.

"I am a witness that from the beginning of the war until the unfortunate friction that arose from the occupation of Salonika the whole of this country's people, politicians, army, and officers entered the struggle in a spirit of perfect loyalty to their Bulgarian Allies, and when news was received of the victories of the Bulgarian Army they were acclaimed with joy and with no idea of antagonism. So much so that I was very much astonished, knowing as I did the animosity and hatred that separated them in the past.

"It is a thousand pities that such dissensions have arisen to separate again the two people, and one can only hope that the two great heads of the coalition, King Ferdinand and M. Venezelos, will find a way out of the present difficulties. I am sure that M. Venezelos, at least, will leave no stone unturned to bridge over the differences that have arisen. Admirable tact and a cool head are common to both, and as they are both omnipotent in their respective countries the finding of a middle way will not prove beyond their powers. The march of events, too, seems to help towards such solution."

In March 1913, however, a far more serious conflict took place at Nigrita, a village with a mixed population, in the vilayet of Seres, 33 miles north-east of Salonika.

It had been occupied by a Greek garrison, when a Bulgarian column appeared and asked for admission. The Greeks refused, but were warned that if they maintained their opposition to the entry of the Bulgarians, the place would be bombarded within forty-eight hours. As a matter of fact the bombardment began within twenty-two hours, and the Bulgarians succeeded in occupying one-half of the place.

"The Bulgarian force, consisting of 2 squadrons, 4 Krupp guns, and 600 bayonets, remains facing the Greeks on the right bank. The Greeks, who are superior in numbers, are all infantry, and there appears no doubt that heavy reinforcements are arriving, in addition to which a battery left here to-day, ostensibly for the same destination.

"The numerous recent incidents in the Nigrita district, which individually might mean little, suggest, when taken collectively, a Bulgarian intention of penetrating southward. The situation is undoubtedly growing in gravity."¹

¹ *The Times*, Monday, March 17, 1913.

THE GREEK OPERATIONS IN MACEDONIA AFTER THE FALL
OF SALONIKA—GREEK NAVAL OPERATIONS

The second stage of the Greek operations in Macedonia brought their army from Salonika to Florina, where they joined hands with the Servians who had descended southward from Monastir, where they had gained a victory in which the Turkish commander, Fethy Pasha, met his death.

Their sufferings during the march were severe. Ostrovo was occupied on November 18 by a battalion of Evzones. One correspondent writes :

"A good many of the Greek wounded were sniped by armed Albanians while on the march, this country being just the place for such practices. Two companies, while on march four abreast through a defile, noticed two shepherds with their herds of sheep on the slopes. Behind these were 1000 Albanians in trenches, who opened fire at 100 yards. The companies lost heavily and had to retreat.

"Torrential rain was falling all last night. The troops, after marching and fighting all day ankle deep in mud, slept on the soaked ground.

"The mountain road at places was hardly passable, even for carts. The weather cleared to-day, but turned cold.

"Several dead bodies of Turks are still lying about unburied. Pickets of Evzones are now bringing in freshly caught Turkish prisoners. These Evzon battalions are splendid troops. They are the terror of the Turks, and all hardships seem light to them.

"The Turks are reported to be holding passes at the village of Nordicevoon, on the mountain road to Banitza. A Greek division is marching on them, followed by another division, which is proceeding along the southern shores of Lake Ostrovo. A third division is here. The advance guard of the Greek Army has entered Sorovitz."¹

The Crown Prince of Greece, telegraphing from Banitza on November 20, said :

"After crossing the passes of Gornitsovo and Kerli-Derven, our army deployed along the line from Tamperdani to Florina, occupying the latter town. The Turkish Monastir Army, attacked by the Servians, who cut its line of communications with Resnia, retreated towards Florina, where the Greek Army cut off the retreat of the rearguard, and large quantities of ammunition and stores fell into the hands of the Greeks. The Turkish forces, who retreated towards Florina, numbered some 30,000 men."²

At Florina the Greeks found 210 wagons laden with stores which the Turks had brought from Monastir.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, November 23 ; Saturday, December 28, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Friday, November 22, 1912.

In an encounter with the Turks during the advance on Florina the Greeks lost several guns, which the Turks used with effect against the Servians during the battle of Monastir, where they were subsequently retaken by the Servians.

"It is not correct to say that the Servian advance southward was of any extraordinary rapidity. On the contrary, while the Greeks were at Ostrovo, November 10, on their advance from Salonika to Monastir, they were wondering what the Servians were doing after the battle of Kumanovo, fought seventeen days previously, October 23. They certainly were not at all surprised when, on the afternoon of November 19, the news reached the Greek Crown Prince from Athens of the surrender of 50,000 Turks to the Servians at Monastir—news which afterwards proved to be false. The Greeks advanced, notwithstanding this news, and it was only after the entrance of the Greek Army into Florina, on November 20, that contact was established with the Servians from Monastir.

"One-half of the Turkish Army at Monastir made good their escape from the Servians by the road round Lake Prespa to Janina, where the Greeks were then fighting them, and the other half retreated to Florina, where at the passes of Gornitzovo and Kerli-Derven the Greeks defeated and routed them, taking 4000 prisoners, 23 guns, and trainloads of stores and ammunition of great value."¹

The Turkish Army retreating from Monastir surrendered only in small detachments. On November 28 the Greeks had a lively encounter with Turkish soldiers near Lake Ostrovo, and the Turks sustained considerable losses. The railway from Florina to Monastir, running over the Banitza and Sorovitz passes, was guarded by Greek troops.

It was during the second stage of the Macedonian campaign that the Greek Fleet for the first time took any active part in the operations of the war.

The importance of the Greek Fleet to the Allies was well explained by the Greek Minister in London early in December when defending his countrymen against a charge of slackness in their conduct of the campaign.²

"Greece's contribution in the present war has not been confined to the uninterruptedly victorious operations of her army of 140,000 men. The action of her fleet may be justly considered as the one decisive factor in the whole war. Without the presence of our ships Turkey would have been able, within ten days at the utmost of the declaration of war, to bring her best troops from Asia Minor and Arabia, and land them at Dedeagatch on the flank of the Bulgarian armies, thus rendering their magnificent victories quite impossible. The Greek Fleet

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, November 23, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Wednesday, December 4, 1912.

has also paralysed the whole of the system of the Turkish railways by interrupting the supply of coal, thus compelling the reinforcements from Asia Minor to arrive weary and footsore after long and exhausting marches. One must also consider the moral effect of the Turkish Fleet not daring to show its nose outside the Dardanelles in view of the presence of Greek ships."

Forty-two Greek transports were at one time engaged in enshipping 16,000 Bulgarian troops at Salonika to transport them to Dedeagatch. Island after island in the Archipelago was being occupied by the Greeks, and but for the continued presence of the Italians under the terms of the Treaty of Lausanne in Rhodes and the other islands known as the Dodecanesos, which they had seized during the war, the cross of Greece would soon have floated over every island in the Mediterranean, save Cyprus, where the Greek tongue is spoken.

At noon on November 21 a Greek squadron cast anchor off Mytilene. The Mutessarif was invited by the Greek commander, Admiral Koundouriotis, to proceed on board his flagship, and when the invitation had been repeated he did so. Admiral Koundouriotis demanded the immediate surrender of the town. The foreign Consuls and the Vali, in order to avoid bloodshed, begged the Admiral to grant a respite, so that if the Turkish garrison did not consent to surrender it might have time to retire into the interior.

The Admiral granted a respite until 12.30 P.M. On its expiry, the naval landing corps occupied the town, and the Greek flag was hoisted amid enthusiasm. The Turkish troops, numbering 700, withdrew into the interior of the island, whither they were pursued by the naval landing corps and the Greek troops. Subsequently the squadron returned to Lemnos. Thus Mytilene, the best harbour in the Northern Aegean, passed into Greek hands. It is the capital of Lesbos, an island with an area of 675 square miles, and a population of 107,000, of whom 72,000 are Greeks and 13,700 Mohammedans. The mountains, rising to 3075 ft., are covered with pinewoods. On their slopes are oliveyards and the vineyards which produce the wines so famous in antiquity, which inspired the verse of Terpander and Alcaeus. Lesbos is the birthplace of Sappho. Alcaeus never celebrated greater triumphs than those of the Greeks in the present war.

The Turks in the interior of Lesbos held out until December 21. Their surrender was announced to the Ministry of Marine at Athens by a telegram from Homer's birthplace, Chios.¹

"A messenger has just arrived with the news that the Turkish Army in the island of Mytilene has surrendered. Shortly afterwards a wireless despatch from the commander of the auxiliary cruiser *Makedonia* stated that 1700 Turkish prisoners were being embarked in the harbour of Molyvo."

¹ *Morning Post*, Monday, December 23, 1912.

Chios was occupied by the Greeks on November 24.¹

"The Fourth Squadron of the Greek Fleet arrived before Castro, the capital of the island, at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, escorting the transport vessels *Patris* and *Sapho*, with three battalions of infantry and one battery of mountain artillery on board. The garrison and the authorities were called upon to surrender the island, but refused, and the intervention of the Consuls to bring about a pacific surrender having proved fruitless, the Greek troops began to disembark in the afternoon at Countari, south of the town of Chios. The Turkish forces attempted to oppose the landing, which, however, was speedily carried out under the protection of the guns of the squadron, and little by little the Turks fell back. The Turkish troops occupying the town of Chios withdrew towards midnight to the heights of Mount Provatos. At eight o'clock on Monday morning the Greek occupation force advanced, and, after taking possession of the town without any resistance, proceeded against the Turks, who had taken up positions on the outskirts of the town. The enemy were forced to leave these positions, and were pursued by the Greeks into the interior of the island. The Greeks had an officer wounded and five soldiers killed, while twenty-five Turkish soldiers were taken prisoners."

On December 1 an official telegram said "that the progress of the Greek Army is proceeding slowly but surely. The Turkish troops have been surrounded and all the fortified positions have been occupied by the Greeks."

"The Agii Pateres monastery has been bombarded and demolished by a Greek warship. It had been transformed by the Turks as a central depot for provisions and stores. The bombardment, which was carried out at a range of ten kilometres, was completely successful."

Chios has an area of 319 square miles and a population of 59,000, of whom 56,000 are Orthodox Greeks. Its mountains rise to a height of 4155 ft. The chief products are resin, mastic, oranges, citrons, and lemons. There are also mines of antimony and quarries of variegated marbles. From 1204 until 1346 it was in the hands of the Venetians, and subsequently of the Genoese, from the latter of whom it was taken by the Turks in 1556.

As at Lesbos the garrison and the local authorities fled into the interior of the island, where they held out until January 2, when they surrendered.

"The advance of the Greek troops into the interior of the island was continued vigorously all day. The Turks made a stubborn resistance, but were forced to retire from one position after another. One Greek battalion advanced towards Saint George and occupied a position at Agii Pateres. The Turks were also attacked at Cardamyli and Volisso and driven back.

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, November 27, 1912; Saturday, January 4, 1913.

They subsequently joined forces and prepared to offer fresh resistance, but later surrendered unconditionally. The Greeks took 1800 prisoners, two guns, and a large quantity of arms, ammunition, stores, and victuals. The Greek losses were two killed and twelve wounded."

On the Albanian coast on December 4 two Greek gunboats bombarded Vallona,¹ "which is not fortified. Some of the shells fell between the Italian and the Austro-Hungarian Consulates. In view of the panic caused among the people, Ismail Kemal Bey, the Albanian leader, sent out a party to parley with the gunboats, the senior officer of which replied that he had received orders to blockade the Albanian coast as being Turkish territory, and that he considered that he had acted within his rights. He declared that the town ought to surrender to the Greeks, who would treat the Albanians as their brothers. The two gunboats thereupon left.

"Ismail Kemal Bey at once addressed telegrams of protest to the Great Powers and to the Greek Government."

They also landed troops to occupy Sasseno, an islet which is the landing-place of the cables from Italy to Albania, and which commands the entrance to Vallona harbour.

On December 7 this incident evoked some comments in the Italian Chamber.

"Marquis di San Giuliano, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, replying to interpellations by Signori Salandra and Galli regarding the bombardment of Vallona and the occupation of Sasseno by the Greeks, said that the Italian Government had declared to the Greek Government in friendly but firm terms that, while willing to respect the liberty of operations of belligerents, Italy could never consent to the Bay of Vallona, of which the island of Sasseno was an integral part, belonging to Greece, or being transformed into a naval and military base. A similar step had been taken by Austria, with whom Italy was in intimate agreement. The Minister, in conclusion, said, 'We have grounds for hoping that the question will be decided in conformity with our legitimate interests, and that our cordial relations with Greece will continue to expand and develop.'"

The semi-official explanation of the incident given at Athens was: "For several days the Greek gunboat *Pensios*, which was blockading the coast, noticed bodies of armed men on the shore. Fearing that she was going to be attacked, she fired several shells on them, whereupon the men waved a white flag and gave the ship to understand that they were not Turkish soldiers, and had no hostile intentions. It is pointed out, moreover, that none of the Greek projectiles took effect on the Albanians."

The fleet also played an active part in the operations which led to the occupation by the Greeks of the Albanian coast of the Channel of Corfu.

¹ *Morning Post*, Friday, December 6, 1912.

On December 7 "the 1st Regiment, under Colonel Mexas, landed at Santi Quaranta at half-past ten. Under the protection of the guns of the Greek warships in the offing, the Greek flag was hoisted amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the Greek portion of the population. The Turkish authorities submitted to the Greek commander.

"The Greek cruiser *Makedonia* captured the Italian steamer *Adriatico*, which was embarking Albanian insurgents and provisions, and is escorting her to Corfu."¹

Greek sea power was indeed hampering the Turks in every way. As the Greeks had the command of the sea, whilst the Bulgarians blocked every land approach from Constantinople or Gallipoli to the interior of Turkey, it was impossible for the Turks to bring their Asiatic divisions to the theatres of war in Macedonia, Albania, and Epirus. They were consequently deprived of the aid of their best troops. It was thought, indeed, that their main object in arranging an armistice was to gain time to bring up these divisions.

But the Turkish fleet was after all in being. Since the Revolution of 1908 it had been reorganised by English officers, and in 1909 had received an addition of four ironclads purchased from Germany. In the Black Sea Turkish ironclads had menaced Varna, but had been driven off by Bulgarian torpedo destroyers. They held undisputed control of the Sea of Marmora, and by covering both flanks of the lines of Tchataldja, did much to check the progress of the Bulgarians. In the middle of December, it was said at the request of the ladies of Constantinople, the Minister of Marine decided to undertake offensive operations in the Aegean. The Turkish Fleet, which had been lying in the Dardanelles, put to sea on December 17.

Of this engagement a foreign naval officer, who was passing near the scene of action on a neutral steamer, gives the following account, which is in the main confirmed by other independent reports.²

"About 8 A.M. the Turkish Fleet issued from the Dardanelles to a distance of about six or seven miles, where it drew up in line of battle. Beyond the forts of Kum-Kaleh was the flotilla of Turkish destroyers and torpedo-boats, also cleared for action. The Greek Fleet made its appearance from behind the island of Imbros, led by the ironclad *Averoff*, which was closely followed by the *Hydra*, the *Spetsai*, the *Psara*, and nine destroyers. The Greeks took up a frontal position about seven miles from the enemy. The Turks were the first to open fire, and it was ten minutes later when the Greeks replied. The Turkish guns appeared to be much more precisely trained than those of the

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, December 9, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Saturday, December 21; Monday, December 23; Saturday, December 28, 1912.

Greek ships. The Turkish grenades fell like hail among the Greek ships, while the fire of the latter was directed either too far or too short. The Ottoman squadron did not change its position during the engagement, which lasted from 9 to 10.30 A.M., but the Greek ships continually altered their front. Half an hour after the engagement began many of the Greek vessels commenced to dodge in and out of the insular shelter of Imbros.

"After an exchange of shots at long range the smaller Greek warships retired, leaving the *Giorgios Averoff* to bear the brunt of the fighting. The *Giorgios Averoff* seemed to be using only guns of the smaller calibre, and appears to have been struck by three or four shells. Finally she slowly retired. The Turkish Fleet after the battle returned to its anchorage with flags flying and bands playing. The ships were greeted with acclamations from the crowds lining the shore.

"During the engagement the Greek torpedo flotilla and a submarine remained under cover behind Rabbit Island (Towshan). To-day the Turkish torpedo-boats made a reconnaissance, but saw no traces of the Greek Fleet.

"The *Averoff* alone of the Greek Fleet maintained her position and kept up a vigorous fire. About a thousand shots in all were exchanged between the squadrons. At 10.30 the Greek fire ceased, but the enemy continued the attack for another fifteen minutes, until the *Averoff* had withdrawn out of range and disappeared behind Imbros. Twenty minutes previously a Turkish shell had struck the *Averoff*, but with what result could not be observed from our deck. It was evidently that shot, however, which put the Greek ironclad out of action and compelled her to retire. Before the engagement commenced those on board our steamer noticed that there were about 25 smaller units of the Hellenic Fleet concentrated near the island of Tenedos.

"According to another account, the engagement was opened by a well-directed fire from the Turkish ironclad *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa* (formerly the German *Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm*) upon the *Averoff*. The latter was supported by four destroyers, but the remainder of the Hellenic Fleet withdrew out of range of the *Barbarossa's* guns. The Turkish ironclad was only struck once, by a shell from the *Averoff*. The damaged Greek ironclad, with its destroyer satellites, withdrew to the shelter of Imbros, where the rest of the fleet had already sought refuge. According to this latter account two other Greek ships besides the *Averoff* were seriously damaged.

"Neither of the reports quoted, it will be observed, makes any mention of the Turkish Fleet having been supported during the engagement by the forts of Kum-Kaleh. The Turks may at least claim that the honours of what was really nothing more than a serious naval skirmish were somewhat more than equally divided in their own favour."

According to the Turkish official accounts, the damage to the *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa* was insignificant. According to the Greeks, both that vessel and the *Messudieh* sustained very severe injuries.

"On December 19, the late Grand Vizier, Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, presented to the Sultan the commander of the battleship *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa*, who gave his Majesty details of the recent naval engagement with the Greeks off the Dardanelles. The Sultan expressed himself as greatly pleased with the behaviour of the Turkish officers and men, and ordered his salutations to be conveyed to them. At the same time his Majesty presented the *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa* with an historic flag from the museum, which was flown by the battleship *Mahmudieh* when she bombarded Sevastopol."¹

"The newspapers confirm the report that the *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa* was struck by two shells during the battle, but the damage they caused was insignificant. One man was killed and eight wounded. Before the combat the Greeks occupied Tenedos, and sent a wireless message to the Turkish Admiral saying: 'We have occupied Tenedos, and await your orders.' The Turkish commander replied: 'Your shells are falling wide. I would recommend better aim.'"

Telegrams received by the Turkish Embassy in London categorically denied the "statements emanating from Athens regarding severe damage reported to have been done to the warship *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa* in the recent naval engagement and the report of Admiral Halil Pasha's death. During the whole engagement, it is stated, only four sailors were wounded, one of whom has since died. The Turkish warships received no damage whatever."

On the other hand, "the following semi-official statement was issued at Athens:

"'It is now possible to give the following details of the damage sustained by the Turkish battleship *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa* in the recent engagement with the Greek Fleet. Ten of her boilers are in a bad state. The coal in her bunkers was set on fire. The Greek shells also killed eight of the crew, including the second in command, while forty were wounded. There are now fifty men at work repairing the vessel, and it is not known whether the damage can be made good in the Dardanelles or whether she will have to be towed to the Golden Horn.'

"It was stated at Athens that the *Messudieh* was damaged during the action on December 16. Vessels going through the Dardanelles were not allowed to approach Nagara, but had to deliver their permits at Sestos on the European shore.

"It was confidently believed that during the second naval

¹ *Morning Post*, Saturday, December 21; Monday, December 23; Saturday, December 28, 1912.

action on December 19 the cruiser *Medjidieh* sustained much damage, being struck in the bows by several shells. Two destroyers were also seriously damaged. A destroyer of German construction and a torpedo-boat of French construction, which formed part of the flotilla accompanying the *Medjidieh*, never returned.”¹

It will be seen that a second naval action took place near the entrance to the Dardanelles on December 19.

In any case the Turks were in a position to make an attack on Tenedos, which had been occupied by the Greeks on November 6. It took place on December 22. The Minister of Marine at Athens published the following account:

“According to a telegram from the Governor of Tenedos the Turkish battleship *Torgut Reis* and the cruiser *Medjidieh*, accompanied by three destroyers, appeared at eleven o'clock this morning before the entrance to the Dardanelles. The battleship and cruiser remained under the protection of the forts, while the destroyers rapidly advanced on the town of Tenedos and fired twenty shells. On the appearance of the destroyers off Tenedos the Turkish inhabitants endeavoured to hoist the Turkish flag and went off in boats to receive the warships, raising cheers. A small force of Greek bluejackets, who were on the island under a non-commissioned officer, fired on these mutineers, of whom three were killed and twelve wounded. After their fire, which had no effect, the Turkish destroyers quickly re-entered the Dardanelles.”²

The immediate effect of these operations was that Turkey preferred to admit Greece to take part in the Conference in London without having signed an armistice, and, it was rumoured, would in no case assent to Greece signing one. The naval successes of Turkey and the continued resistance of Yanina had inspired military circles at Constantinople with a desire to continue the war, whilst, on the other hand, Turkish statesmen wished to attain a peace which would not impose too heavy burdens and sacrifices upon Turkey. The mediation of the Great Powers was anxiously desired.

Notwithstanding the fact that negotiations for a Balkans Peace were in active progress in London, naval operations still continued in the waters lying in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles.

On January 3 the Turkish Fleet left the Dardanelles at half-past seven in the morning with formal orders to fight a decisive engagement with the Greek Fleet. An hour and a half later it encountered the Greek Fleet off Tenedos. After a sharp cannonade lasting fifteen minutes both fleets drew off, neither being the worse for the encounter.

¹ *Morning Post*, Monday, December 23, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Monday, January 6, 1913.

Further engagements took place on Saturday, January 18, and Sunday, January 19, which are described at length in official reports by both sides.

Telegraphing on January 18, Admiral Koundouriotis, the Greek commander, said :

“ ‘All last night, Friday, January 18, the Turkish cruiser *Hamidieh*, escorted by a torpedo-boat destroyer, was reconnoitring between Tenedos and the island of Mavries. This morning the whole Turkish Fleet emerged from the Straits, steaming towards Imbros. Later it turned towards the south-east coast of Lemnos and reached a point twenty miles north-east of Tenedos. The Greek Fleet immediately advanced to meet it.’

“ At 9.50 A.M. Admiral Koundouriotis again telegraphed :

“ ‘The whole of the Turkish Fleet has now come out of the Straits. We are going to meet it. The Turkish Fleet is composed of the battleships *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa*, *Torgut Reis*, *Messudieh*, *Assar-i-Tewfik*, the cruiser *Hamidieh*, and thirteen torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo-boats ; and the Greek Fleet of the battleships *Hydra*, *Spetsai*, *Psara*, and the armoured cruiser *Giorgios Averoff*, and eight destroyers. Admiral Koundouriotis sent the following wireless message to the Fleet : “ I recall my order of December 3. The future of our beloved Greece depends upon to-day. Fight like lions.” ’

“ According to reports telegraphed by the Governor of Tenedos, the naval battle began at 11.25 A.M., and both sides fought fiercely. At 12.50 P.M. the Turkish Fleet began to withdraw slowly towards the north-west of Tenedos. At 1.10 P.M. the Turkish battleships turned in hurried disorder towards the Straits firing at long intervals against the *Giorgios Averoff*, which pursued them at about three miles’ distance. At 1.25 P.M. the *Giorgios Averoff* was getting nearer and nearer to the enemy’s fleet, which was still retreating in disorder and firing intermittently with their stern guns. The cruiser *Hamidieh* headed the procession, followed by the battleships *Messudieh*, *Barbarossa*, and *Torgut Reis*. One of the latter had ceased firing. At 1.50 P.M. the *Giorgios Averoff* was rapidly overhauling the Turkish ships, which were retreating at full speed towards the Straits. The *Giorgios Averoff* increased her fire. At 2.30 P.M. the battle ended. The Turkish ships had regained the Straits. The *Barbarossa* and the *Torgut Reis* were for a long time enveloped in smoke, but they continued firing slowly. On entering the Straits they both had lists to starboard, the flagship, which had ceased firing for some time during the retreat, being the worse. The Greek Fleet, assembled off the north-west of Tenedos, abandoned the pursuit when within range of the guns of the Turkish fortresses, afterwards cruising off the mouth of the Straits.

“ At 5.10 P.M. Admiral Koundouriotis sent the following wireless message :

“ ‘ We have defeated the enemy’s fleet, which was steaming towards Lemnos, and have pursued it almost to within the Straits, where it took refuge in disorder. The battle lasted three hours. We had only one man slightly wounded, and the *Giorgios Averoff* has insignificant damage. Our fighting power remains unaffected.’ ”

“ It was semi-officially reported at 2.30 P.M. on January 18 that the Turkish Fleet which left the Dardanelles in the morning had been completely destroyed by the Greek Fleet. On the receipt of the news a crowd assembled outside the Ministry of Marine and cheers were raised. A later official statement said : ‘ No definite information is available as to the losses sustained by the enemy.’ ”

This engagement was the severest which took place between the Greek and Turkish Fleets during the whole war. Encouraged by the reports of the success of the cruiser *Hamidieh*, which, as we shall see later, after escaping from the Dardanelles, had sunk a transport filled with troops in the harbour of Syra and carried terror through the Archipelago, the Turkish commander ventured south of the island of Tenedos, but began to retire slowly immediately the Greek Fleet was sighted. For three and a half hours there was a vigorous exchange of shots. The Turkish vessels fired over 800 shells and claimed to have inflicted important damage on the Greek ships, but the Turks also suffered severely. The battleship *Assar-i-Tewfik* was badly knocked about, and the *Torgut Reis* was struck by several shells. One exploded in one of her turrets, killed or disabled every man inside it, and put both the guns out of action. The wounded brought to Constantinople had mostly swollen and blackened faces. The Turkish loss was 4 officers and 36 men killed, and 164 wounded.

According to the Turkish official account, the Ottoman Fleet emerged from the Dardanelles at dawn on January 18, and fought an engagement with the Greek Fleet off Lemnos. During the battle, which lasted three hours, a number of Turkish projectiles struck and inflicted damage on the Greek vessels. After the engagement the Ottoman Fleet returned victoriously to the Dardanelles.

On the following day another engagement took place off Tenedos which lasted several hours, heavy losses being sustained on both sides. The Turkish Fleet again returned safely to the Dardanelles and its wounded were removed to Constantinople.

The tale of the Greek successes in the Archipelago was ended by the occupation of Samos, which took place on March 15.

“ Greek troops, escorted by the cruiser *Spetsai* and two destroyers, landed yesterday morning at Vathy, in Samos, and occupied the island. They were received with great enthusiasm.”¹

Samos is an autonomous principality with an area of 190

¹ *The Times*, March 17, 1913.

square miles and a population of 48,500, nearly all Orthodox Greeks. It has large zinc and silver-lead mines and also exports wine, oil, mastic, emery, and fine white marble.

The comparative inactivity of the Greek Fleet after the armistice is not easy to explain. They might have done much to facilitate the reduction of the Lines of Bulair by transporting Bulgarian troops from the Thracian mainland to the western shore of the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and so taking them in the rear. Had the forts of Gallipoli fallen the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora would have been opened to them.

Possibly the explanation of their inactivity may have been the fact that the Turkish cruiser *Hamidieh* was in the Mediterranean. She had made her way out of the Dardanelles by night, unperceived by the Greek scouts, although the moon was shining. On January 15 she made a dash into Syra harbour, and sank the Greek cruiser *Makedonia* which was lying there.

"The *Hamidieh* was built by Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth, and Company, and was the vessel damaged in the Black Sea by Bulgarian torpedo-craft. Her presence in the Aegean should greatly hamper the operations of the Greek Fleet.

"The Greek auxiliary cruiser *Makedonia*, which was sunk in the harbour of Syra on Wednesday after bombardment by the Turkish cruiser *Hamidieh*, is reported to have sustained comparatively little damage. She is lying half out of the water, and it has been found possible to save the Bethlehem guns. Work has been begun with a view to raising the vessel.

"It appears that during the bombardment the *Makedonia* was struck in her coal-hold by the shells. As a result fire broke out, but the promptness with which the ship was sunk prevented serious damage being done by the flames. The *Hamidieh's* hurried departure for Smyrna is probably accounted for by the danger in which she stood of running short of coal.

"The Turkish cruiser *Hamidieh*, after leaving Syra where she shelled and destroyed a powder magazine, proceeded to Beirut; but observing there the approach of a warship, probably the German cruiser *Breslau*, and taking her for a Greek ship, she cut her anchor and departed at full speed. On Saturday evening the *Hamidieh*, sighting two destroyers and supposing them to be Greek, fled to Port Said."¹

Several Greek vessels were detained in the neighbourhood of Port Said, which the *Hamidieh* used as its base, withdrawing at intervals through the Suez Canal to coal in the Red Sea. Others, when the *Hamidieh* was known to have emerged from Port Said, were employed in convoying the transports which conveyed reinforcements and supplies from Salonika to the forces round Skutari and Yanina. Thus the whole Greek navy was paralysed

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, January 18, 1913.

by a single cruiser in being, and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that that single cruiser may have saved Constantinople. The presence of one or two Greek ironclads and of a convoy of Greek transports in the Sea of Marmora would have enabled the Bulgarians to land their troops in Stambul. The one great fault committed by the Balkan Powers was the failure on the part of Greece and Bulgaria to purchase or to construct ironclads. Bulgaria had just the same right as Rumania to maintain a fleet in the Black Sea. The one prudent precaution taken by Turkey was the purchase of four obsolete ironclads from Germany in 1911, and the reorganisation of her fleet under the auspices of English officers, whose comrades were at the same moment training the Greek Fleet for war.

The name of the *Hamidieh* will go down in naval history side by side with that of the *Alabama*.

Early in February the hydroplane was for the first time used in war. Appropriately enough the aviator started from the Bay of Mudros, in that Lemnos where Hephaestos fell when hurled from the crystal battlements of Heaven, and sailed over those waters where the Nereids had gazed in wonder at the *Argo* as she sped back from Colchis laden with the Golden Fleece, and which had been cleft by Leander's arms as he hastened to his lady-love.

"The military aviator Michaelis Mutusis, accompanied by an officer named Moriatikis, made a brilliant and successful reconnaissance of the Turkish Fleet, passing safely over the entrance to the Dardanelles. The destroyer *Velos* left Lemnos an hour before the hydroplane started, and preceded it in the direction of the Straits. At about nine o'clock the hydroplane appeared over Purnia Bay, flying towards Samothrace, and passed over Imbros in the direction of the Dardanelles. It disappeared over the Gallipoli Peninsula.

"At 11.30 the hydroplane was seen returning, and the *Velos* went to meet it. Hurrahs were exchanged between the aviators and the crew, and a launch was lowered to bring the former on board and tow the machine to the vessel.

"The aviators reported that all had gone well during the flight. They had flown to Nagara and had reconnoitred the Turkish Fleet. Their route was *via* Cape Suvla and the Peninsula of Gallipoli and over the town of Maidos. They twice traversed the Straits and twice circled over Nagara. There they saw the assembled Turkish Fleet. When they were certain that they were over the arsenal they dropped four bombs. The Fleet could be seen with great distinctness. On the return journey they observed on the ships small puffs of smoke, and some of their guns flashed forth. From these they gathered that the warships were opening fire on them, but they were not struck. They again crossed the Peninsula of Gallipoli, following a zigzag

course, and returning by the same route as they had come by. It was therefore easy for them to examine the Turkish encampments there. The peninsula had the appearance of an enormous military arsenal. Small puffs of smoke along the route again showed that the Turks were firing at the hydroplane. Leaving the peninsula behind they decided to re-enter the Bay of Mudros, but carburettor trouble brought the trip to an end.

"M. Mutusis afterwards declared that this trip had shown the ease with which a successful reconnaissance might be carried out by hydroplane. During the flight over Nagara, M. Moriatikis examined the Turkish fortress with glasses. He stated that the result of the expedition had exceeded all expectations, and he was of the opinion that hydroplanes were capable of rendering important services to the Navy in warfare. The trip occupied two and a half hours, during which time 112 miles were covered."¹

Emersere freti canenti e gurgite vultus
Aequoreae monstrum Nereides admirantes.
Atque illic alma viderunt luce marinas
Mortales oculi nudato corpore Nymphas
Nutricum tenus extantes e gurgite cano.

CATULLUS, lxiv. 14-18.

The Nereids, children of the foam,
Rose from the white-churned strait;
Their wondering faces watched the form
Of that strange, portent boat.
And there, in the dear light of day,
Was mortal vision blessed
By sight of those bare, salt-flecked Nymphs
All naked to the breast.

It is a strange coincidence that, as we have seen, the first aviator who used an aeroplane in actual warlike operations was a Greek, who in his first flight flew over Olympus.

With the battle of Florina the war, so far as the Greek Army was concerned, virtually ended as regarded Macedonia, and most of the troops were transferred to Epirus.

The King of Greece continued to reside at Salonika, despite the fact that the population was not altogether reconciled to his rule. On November 17 a fire which was fortunately quickly extinguished, broke out in the cellars of the Governor's Palace, and two boxes of dynamite were subsequently discovered in them. The Greek Governor maintained all the Turkish officials in the Prefectures, mayoralties and other offices in their positions, and released all the political prisoners. Queen Olga gave directions for the distribution of daily rations of bread to 6000 Mussulmans, 3000 Israelites, and 1000 Greek families at Salonika. Princes Boris and Cyril of Bulgaria resided for some time in the town, and a Bulgarian and a Servian division were included in

¹ *Morning Post*, Saturday, February 8, 1913.

its garrison. The Metropolitan of Salonika was decorated with the Greek Order of the Saviour, and the Mussulman community appeared to become reconciled to Greek rule. In an address to King George on his birthday they spoke of him as their Sovereign, and declared that henceforth they would live under the protection of the Greek laws. Little did they dream that within three months their notables would be attending him on his path to the grave. The homage of the Mussulmans of Salonika was no empty show. Unfortunately, however, friction arose between the Greeks and Servians in the outlying parts of the province, and disputes arose which seriously hampered the trade of the port.

Early in January matters grew somewhat serious: "The Servians, after the retirement from the Florina district of the Greek 6th Division, which is now embarking for its destination in Epirus, crossed the temporary frontiers and occupied villages which were held by Greeks. The Greek soldiers were disarmed and ordered away from these villages. A Servian official arrived at Florina, stating that he had been sent to take over the administration of the town. The Greek Prefect refused to give way to him. Pourparlers are now going on between the two allies, but the Servians state that the question of Florina cannot be discussed.

"The Greek Government are now paying the salaries of the Turkish officers of Hassan Takzin Pasha's army, the commander himself receiving £100 monthly.

"Salonika merchants who see themselves threatened with ruin as the result of the application of Excise duties in the territory conquered by the Servians and Bulgarians are in a very excited state, and are busily occupied in organizing protests to the foreign Consuls and Powers, both privately and through the instrumentality of the Chamber of Commerce."¹

Such episodes undoubtedly put heart into the Turks, and may have contributed in some measure to bring about the revolution of January 23.

From the campaign in Macedonia we must, however, now turn to that in Epirus, which in the end came to be identified with the siege of Yanina.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EPIRUS—THE SIEGE OF YANINA

The Greek plan of campaign in 1912 was not unlike their plan of campaign in 1897. It involved an advance of two armies, one on each side of that great central branch of Pindus which forms the backbone of Northern Greece, and is, in reality, the southernmost prolongation of the Alps. We have already seen how the Greeks advanced through Macedonia; we have now to

¹ *The Times*, Friday, January 3, 1913.

see how they advanced through Epirus from Acarnania. The Greeks entered the town of Preveza on November 4. The road from the Greek base on the Gulf of Arta, whose waters have witnessed the world battles of Actium and Lepanto, to Yanina lay over the Pass of Pentepegadia, where in 1897 Clement Harris died a hero's death for Greece. On this occasion the Turkish forces were ill prepared for resistance, as the Porte, exhausted by the Tripolitan campaign, had left her western provinces to defend themselves, and General Sapoundzakis occupied the village of Anoghi and several other strategic positions near the pass without difficulty. Terrible atrocities were, however, committed by the Albanians, and many villages were destroyed in the neighbourhood of Yanina. It was expected also that the Turks would plunder the port of Sagias, the residence of numerous Greek merchants, which lies opposite Corfu.

By November 16 the Greek Army had left Pentepegadia and was advancing on Yanina. The Turkish Army at that place was supposed to number about 25,000 men, and was rumoured to be in favour of surrendering owing to lack of food.

So close did the fall of Yanina seem that correspondents at Arta were almost afraid to undertake the short journey to Athens and back lest they should miss the entry of the Greek troops into the town. In the meantime, Greek forces were pushing forward into the extreme north of Epirus, and on November 18, Khimara, a harbour on the Straits of Otranto to the south of Vallona, was occupied by Major Spiromilo, who, though a member of the Greek Parliament, is a native of the district. Khimara is the centre of an autonomous district consisting of seven villages, and its inhabitants, who are born soldiers, have often revolted for Greece against Turkey. It was hoped that the occupation of Khimara would lead all the Albanians south of the new boundary which Greece intended to trace in Epirus, to submit to Hellenic rule. Preveza was settling down as a Greek town, and the Turkish torpedo-boat *Attalia*, which had been sunk at the time the place surrendered, was refloated and found to be perfectly intact after a fortnight's immersion. Kamarina, due west of Arta, was occupied on November 25.

But Yanina proved to be far more capable of resistance than any save its garrison had supposed. The campaign in Epirus was only just beginning in earnest. The inhabitants of the country were greatly divided. If in some places the tribes were Philhellenic, in others hostile Albanian bands supported by Turkish soldiery were roaming about, and were determined to carry on the war even though peace were made. They were in utter ignorance of what had taken place elsewhere, and believed that Turkish armies were occupying Larissa and marching upon Bulgaria. The more fanatical ridiculed the idea that the Faithful could be defeated, and perpetrated atrocities on their Christian

neighbours in the expectation that Greece must in the end succumb. Metsovo had been occupied by the Greeks, and an attempt of the Turks to recover it had been repulsed, yet eleven villages were burnt in the Zagory district immediately to the north of the place. Forty had been destroyed elsewhere. The Turkish lines before Yanina were plainly visible from the Greek advanced positions, and it was clear that the whole garrison had come out to resist their advance and to assist in the defence of Bizani Fort. The Turkish bands which were roaming about Epirus offered considerable resistance to the Greek forces, although they were constantly being reinforced. On December 4, despite the protests of the popular leader, Ismail Kemal Bey, President of the Albanian Provisional Government, two Greek gunboats bombarded the unfortified town of Vallona, and the senior officer defended his action on the ground that he had received orders to blockade the Albanian coast as being Turkish territory. He declared that the towns ought to surrender to the Greeks, who would treat the Albanians like brothers.

This fraternal offer was not wholly reciprocated. The Albanians had encroached upon Greek territory in Epirus and continued to lay claim to Yanina. Moreover, they were offended at the engagements into which Greece had entered with Servia as to the delimitation of Albania. However, Greece was disposed to consent to the establishment of an autonomous Albania, provided that it only included the territories of which the Albanians are in effective occupation.

A report published by the Hellenic authorities gives a good account of the events of the campaign down to the middle of December.

"After their defeat last month at Monastir by the Servians the Turks drew off southward in the direction of Koritza and Yanina. The retreating Turks were hard pressed by the Greeks near Florina and lost a number of guns and prisoners, but succeeded in rallying at Koritza, which they occupied in some strength. Ali Riza Pasha, after restoring the Turkish organization at Koritza, marched south to Yanina with some 20,000 regulars. Djavid Pasha was left with about the same number at Koritza, but on December 13 or 14 he also retired upon Yanina with 5000 men. The remainder of the Turks, two days later, attacked the Greek cavalry at Biklista. They were repulsed, and the Hellenic troops, concentrating from Florina and from Kastoria via Kostenitza, attacked the Turks, who held the crest of the Morava Planina and the Zangoni gorge. The Greek attack was made on December 19, and after suffering considerable losses the Hellenic Army under General Damianos forced the defile and drove the Turks south and west beyond Koritza, which was occupied in force. Part of the defeated army retired in the direction of Yanina, being pursued by the Greeks, but the

majority dispersed among the hills. Three of the few remaining Turkish guns were captured.

"In the Yanina district Essad Pasha's force of between 10,000 and 12,000 regulars, reinforced by the remnants of the two Turkish armies from the north under Ali Riza Pasha and Djavid Pasha, had entrenched itself in a crescent-shaped position to the south of Yanina, the two horns of the crescent resting on the mountains to the north of that place. The Turkish lines ran through Bizani, Rapsista, Peristeri, Bezduni, and Kastritza. To the south of these lay the Greeks under General Sapoundzakis, between Dodona and Kritovo, with a small mixed force under Riciotti Garibaldi at Drisko on the Yanina-Metsovo road. On December 20, 21, and 22 the Turks made a series of attacks on the Hellenic lines. On the first day there was serious fighting on the Greek left at Dodona, and after a whole day's engagement, during which the Greek divisional commander lost his only son, and Djavid Pasha is believed to have been killed, the Turks were repulsed; on the second day (Saturday) the attack was general all along the line, but again the Turks were unsuccessful, and on Sunday a final assault on the Greek centre at St. Nicholas led to the same result. The Turks have now retired behind their positions and the Greeks are expecting their Northern Army to advance from Koritza, while further reinforcements are moving westwards along the Metsovo road towards Drisko. The campaign in Epirus thus bids fair to be localized within a few days in an investment of the last remaining Turkish Field Force in Europe in the immediate vicinity of Yanina."¹

Very serious fighting took place at Philippiades and Pentepegadia on December 12. On that day a general offensive movement against the Turks was resumed all along the Greek front. At 6.30 in the morning the army opened a general attack on the right wing. In spite of an incessant fire the Turks occupied Aetorachon. The Greek artillery, firing with marvellous precision, succeeded after a duel lasting four hours in silencing the hostile batteries at Lagatora. Officers and men showed exemplary courage and dash. General Sapoundzakis personally directed the operations. Fighting was interrupted at nightfall, but was resumed on the following day, when after repeated attacks the Greek troops took the Turkish advanced works in the direction of the Bizani fortifications at the point of the bayonet and camped there. They took from the enemy three quick-firing guns, a large quantity of war material, and a quantity of tents.

"For the purpose of making a diversion which would necessitate the despatch of Turkish troops from the main force at the moment of the Greek attack on Yanina, two battalions of infantry and four guns were landed at Santi Quaranta. As a result of this, the

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, December 24, 1913.

Turks were obliged to detach eight battalions with two batteries of artillery and two siege guns. After some skirmishing, in which they lost five killed and nineteen wounded, the Greeks retired upon Santi Quaranta and embarked in good order in the transport which was waiting for them, and moved to another point on the coast of Epirus."¹

It was firmly believed at Athens that, as the result of these operations, the fort of Bizani, the advanced guard of Yanina, which was regarded by the Turks as impregnable, could not hold out more than a few hours longer. After desperate fighting on December 16, the batteries of the position, which was so strong by nature, were silenced by the accurate Greek fire. One shell blew up the artillery magazine, and other shells destroyed in succession all the enemy's batteries. From the summit of the mountain opposite the great confusion prevailing in Bizani was clearly seen. As the right wing of the Greek Army advanced impetuously towards the fort, Turkish soldiers could be seen hurriedly removing the guns, whilst others were rushing from the place. Its fall would have opened the road to Yanina.

The Crown Prince's army advanced into Epirus by way of Koritza.

On December 19 the Greeks forced the fortified pass of Tsorgoni, and also the difficult passes in the Morava Mountains.

"The left wing of the army of the Crown Prince attacked the Turkish force, 15,000 strong, which defended Koritza and which was the last remnant of the army of Monastir under Ali Riza Pasha. The main attack was made against the Zangoni Pass. The Turks were badly beaten and dispersed into the mountains towards Albania and Epirus. The Turks fought very stubbornly, almost all of them coming from Asia Minor. The whole of the Turkish artillery fell into the hands of the Greeks."²

The enemy were seized with panic and fled towards the south, and the Greek Army under General Damianos occupied Koritza, and then pursued the enemy towards Yanina.

"The army had advanced in three columns, the south division marching by the high road, the fifth division following a route through Branista and Pliassa, and the third division making its way by Bamban and Kalyvia.

"This expedition against Koritza has been one of the most difficult imaginable, as bad roads had to be traversed and mountains as much as 4942 feet high surmounted, while the country through which the army had to pass was very poor and it was extremely difficult to obtain provisions."²

The Turks, however, claimed that on December 15 they won an important success. An official report stated that after a six hours' battle in the Soulie Dagh hills, the Greeks were

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, December 18, 1912.

² *Morning Post*, Thursday, December 19, 1912.

defeated, with a loss of 400 killed and 126 wounded, and had abandoned three quick-firing guns and large quantities of rifles on the field. The Albanian auxiliaries had fought well in support of the Turkish troops.

"On the 20th, 21st, and 22nd December the Turkish Army in Yanina, reinforced by the greater part of the army which escaped from Monastir, tried to make an attack upon the Greek forces threatening Yanina from the south. The chief attack was directed against the left wing of the Greek Army, which made a counter-attack and repulsed the enemy towards the north. On the 21st an attack was made on the whole of the Greek front. On the 22nd the attack upon the centre was repeated, but again repulsed. It is said that General Ali Riza Pasha and the Chief of Staff, Djavid Pasha, were killed in this engagement."¹

The Greek predictions as to the approaching fall of Bizani proved to be too optimistic, and the Turkish successes were probably more complete than the authorities at Athens chose to admit.

On December 29 a lively artillery duel accompanied by a furious attack by the Turks began at Bizani. The Turks concentrated their forces on the right wing and assaulted the Greek forces. After some fierce fighting General Sapoundzakis, who had hurried up with reinforcements, succeeded in repelling the enemy and making a counter-attack. The Turks, however, continued to make assaults all through the night, but were driven back with heavy losses. During these engagements the Greeks showed themselves worthy descendants of their ancient heroes.

"Lieutenant Kalaris, the son of the general commanding the second division, although he was suffering from a severe attack of fever, insisted on taking his place at the head of his men among the advanced posts to repulse night attacks, and was struck by a bullet in the forehead.

"At dawn the following day his father, the General, made his appearance, and the sad news was announced to him. He asked to see the body, and, after kissing the blood-stained forehead of his son, said, 'This day, my child, is one of sorrow for the father, but of joy for the General. Lieutenant Kalaris, you have done your duty, sleep in peace.' Then, turning to an officer, he said, 'See to the funeral arrangements,' and, mounting his horse, went off with his staff to fight until the evening."²

New Year's Day was ushered in by a bombardment. From 3 A.M. to 6 A.M. a battery of the Greek siege artillery fired on the great Turkish bivouacs to the left of the Yanina road, and on the Bizani lines. The enemy's artillery did not reply. At about 3 A.M. the Turks attacked the Greek centre and left wing, but were repulsed.

¹ *Morning Post*, Tuesday, December 24, 1912.

² *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, January 2, 1913.

Fighting continued throughout the month of January without very definite results. On January 20 the Greeks commenced a general attack on Bizani, the key to Yanina, and for a time made good progress.

According to statements made by three refugees who succeeded in crossing to the Greek lines, there were 10,000 wounded in Yanina at the beginning of February, and the garrison held out chiefly through the efforts of the Austrian Consul. Ten days' provisions were left. Very severe fighting took place at Philipiades on February 9, when the Greek advanced posts made a night attack on the enemy's position on the right of their lines. The Turks replied with a warm artillery fire. The Greek artillery then came into action and silenced the Turkish guns after a bombardment of two hours.

On February 10 the Turks made an attempt to occupy the Zakrovo Pass, but were repulsed by the Djorna detachment, and retired, leaving behind many killed and large quantities of rifles and stores. Colonel Mathiopoulos was slightly wounded. The Greek losses were insignificant.

But all this fighting proved of little effect. On March 4 a general attack on the fortifications of Yanina was begun on a new plan.

The Crown Prince ordered a concentrated bombardment of the enemy's positions, and on March 4 the Greek guns poured some 10,000 shells into the Turkish lines. The Bizani fort was bombarded by ten siege guns placed at Kanata, which were hidden from view by the ridge of an intervening hill. Its batteries did not reply at first, but later in the day returned the Greek fire, which by the evening had silenced six of them. In the meantime large bodies of Greek troops, advancing rapidly from the left, approached the Manoliasa heights. During the night the bombardment slackened, but on March 5 it was again resumed, 15,000 shells being fired during the day. The Greek troops on the left attacked the enemy, who fled towards Yanina, closely pursued across the plain. By 11 A.M. Bizani had been completely silenced and the eastern forts were in Greek hands.

In the afternoon the Greeks continued their advance and occupied the mountains and Saikni El batteries, taking numerous prisoners. Their right wing held its position, but a division advancing rapidly from Metzovo occupied Drisko and Koutovraki. By 3 P.M. the Turks were totally scattered and flying in a mad panic towards Yanina. The few officers who, here and there, had kept a knot of men together saw them swept away by the flood of fugitives. That evening the Greeks encamped at Duruti outside Yanina. All through the night strings of stretchers bearing wounded kept pouring into the first-aid hospital at Chani Fitelias, where a motor with the Metropolitan of Yanina and two Turkish officers on their way to the Crown Prince arrived

at 4 A.M. They had come to treat for the surrender of Yanina. Essad Pasha's army was completely demoralised, and he had no choice left but to surrender.

Thus Bizani, a first-class natural modern fortress upon which one million pounds had been spent, fell after a siege of four months. For two miles in front of the town the road was strewn with Turkish corpses. The Greeks had carried away their dead.

The town was surrendered formally on March 6, to General Soutzes, the commander of the Greek cavalry, by Vehid Bey, the brother of Essad Pasha, who was visibly moved as he approached the General who stood waiting for him outside the gate. Then the cavalry entered the streets, which were thronged with cheering crowds, and rode straight to the Great Square, where the Turkish garrison was paraded and disarmed. The garrison numbered originally 10,000 regulars and 7000 irregulars, the Turkish loss during the four months' siege being 7500. Essad Pasha had but little ammunition left, and truly said he had resisted until further resistance was madness.

"The official entry of the Crown Prince and his Staff into Yanina took place at noon. Six battalions of Evzones were the feature of the triumphal progress through the town. The condition of the troops is excellent, considering that they have undergone three months' exposure round Bizani, and the whole army, generally, is in finer condition than at the time of the surrender of Salonika. This is principally due to the excellent transport service between Preveza and the front by motor lorries and mules, and barges along the River Luros. The troops have thus had one hot meal with meat daily, while hot tea with rum or brandy was served out every morning, and all were provided with fresh warm underclothing and socks.

"The Crown Prince is deservedly the idol of the army, for he has succeeded in six weeks, with negligible losses, in reducing a fortress hitherto considered impregnable.

"It has been a beautiful spring day, and the snow-covered mountains made a wonderful setting for the procession through the Government square. Yanina itself, at the head of the Lake, looked like a newly-crowned Queen.

"The Turkish Army was not really starving; flour and sugar were lacking, but there was plenty of meat and maize. There has not, therefore, been great suffering in the town.

"The whole of Greece celebrated the victory. Congratulatory telegrams from all quarters were sent to the Crown Prince. Princess Sophie has also been the subject of popular manifestations. As a result of this fresh feat on the part of the Crown Prince, which adds another important province to Greece, and the bravery shown by the other Princes during the war and the assistance rendered by the Princesses, the dynasty may now be considered to be naturalized and definitely linked to Greece.

"The following incident, which has hitherto been kept secret, occurred during M. Venezelos's recent visit to Epirus: While he was gazing at Bizani from the top of a hill opposite in company with the Crown Prince and the other Princes, a shell burst a few yards away and a splinter wounded the Crown Prince's son slightly in the cheek.

"Besides the troops who have been made prisoners, 6000 Turkish sick and wounded have been handed over to the Greek Army.

"The Crown Prince issued the following order of the day to the Army:

" 'Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men.

" 'The capture of Yanina has added a new and brilliant victory to your glorious exploits. After crossing all Macedonia and scattering two hostile armies, you have set the seal to your deeds of arms by the capture of a fortress considered impregnable. The heavy sacrifices, privations, and fatigue you have endured are only equalled by your courage. You have added fresh trophies to those taken in Macedonia. A hundred guns and another army, with its commanders, colours, and munitions, are in your hands. Your colours have been crowned with fresh glory, and the whole nation admires this new achievement. I am proud to be the commander of such an army. I offer you my congratulations.

"Two squadrons of cavalry reconnoitring to the north of Yanina captured 2300 Turkish fugitives."¹

These were the remnant of a body of 2500 Turks, who had escaped northwards during the pursuit on the evening of March 5. The remainder scattered and eventually joined hands with Djavid Pasha's forces from Monastir in Central Albania.

After holding a reception at Government House, the Crown Prince and his sons and brothers rode through the town without an escort, and were warmly acclaimed by the population. The Mohammedan and Jewish quarters were strongly picketed.

"The Crown Prince issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Epirus guaranteeing to them 'their lives, their honour, and their goods,' but stating that any attempts to provoke disorder will be summarily dealt with."

Columns were sent to occupy Argyrokastro, where two Turkish battalions were defeated and taken prisoners, and Premeti, 46 miles north of Yanina. The Metropolitan of Paramythia, at the request of the local Turkish notables, telegraphed to ask for Greek troops to be sent there, and by March 13 Colonel Ipitiss was able to telegraph from Paramythia:

"Following my proclamation in the name of the King of the Hellenes, the Crown Prince, and the Government to the notables, beys, and agas regarding the submission of the inhabitants of

¹ *The Times*, Monday, March 10, 1913.

Southern Epirus without distinction of race or religion, I am able to report the occupation and submission of the whole of Southern Epirus as far as Kalama and beyond Philiates. I have disarmed the inhabitants. The Ottoman Deputy, Mehsin Dino, accompanied by several beys and agas of Castri, have made complete submission." ¹

The Greek campaign in Epirus was ended, at a cost to the Greeks of 15,000 killed and wounded, of whom 1800 had fallen before Yanina. They took about 109 guns, 430 officers, 38,000 soldiers, and large quantities of transport wagons.

On March 13 Queen Olga landed at Preveza on her way to Yanina. Within a few days it was destined that she should be recalled to Athens to weep beside the coffin of her murdered husband.

KING GEORGE'S DEATH

King George's prediction that he would return by sea from Salonika was, alas! destined to be fulfilled. For the four months of the occupation he had been living very simply in a small villa overlooking the sea, about two and a half miles from the town. He was accustomed to take an afternoon walk either to the White Tower or to the Cavalry Barracks at the Lesser Karaburun, attended only by a single equerry, for he had dismissed his escort of gendarmes. On Monday, March 17, he was returning from the White Tower with his equerry, Colonel Frangoulis. He was in a happy, contented mood, and was talking of the war, of the success of the Greek arms, of the capture of Yanina and of Salonika, and of this fitting climax to his fifty years' reign. His jubilee was to fall on October 29. "To-morrow," continued the King, "when I pay my formal visit to the Dreadnought *Goeben*, the German battleship is to honour the Greek king here in Salonika. This fills me with happiness and contentment."

These proved to be the Monarch's last words, for at that moment a shot rang out from behind. Colonel Frangoulis sprang round and seized the hand of the assassin, which was already poised for a second shot. Covering his royal master with his body, he grabbed the assailant by the throat, and held him fast until passing soldiers ran to his aid. But the first shot had found its billet, for King George had already sunk to the earth. His Majesty was placed in a carriage, his head resting on his arm. He continued to breathe for a short time, but before the hospital was reached life had become extinct.

The bullet, fired at a distance of two paces, entered the back below the shoulder-blade. There was great hæmorrhage, the jewelled cross which the King always wore being stained with

¹ *Morning Post*, Friday, March 14, 1913.

blood. The assassin was one Alexander Skinas, a Greek of feeble intellect, who stated that he was driven to desperation by sickness and want. The crime, therefore, was without motive.

"The effect at Salonika is most impressive. As the tidings spread, groups of grief-stricken people gathered at the street corners and conversed in muffled accents. The troops were recalled to their barracks. The shops and cafés were closed. The tramways were stopped. The lights were extinguished, and Salonika to-night has a dead and deserted appearance that fittingly expresses its sorrow at the loss of a ruler who, in so short a time, has made himself beloved by one and all. As I write the church bells are tolling, and the shrill call of the Last Post echoes along the deserted street."¹

Thus died King George I., at the age of sixty-eight, and in the fiftieth year of his reign. With the exception of the venerable Emperor of Austria, he died the *doyen* of European rulers. He had found Greece all but a desert; he left her a strong and prosperous kingdom; his adaptability had maintained him on the throne; *cedendo vicit*. As one who knew him well wrote, "In the relations of private life King George was an amiable man, a devoted husband and father, and a kind friend. He was specially cordial to Englishmen, with whom he always conversed in their own language, which he spoke perfectly." Speaking in the name of the British Navy, Rear-Admiral V. A. Montagu wrote, "His Majesty always evinced a special interest in seeking the society of our naval officers, when squadrons or detached ships were happily detached to Greek waters, and during the course of his long reign nothing could have exceeded his invariable kindness and hospitality upon all occasions. The British Navy has indeed lost a true friend, and one whose charming personality can never be forgotten."

The funeral of the Hero King was like that of no sovereign who has ever reigned on earth, save that of our own Hero Queen whom he knew so well. Like Queen Victoria, King George was carried to his grave by the paths of the sea. Around the Royal Yacht *Amphitrite*, which bore his corpse from Salonika to the Piræus, sailed as his escort ships from the great navies of the world. The Greeks were the first Sea Kings; the first victory won for Liberty on the sea was won by Greek ships at Salamis. Was not King George a Dane? a son of that race of Sea Kings whose virile blood has given France and England so much of their greatness and of their fame?

Nor was his triumph in death less at Salonika. The troops of a whole division lined the route of the procession. All the town was draped in black, and the doors of all the houses on his way. The remains of the King were borne on a gun-carriage. King Constantine and the members of the Royal Family followed

¹ *Daily Telegraph*.

the gun-carriage. The Bulgarians were represented by a detachment, and a delegation of a hundred Mussulmans followed the bier from the Palace to the quay.

The German cruiser *Goeben* was amongst the escort of the *Amphitrite*. In his last hours King George had spoken of his approaching visit to her, and now all that she could do was to pay her homage to the dead.

As the long line of ships steamed in stately sorrow through those clustered islands, from whose every mountain-top the flag of Greece now waves, one could not but remember that it is to the life-work of King George that the isles of Greece owe their new-found liberty.

XOP. νᾶσοί θ' αἱ κατὰ πρῶν ἄλιον περικλυστοὶ
τᾷδε γὰρ προσήμεναι,
οἷα Λέσβος, ἐλαιόφυτός τε Σάμος, Χίος,
ἡδὲ Πάρος, Νάξος, Μύκονος, Τήνη τε συνάπτονσ'
Ἄνδρος ἀγχιγείτων,
καὶ τὰς ἀγχιάλους ἐκράτυνε μεσάκτους
Δῆμον, Ἰκάρου θ' ἔδος,
Ῥόδον τ' ἡδὲ Κνίδον Κυπρίας τε πόλεις, Πάφον,
ἡδὲ Σόλους, Σαλαμῖνά τε, τὰς νῦν ματρόπολιν τῶνδ',
αἰτία στεναγμῶν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *The Persians*, 879-896.

Chorus. The seagirt isles which lie before the Capes
Ionian bowed in reverence to this lord,
To him bowed Lesbos, olive-crowned Samos,
Chios and Paros, Naxos, Myconos,
And Andros, Tenos' nearest neighbour. He
Bore sway o'er Lemnos in the middle foam,
And Icaros' lair, Rhodus too, Cnidus,
And Cyprus' cities, Paphos and Solos,
And Salamis, who takes her name from her
Who is th' occasion of our groans this day.

The passage of the *Amphitrite* through that wine-dark sea, whose every wave rolls out the story of the glorious past of Hellas, past that Sunium where Byron, for once a false prophet, mourned the death of freedom and of Greece, was delayed by fog, Salamis did not rise into sight, and the Royal yacht did not reach the harbour of the Piræus until the forenoon of March 27. The streets were thronged with people, silent and solemn. About eleven the funeral bells tolled out, and the boom of the port batteries heralded the approach of the Royal dead. Through a lane of the warships of the Great Powers the *Amphitrite* passed into the inner port. The Royal coffin was seen resting on her deck, surrounded by its naval guard, and draped with the Greek and Danish flags. Many an officer on the *Yarmouth*, from which Saint George's flag was flying at half mast, must have thought of that January sunset with its blaze of fire when the great Queen came to Portsmouth on her journey to her last home at Frogmore.

The coffin was carried ashore by the Royal Princes, followed by King Constantine supporting his mother. Amid the boom of cannon the procession started from the Piraeus along that road which has so often been trodden by those sages and those apostles who gave us the life of the mind and the life of the soul. The King was borne on an oaken carriage drawn by fifty-two warrant officers and men. All that is great in Greece followed in his train. In the distance gleamed on the Acropolis the glorious ruins of the Parthenon and of the temple of that Winged Victory, who with King George returned once more to her ancient seat. Beyond, the ring of distant mountains which bear names famous in story throughout the ages towered blue against the far-off sky. From the Piraeus to Athens the corpse was carried by train. Through a city draped with black, with purple, with myrtles, with the martyr's palm, where the death-like silence was broken only by sounds of weeping, the Royal mourners followed the coffin on foot to the Cathedral. The poor little cheap building dates from the days of Grecian poverty, but it was the thank-offering of Greece to the All-Ruler for her liberation from the Turk. Into that building the Royal Princes bore the coffin, which was placed on a dais surrounded by large golden candelabra, each bearing a hundred lighted candles, whilst the high Greek ecclesiastics in their gorgeous pontifical robes recited the prayers for the dead. The widowed Queen knelt sobbing and praying at its head. Then the Royal mourners departed, and the church was closed to be prepared to receive the crowds who were coming to pay their last reverence to their King. On the morrow the whole city filed past the coffin; by the order of the Minister of Public Instruction all the school children were admitted, and many of them wept bitterly.

The Cathedral is humble enough, but loving hands hid its poverty in flowers. "They came from all over the new Hellenic, the reconquered Hellenic country. They are also intensely significant proofs of the amazing reconquest which the King lying dead in his coffin before us lived to see fulfilled. On thousands of wreaths one reads the names of towns and villages Turkish for centuries, and now Greek again, and sending their tribute to the King whose reign was made great by the war which won them back to Hellas."¹ Truly the City of the Violet Crown, once again Lady of the Provinces, no more a captive, proved herself worthy of her name. "It is with a garland that Athens crowns her sons living and dead after a struggle like theirs." Everywhere in Athens were to be seen pasted up the black-edged cards which are used to announce a death; they bore the words, "Mega Ethnikon Penthos" (A Great National Grief). Working men wore them bound on their sleeves with crape.

The flag which had been raised to begin the fight for freedom

¹ *Daily Telegraph.*

in 1821 was borne before the coffin; forty bishops from the provinces redeemed for ever from the Turk in glorious vestments shimmering with delicate hues of gold and silver, and with embroideries whose every tone vied with the flowers around, stood before it, wearing jewelled tiaras which had come down to them from bishops who had chanted in Santa Sophia thanksgivings for the victories of Emperors of the Romans. Sixty-two Metropolitans in all were present at the funeral. Every land in Europe had sent its representatives to honour one who was the kinsman of nearly every Christian ruler. We marvel at the list of the nations who passed before the great King on the plains of Enos. What would a Homer or an Herodotus have said if they could have seen princes of the blood royal, gathered from every land between the Rhiphaean Mount and the Sacred Cape to pay the last honour at the foot of the Acropolis to a ruler who had come to it from the land of the Hyperboreans?

The prayers themselves were simple. Of all the funeral ritual of the Holy Orthodox Church in which the Greek tongue, if in a dialect which would be scorned by the classic purist of the schools, has an awe-inspiring beauty all its own, no passages had been used save those which correspond with that simpler Danish Service which would have been read over the departed monarch had he been laid to rest in the great brick Cathedral which towers at Roeskilde over the green pastures of Zealand and the still waters of the Isa Fjord. They consisted mainly of passages from the Gospel of St. John, which were to be said again in the Danish tongue when the dead King was laid in his last home amongst the pine woods of Tatoi. But in this Greek church the clergy and the Greek Orthodox congregation pray fervently for the departed King, and the Metropolitan truly says that though remaining in another faith the late sovereign was a bulwark of the Greek Church.

But the committal has been said as princes, priests, and soldiers knelt in reverence. Then the Metropolitan rises and speaks in a voice sounding through the Cathedral. He speaks of the late King's long and gloriously ended reign, he extols his devotion to his adopted country and its Church, but the most dramatic passage is the peroration when, addressing the present King, he says: "Thou bearest the name of Constantine and art the heir of Constantine the Eleventh, the last Emperor of Constantinople," and recalls the tradition and the prophecy of the Greek Church, that when a Greek Emperor shall reign again at Constantinople, the door walled by Turks at St. Sophia shall be reopened, and the religious service be resumed again exactly at the moment when the Turks in 1453 burst into the Cathedral.

This tradition is that when the yelling hordes rushed over the sacred threshold, a priest was consecrating the Blessed Host at the High Altar. The wall of the church opened; he walked in, and it reclosed behind him.

Had the Metropolitan known it, he might have mentioned another coincidence of singular omen. On March 30, whilst the sobbing crowds at Athens were filing past King George's bier, at Rome a procession of devotees bearing the Eucharist were filing through the gloomy gangways of the Catacombs on the Appian Way, and the vaults of the great crypt in the catacomb of Sta. Domatilla, which bears the names of those earliest of Roman martyrs Saints Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilles, were ringing with the chants which celebrated the sixteenth centenary of the issue of the Edict of Milan. By that edict Constantine the Great put an end to the persecution of the Christians; and it was on October 27, 313, that the first Christian Roman Emperor saw before the battle on the Milvian Bridge that vision which determined him to give the Roman world to Christ. It was the monogram of the Saviour in Greek characters surrounded by the motto, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" That motto is the motto of the Hellenic kingdom.

From Athens the King was carried to be laid beside an infant daughter in the Royal Mausoleum which he had built for himself at Tatoi.

I cannot forget that it was at the Ceramicus, but a few hundred yards away from the metropolitan Church of Athens that Pericles pronounced that noble oration over the heroes who had died for Athens in the Peloponnesian War, which fits both so well the soldiers who have died for Greece in this war and their martyred king. I quote from Professor Jowett's translation :

"I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth, or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined, at the hazard of their lives, to be honourably avenged,

and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonour, but in the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue."

The statesmen and philosophers of old Athens have done much to make and to mould that world whose representatives from every country under Heaven bowed before King George's tomb. Yet a Christian may remember that we owe it to the Hebrew tent-maker, who once upon Mars' Hill made their Unknown God known to his Athenian hearers, that the Metropolitan of Athens could teach their far-off children to forgive their enemies. Nor will he forget that it was to their Corinthian fellow-countrymen that those words were written which tell how Death has lost his sting and how the Grave is swallowed up in Victory.

King George's political will contained some valuable advice to his successor and to his other children.

"King Constantine is urged to love whole-heartedly his 'dear little country,' and to serve his people faithfully—with courage but also with patience. 'Let the night pass before coming to a decision. Never let the sun go down on your wrath. Be calm and never forget that you are reigning over a southern people who are easily roused and may in a moment do and say many things which they will probably forget a few hours after. For this reason never fall into a passion and never forget that it is often preferable that the King should suffer rather than his people. Do not lose sight of the fact that the interests of the people must be placed before all other interests, and God will help you in your heavy task. Always love your mother. Give your children a good Greek education for they must be Greeks and nothing else. Love your brothers. I ask pardon of all whom I may have wronged.' After declaring his undying love for his wife, King George concludes by invoking a blessing on his country."¹

After the advance to Argyrokaastro, the Greek army took little part in active operations which came to an end with the signature of the Armistice of Tchataldja, and public interest became preoccupied with the disputes between the Greek and Bulgarian forces in Macedonia.

¹ *The Times*, Monday, April 14, 1913.

CHAPTER XIV

MONTENEGRO, GREECE, AND ALBANIA

IT may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the policy pursued by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey with regard to Servia and Montenegro was, under all the circumstances, the only one possible if an Armageddon were to be averted. They may have been timid, over timid, about Constantinople; they have been rightly bold about Skutari. When even statesmen like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking in the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa, can talk of "poor little Montenegro" being bullied, it is clear that to outsiders this policy could not but lend itself to misinterpretation.

Englishmen, so far as they understand diplomacy at all, prefer straightforward diplomacy. They do not understand plans of covering insurance policies, such as that treaty by which Russia, whilst remaining "a friendly and allied nation" with France, secured herself a good understanding with Germany by a separate agreement in which France was not included.

The man in the street looks upon France and Russia as his friends. Long may he do so! To the man in the street it seemed almost like an act of treachery, as I have already said, that Mr. Asquith should take part with Austria against, as he supposed, France and Russia. Why, he asked, should the Prime Minister choose the very moment, when Mr. Churchill, Colonel Seely, and Mr. Lloyd George had been so welcomed in France and Spain, to declare that we are not bound by Treaty to send troops overseas to aid France?

Mr. Asquith was right. Had he supported the policy which the man in the street thought was that of Russia, war must have followed. Though the Russian peasants recked nothing of the southern Slavs, Pan-Slavism in the great towns was at fierce heat, and at any moment an explosion of popular feeling might have led to the fall of M. Sazonoff's ministry. His successors would have supported Montenegro to the death.

But the English Minister knew that Montenegro was in the wrong. It is true that for a short time after the fall of the Servian

Empire Skutari formed part of the Servian principality of which Montenegro is a fragment, but to-day Skutari is Albanian, and, what is more, Northern Albanian and Catholic. Its Gheg inhabitants dread and hate the Montenegrin rule. The Slav races of the Orthodox Faith have no great respect for the language and religion of other nationalities even when these are themselves of Slav origin. What has been the fate of the Poles at the hands of the Russians, of the Ruthenians at the hands of the Poles of Galicia?

As that most able and fair-minded writer Mr. Nevinson points out in his appeal in favour of the Albanians, Albania, at least the Ghegs of Northern Albania, and Skutari would far rather live as an autonomous province under Austrian protection "than be exposed to the tender mercies of their ancient foes, the Slavs of Montenegro." The Catholic tribes to the north-east of the city find Skutari essential to their very existence. "Unless they can pasture their flocks and herds on the sea-coast marshes below Alessio in winter, they will die of starvation. To reach the coast they must pass through Skutari or its immediate neighbourhood, and unless their means of access is in Albanian hands they must perish."¹

Montenegro can manage Albania through her sheepfolds, as Austria manages Servia through her sties. It is marvellous to see how swine-fever breaks out in Servia whenever there is a little diplomatic tension between the neighbouring powers, and how soon the transport of pigs from Belgrade to Semlin is prohibited.

Montenegro is a country of flocks, and, doubtless, fluke in sheep might prove as potent an instrument in her dealings with Northern Albania, as the swine-fever bacillus does in Austrian hands against Servia.

Hence the virtuous Montenegro which Mr. Nevinson so aptly describes as "having developed a taste for living on its past," is, in reality, acting like a private school bully towards Albania. She leans upon the support of Russia and attempts a war of conquest. Fortunately for the world, however, Russia has not given her any guarantee.

Had Mr. Asquith, in deference to the Pan-Slav agitation, refused to support Austria and Germany, what would have been the result? Austria would have broken away from the Concert of the Powers and blotted Montenegro from the map, possibly after a prolonged struggle with the Balkan allies.

After all, Austria has a right to expect some gratitude from Servia and Montenegro.

By Act 25 of the Treaty of Berlin, the civil administration of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, "which extends between Servia and Montenegro in a south-easterly direction to the other side of

¹ *Westminster Gazette*, Wednesday, April 9, 1913.

Mitrovitz," was, at the request of Austria, left in the hands of Turkey, but Austria-Hungary reserved to herself the right of keeping garrisons in it, and of keeping up military and commercial roads.

It is true that Austria has waived this right *de facto*, and that during the present war she has allowed both Montenegro and Servia to treat the Sanjak as Ottoman territory, but she retains her rights *de jure* and at any moment might put them in force. If she were to overrun Montenegro, Austria would undoubtedly do so. In that case a war between Austria and Russia, supported by Servia and Bulgaria, might follow.

Under these circumstances it was just that the English Government should intervene to save Montenegro from herself, and should, therefore, stand by the Concert of the Powers in the endeavour to put a stop to its career of conquest.

Once more Mr. Gladstone's great words, "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," were to be justified.

Montenegro was fully aware of the possible outcome of her obstinacy, and is said in consequence to have entered into some curious negotiations with Servia.

King Nicholas, it is true, in his interviews with press correspondents, was magnificently defiant. "I assure you that we mean to keep the land we have retaken during the war. I began to reign as a mere lad, I have been at perpetual war with the Turks. Why? Because they took away the most fertile land our ancestors had more than 300 years ago, and my people cannot live on these rocks which you can see all round you.

"The world condemns me for causing trouble. But the world forgets that my subjects must regain that fertile land belonging to the Zeta Valley if we are to go on living. Yes, it is a matter of life and death. Modern conditions demand industry and agriculture.

"We mean to take Skutari, which holds the key to that land, and we mean to keep it. Old as I am and used to fighting, I have never seen such determination amongst my people as I have seen in the present war. They know only too well that it is far better to die fighting than to go on living as we are doing now.

"As to Skutari, it was ours before the Turks took it from us. My ancestors are buried in the city. The very churches there were built by them.

"The Albanians have never been united as a State. Even Scander Beg, the hero of whom one now hears so much, only ruled over one small tribe. They are not even united as to religion, some being Mohammedans, others Christians. The fact that they have settled in Skutari does not weaken our claim to regain what we have lost.

"Skutari will be my capital in future."¹

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, April 5, 1913.

It is perfectly true that King Nicholas is the descendant of that noble Servian of Frank origin, Balcha, who, when the old Servian Empire broke up after the assassination of Urosh V. in 1367, seized the fortress of Skutari and founded a principality which lasted until 1484, when Balcha's successor Ivan the Black was driven by the Turks from his capital Jabliak, and took refuge in the Black Mountain. But if such historic claims are to prevail against present-day facts, Europe would, indeed, be in a parlous state. For instance, Servia could claim Ragusa as having been the capital of a Servian Empire about the year 900.

But assassination is not an unknown weapon of political warfare on the Balkan States, and King Nicholas, as Bouchier has pointed out, has before him the fact that "since the fiasco which followed the grant of a Constitution, the Radical element in Montenegro has existed in a state of sullen discontent. Its ranks have latterly been swollen by thousands of reservists returned from the United States, whose minds have been steeped in Republican doctrines. Would the dynasty survive a renunciation of the dearest hopes of the nation unaccompanied by any corresponding advantage? Great distress and suffering will follow the close of the war, and if national humiliation is added popular discontent may culminate in a catastrophe. In face of such a prospect King Nicholas may naturally prefer the lesser evil—the risk involved in non-compliance with the behests of the Powers. He knows that come what may the Powers will not force him to abdicate, as his subjects may do if he disappoints their fond desire."¹

What, indeed, have the Powers to gain by the substitution of a Montenegrin Republic, in the hands of the wildest Socialists, for a Montenegrin Kingdom? When Austria held Venetia and Lombardy, she found Switzerland a thorn in her side. Yet Switzerland, during the Austrian tenure of Lombardy, was only just becoming a middle-class state, and Austria had a strong following in nearly every Swiss canton. But Switzerland was under the guarantee of the Powers, and, therefore, immune from chastisement.

But a Socialist Republic in Montenegro would be in a very different position. It would be a constant lodestone to all the anti-Austrian elements in the Croatian provinces, and would not be protected by any of the Powers. Austria would, undoubtedly, put an end to it once and for all without delay.

Perhaps foreseeing the risk of a Republic in Montenegro, King Nicholas appeared to have devised a scheme by which he might save the estates and property of himself and his family, whatever might be the outcome of the complications about Skutari.

"According to his entourage,² King Nicholas is firmly resolved

¹ *The Times*, Thursday, April 10, 1913.

² *Westminster Gazette*, Wednesday, April 9, 1913.

on the plan he will follow in the event of force being employed by the Powers. The general plan has been prepared for some time, and has been worked out in consultation with the King of Servia.

"In the event," proceeds *Reuter*, "of Montenegro being unable to obtain what she considers necessary for her continued independence, the King will abdicate, and, with his family, will leave the country. Montenegro will then cease to be independent, and will effect a union with Servia under the sovereignty of King Peter. King Nicholas and his family will, as the result of an agreement already concluded, reserve to themselves the right of succession to the Serbo-Montenegrin throne, and would in the meantime be in receipt of an appropriate Civil List."

Such agreements, which are known as Erbverträge (Succession Agreements), are well known in the older history of diplomacy, especially in Germany, where an arrangement very much on the same lines as to the succession is in force to-day between the Royal Houses of Prussia and of Bavaria. It is interesting, too, to remember that it was under such an agreement, dating from the time of the Emperor Lewis the Bavarian, a contemporary of our own Edward II., that the Electoral Dignity was transferred from James I.'s son-in-law, Frederick Elector Palatine, to Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, because Frederick had usurped the kingdom of Bohemia. In his attempts to secure the restoration of the Electorate to his brother-in-law, Charles I. was led into the line of action which, in the end, brought him to the scaffold.

If such an arrangement were to take effect in the case of Servia and Montenegro, Servia, by incorporating the smaller power, would form a strong Serb Kingdom extending from the Danube to the Adriatic, with a port at Antivari. It would thus block the access of Austria to the Aegean and might even injure her influence in the Adriatic. Moreover, a Serb Empire, which would be separated from the Austrian Croats only by religious differences, would form a constant danger to Austria, because it would necessarily excite disruptive influences in her Croatian provinces. Such a Servia would from economic causes be impelled to agitate for the formation of a Balkan Confederation, in order to supplement her very insufficient outlet to the sea at Antivari—an outlet which she could only reach by crossing the Montenegrin mountains, by an access to Salonika through the valley of the Vardar, unless, indeed, she preferred to make an attempt to seize Cattaro.

I would quote¹ the weighty words as to the relations between *Slaventum* and *Germanentum* which were uttered in the Reichstag by the German Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in the debate on the introduction of the Army Bill. He was dealing with the new situation created by the events in the Balkans.

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, April 8, 1913.

"From the beginning of the Balkan War the Great Powers had laboured to localize it. No Great Power had desired to share in the territorial alterations in the Balkans, but a state of tension had existed for months which caused Austria-Hungary and Russia to take extraordinary military measures. He would not say that the danger of war had at any moment been immediate, but it had constantly required the whole sense of responsibility of the Governments most nearly concerned to deprive the differences of opinion and of interests of a sharpness which might have led to war. The Chancellor continued :

" 'Europe will feel grateful to the English Minister for Foreign Affairs for the extraordinary devotion and spirit of conciliation with which he conducts the discussions of the Ambassadors in London and with which he has constantly been able to bridge over differences. Germany shares all the more sincerely in this gratitude, because she knows herself to be at one with the aims of English policy, and, standing loyally by her allies, she has laboured in the same sense.'

"Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg then remarked that Sir Edward Grey had explained in the House of Commons the results which had been reached in the Conference of Ambassadors. The business now was to give effect to the decisions of the Great Powers, and 'in this Germany was determined to co-operate most energetically.' After the fall of Adrianople one could assume that there would soon be peace. Unfortunately that had not been the case. Turkey had accepted the peace proposals of the Powers. The reply of the Balkan States, which had not been received until Saturday, had now to be considered by the Great Powers altogether, and he could not discuss the matter now because, in view of the challenging resistance of Montenegro, the great point was that the firm co-operation of the Powers should continue. All the Great Powers, with the exception of Russia, who, however, had approved of the action in itself, were taking part in the naval demonstration. He would repeat that the London decisions must be carried through with all speed and with emphasis, and then a peaceful solution would be found for the questions still unsolved.

"The Imperial Chancellor then dealt at length, in language which must be given textually, with the consequences of the new situation for Germany. After remarking that everything showed how closely events in the Balkans touched, and might disturb, the relations of the Great Powers, he said :

" 'For the future the decisive point is that into the place of European Turkey, whose State life has become passive, there have entered States which exhibit a quite extraordinarily active vitality. It is in the interest of us all that this vitality shall stand the test in works of peace, as it has done in war, and that the Balkan States shall enter upon a long period of peace, which will bring

them into association in the economic and other spheres of progress with their neighbours and with the whole fabric of European States, so that they will constitute a factor of progress and of peace. But one thing remains beyond doubt—if it should ever come to a European conflagration, which sets *Slaventum* against *Germanentum*, it is then for us a disadvantage that the position in the balance of forces, which was occupied hitherto by European Turkey, is now filled in part by Slav States. This alteration of the politico-military situation on the Continent has passed through its preliminary stage, and now that it is a fact we should be acting unconscientiously if we did not draw the consequences. I do not say this because I regard a collision between *Slaventum* and *Germanentum* as inevitable. Many publicists take a contrary view, and the proceedings of these writers are very dangerous. Such conceptions are like catch-words, which fall on the ears and work by suggestion. They fertilize the soil upon which misdirected popular passions grow up and ripen.

“With the Government of Russia, our great Slav neighbour Empire, we enjoy the most friendly relations. Since I came into office I have regarded it as my duty to maintain frank and sincere relations with the Russian Cabinet, and from the course of events, and from my own personal relations with the statesmen who, in accordance with the will of the Emperor Nicholas, maintain Russian policy upon the lines of good-neighbourly relations with Germany, I have won the conviction that my efforts are reciprocated. I know of no direct antagonisms of interests between us and Russia. Germany and Russia can work to strengthen themselves economically and to progress without interfering with one another's rights. The racial antagonisms between Slav and German will not by themselves lead to a war between us and Russia. We, at any rate, shall never stir up such a war, and I do not believe that those who at present hold power in Russia will ever do it. It is, however, as well known to the Russian statesmen as it is to us that the Pan-Slav currents, about which Bismarck even in his day complained, and which caused him uneasiness, have received a powerful stimulus from the victories of the Slav States in the Balkans. Bulgarian victories over the Turks have been celebrated in these quarters as victories of the Slav idea in contrast with the Germanic idea. Together with the real conflicts of interests these tendencies have contributed to the tension which has prevailed this winter between Austria-Hungary and Russia. I need not refer to the excited controversies between a part of the Russian and the Austrian Press. In these passionate disputes we hear the echo of old differences which the Balkan problem has caused to arise between Austria-Hungary and Russia. As loyal allies of Austria-Hungary we endeavour as far as possible to mitigate the tension, but that

does not allow us to bury our heads in the sand. For, as I need not insist, we preserve our loyalty as Allies not only within the range of diplomatic mediation. Because of the new and acute revival of racial instincts, the alteration of the politico-military situation which has arisen from the Balkan War acquires an increased significance. We are compelled to take it into account when we think about the future."

The Imperial Chancellor does not, therefore, regard a collision between *Slaventum* and *Germanentum* as inevitable.

Why, indeed, should it be so ?

What have the Slavonic elements, at least so far as Russia and the Southern Slavs are concerned, got to gain by attempting to annex any of the lands occupied by Germanic races ? These lands are fully peopled, and are sources for the supply of emigrants. In the whole course of their history the Slavs have never yet tried to occupy any territories inhabited by Germanic populations, even though, as in the case of Germany between the Elbe and the Niemen, these lands were once peopled with Slavs and have now been Germanised. Russia is the typical expansive power. Her conquests have only in two instances been at the expense of her more civilised neighbours. She was forced to occupy Finland for strategic reasons ; she had been for centuries the hereditary enemy of the Poles, and their disunion made them dangerous to the internal peace of Russia.

On the other hand, it is the Germanic peoples who have advanced eastward over Slav territory. As I have already said, all Germany east of the Elbe was peopled by Slavs in the tenth century.

Slaventum is now represented within the German frontiers merely by the Wends of the Spreewald, a rapidly disappearing "speech-island," and the Poles of Posen and Silesia, whom the Imperial Government are making every effort to Germanise by fair means or foul. The Baltic Provinces of Russia represent German conquests from the Lettish and Finnish races. In Austria, if we make a very doubtful exception in the case of Bohemia, the Slav cannot be said to have advanced at the expense of the Germans.

Compare the aims of the Pan-Slavists with those of the Pan-Germans. The Pan-Slavists have never claimed to incorporate any territories inhabited by non-Slavic races on purely historical grounds. Even when Skoboleff, in a fine fit of imagination, wished to carry the frontiers of a Pan-Slavic Empire to meet those of Italy at the Isouzo, he would not have been forced to trample down the liberties of any Germanic races to enable him to effect his purpose. The broad belt of Slav populations, which stretches across Austria from the Galician frontier to the Adriatic, is interrupted merely by Magyar and Ruman-speaking lands ; the only Germans included in it are the Saxons of Transylvania,

themselves a colony, and a few German settlements in the Hungarian plain, who are of scarcely more importance relatively to the population than the "Dutch" of Pennsylvania are to that of the United States.

The Pan-Germans, however, dream of nothing less than the reconstitution of the Holy Roman and German Empire, and to achieve their ends would willingly annex not only the independent Dutch and Flemings, who, though of Germanic origin and tongue, are, perhaps, closer akin to the English than to the South German, but also the Walloons of Belgium, the French of Picardy, of Champagne and of Burgundy, Switzerland, with its three races, and in Austrian lands the Slavonic Czechs of Bohemia and the Slovenes of the mountain lands which lie between Vienna and Trieste. Which, then, is the aggressive force in Europe to-day, Germanism (*Germanentum*) or Slavdom (*Slaventum*)?

Surely we should bear these considerations in mind when considering the effect which the substitution of a Balkan Confederation for Turkey may have upon Austria. Politically it bars her path for ever to Salonika and may exercise a dangerously attractive influence over her Southern Slavs. Economically, her manufacturers may lose much by the substitution of the high Balkan tariff on manufactured goods for the present Turkish one *ad valorem*.

Cannot, however, these differences be accommodated? Let us leave the question of the Albanian coast-line on the Adriatic and Channel of Corfu out of the question.

I believe that they can be. Experience in Morocco has proved that trade questions can be settled by internationalising the trade; that is to say, by leaving the trade of all nations free to enter the country on equal terms with that of the Power of which it is a protectorate. If a Balkan Confederation would guarantee the maintenance of the present Turkish *ad valorem* tariff to all nations for a long term of years, and would regulate such questions as those of railway charges on a permanent and equitable basis, Austria, which, as it is, holds a great interest in the Balkans railways, would have no real grounds for complaint.

As to the political side of the question, it is doubtful whether a Balkan Confederation would feel any wish to annex any Austrian Slavs.

Let Salonika be open to all the Balkan States, and neither Servia nor the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar can have any need for obtaining access to the Adriatic, although Montenegro might still have some grounds for complaint as to her restricted coast-line.

As Major Gregoriades has pointed out,¹ the economic development of all the Balkan States is very backward. Their male population has been greatly reduced by the present war. Their new territories are fertile and, for the most part, thinly peopled.

¹ *The Times*, Friday, April 25, 1913.

For years to come the inhabitants of a Balkan Confederation would find ample scope for their energies in internal colonisation. They would find Albania with its hard-working, migratory inhabitants far more useful to them than Croatia. Moreover, in such a Confederation, there would be a large minority of non-Slavs—Greeks, Albanians, Kutso-Vlachs, Jews, and Turks. The Slav element itself would, moreover, be divided into two nationalities with very divergent interests, the Serbs and the Bulgars. In a Balkan Confederation the non-Slav element would play the part of balance. If, however, Servia, by the addition of the Croatian lands, became Great Servia, she would be able to hold her own against her other partners. On political grounds, then, there would be but little temptation to a Balkan Confederation to incorporate the Croats, let alone the other Austrian South Slavs.

But from an economic point of view these South Slav countries would bring equally little advantage to a Balkan Confederation. Croatia is mainly agricultural, whilst Bosnia-Herzegovina are a mass of forest-clad mountains merging into the Karst, or upland limestone steppes, and the rocky coasts of Dalmatia. The Balkan States, at present at least, and if we leave out the seafaring element in Greece, live mainly by agriculture. What would these millions of peasant proprietors have to gain by admitting Croatian produce to compete with their own? The chief reason why they cannot come to a satisfactory commercial arrangement with Austria-Hungary is because the Dual Monarchy, in deference to its Agrarian party, refuses to grant admission to the agricultural produce of the Balkan States at low rates of duty, in exchange for low import duties in their tariffs on Austrian manufactured articles. Nor, so long as the port of Salonika was open to Servia, would she feel any desire to cross the Bosnian mountains to seek the sea in the Dalmatian harbours.

Italy, however, would have some reason to fear a Confederation which controlled the Albanian ports and those in the Aegean Islands, and thus threatened her coasts both on the Gulf of Taranto and on the Adriatic, and her communications with her possessions in Africa.

But, on the other hand, if Montenegro were a member of a Balkan Confederation, which included Albania, she would have no reason to haggle about Skutari. A Montenegrin who was a citizen of such a Confederation would be free to establish himself anywhere in the Peninsula, just as a Bavarian farmer is free to take a farm in Prussia or in Alsace.

In an Empire like the German territorial boundaries matter little. In the old German Confederation before the establishment of the Customs Union it was a matter of the greatest importance to the several Confederated States, kept apart as they were by Customs tariffs, to control as much land as possible. With the

establishment of the Zollverein this motive disappeared. Prussia annexed Hanover in 1866 purely on political grounds ; in 1871 the Grand Duke of Baden refused to accept Alsace, since it could not bring any advantage either to himself or his people.

Thus the establishment of an Eastern Empire, on the lines of the German Empire, might do much to put an end to the fears and suspicions which keep apart *Slaventum* and *Germanentum*, by closing for ever one of the fields for the intrigues to which they owe their birth. Since the rise of Bulgaria Russia seems to have renounced her ambitions of reaching Constantinople by an advance from the Danube. Weak and divided States are, indeed, the most fertile source of wars. They awaken the territorial greed of other and stronger powers.

Austria would be the gainer if an Eastern Empire were formed.

But what about Albania itself, which the Powers have agreed shall constitute an autonomous state with a northern and north-eastern frontier drawn so as to leave Skutari to Albania ?

As Sir Edward Grey said in his speech in the House of Commons on April 8:

"There is no reason why the same sympathy which was felt for Montenegro or other countries contending for liberty and national existence should not be extended to the Albanian population of Skutari and its district, who are mainly Catholic and Moslem, and who are contending for their lands, their religion, their liberty, and their lives.

"For these reasons His Majesty's Government have no hesitation in being parties to the agreement of the Powers about Albania. The agreement of the Powers respecting the frontiers of Albania was reached after a long and laborious diplomatic effort. It was decided that the littoral and Skutari should be Albanian, while Ipek, Prizren, Dibra, and (after much negotiation) Djakova should be excluded from Albania. This arrangement leaves a large tract of territory to be divided between Servia and Montenegro as the fruits of victory."

Mr. Nevinson put the case of the Albanians in even stronger terms. "The tactics of Montenegro's supporters in this shameless war of conquest are to confuse public opinion by mixing up Turks with Albanians—the Sultan's supremacy with Albanian independence. The Montenegrins themselves suffer under no such confusion. Their purpose is to conquer Skutari and its neighbourhood from the Albanians and keep it for themselves. 'Hereafter,' they openly boast, 'there shall be no Albanian question,' and by that they mean that they will kill off the male population, and 'Slavise' the women and children by compulsory marriages, by compulsory Slav schools, the prohibition of the Albanian language, and the persecution of the Moslem religion and Catholic Christianity."

Austria was the Power which, at the cost of heavy sacrifices

to herself and even at the risk of war with Russia, stepped in to save the Albanian nationality. Surely this good deed must be placed to the credit of the House of Hapsburg, which, however, has done far more for the cause of civilisation than most historical students, perhaps, recognise. By a series of treaties dating from 1617, and frequently confirmed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including the Treaty of Karlowitz (1699), Austria had obtained from the Porte certain rights of protectorate over all the Turkish subjects belonging to the Roman Catholic religion, of a kind similar to those which Russia acquired by the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji in 1774 over all Turkish subjects of the Greek Confession. These rights had been allowed by Austria to lapse as regards the greater part of Turkey, but she had always maintained them with regard to Albania, where, of late years, Austrians have expended large sums in the establishment of Roman Catholic schools and missions. Austria, in short, had every right both on historical grounds and under International Law to intervene as she did on behalf of the Albanians.

It is, however, very hard for an outsider to picture to himself Albania as a nation.

The physical geography of the country itself, the character of its population and of its social organisation, the strongly marked differences of religion and of dialect, although these latter, perhaps, are not more strongly marked than in Italy, all help to confuse our minds, and to prevent us from seeing the question in its true perspective.

Yet the Albanian nationality is a strong one. The "Land of Rocks" (Shkyiperi), as these Albanians call their country, has only one large and fertile plain, occupying the borders of the Lake of Skutari, which may be looked upon as the real frontier of Albanian territory. The Albanian population is divided into two great branches, the Ghegs in the north and the Tosks in the south, who speak a language of Indo-European origin, which resembles Greek more closely than any other language, existing or recorded, of that great family. Some, indeed, consider the Albanians to be identical with the ancient Pelasgians, but the first clear traces of their nation are to be found in Roman times in the Pindus region, from which in the sixth and seventh centuries they spread all over Greece.

So distinct, however, are the Tosk and Gheg dialects that it is extremely difficult for a southerner to understand a man from the north. The usually accepted figures for the Albanian population are 1,400,000 in Turkey, of whom 130,000 are Roman Catholics, inhabiting the north of Albania, 1,000,000 Moslems in its centre, and 280,000 members of the Greek Church in the south. In addition to these there are 250,000 Albanians in the Hellenic Kingdom, and 100,000 in Italy, mostly in Sicily. They descend from refugees who emigrated from Albania in the



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fifteenth century, and it is interesting to remember that the English, who fought for the freedom of the Netherlands in Elizabeth's day, often crossed swords with Albanians, who were amongst the best troops in the Spanish Army and were known as the Regiment of Naples.

Family ties are very strong amongst the Albanians, amongst whom the authority of the father is supreme. These families never forget their common descent, even when the name of the common ancestor is lost, and as Clans, called *Phis* or *Pharas*, unite to defend their common interests. The ties of blood-brotherhood, as in Servia, are also very strong.

But the physical geography of Albania is another reason why Albania has never united as a nation.

To quote the words of that eminent authority on the Near East, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, when lecturing before the Royal Geographical Society:¹ "The greater part of Albania is formed by a series of long and very narrow valleys running across the Belt from an almost impassable mountain spine on the eastern frontier to a sea which is fringed with inhospitable malarious strips filling short intervals between rocky spurs. The flanking ridges confining the valleys are high and very steep, and there is no natural road down the length of the belt even along its coast. These features are most fully developed in Central Albania. Below the Voyutsa Valley, where anciently Epirus began, they are modified somewhat, but the orographic configuration which replaces them—short lateral ranges curving back from the main eastern spine and enclosing small plains—exerts much the same effect on society."

Here, indeed, as throughout the East, the ties of a common religion to a great extent replace those of nationality, and it is fortunate that, as a rule, the various religions inhabit distinct and well-marked regions of the country. It must not be forgotten, however, that although Turkish authority has only been really established in Albania since the fall of the famous Ali Pasha in 1822, the Albanians, until they were subjected to very galling insults by the Committee of Union and Progress, in its desire to effect the Unification of Turkey, have for three generations been attached to Turkey by ties of self-interest. The Albanian troops have been the most highly paid and trusted soldiers in the Turkish service. Albanians, who have emigrated to earn their living by honest labour, are to be found all over the Turkish Empire. "Like the Swiss of the Grisons, and under the pressure of the same economical necessities, the Shkyipetars leave their mountains at the commencement of winter and go far away to practise their industry in the plain. Most of them return in the spring with a few savings, which the cultivation of their ungrateful

¹ *The Geographical Journal*, April 1913, "The Balkan Peninsula," by D. G. Hogarth.

rocks could not have procured to them; but there are those who emigrate without intending to return. A large number of Albanians who have become rich return to end their days in their native land, and build beautiful houses which surprise one in the midst of the rugged rocks of Epirus."

In short, it is not to be wondered at that many Albanians have voluntarily fought for the Sultan during the present war, or that they are disinclined to be absorbed into the various Slav nationalities.

But the fact that the Albanians are in so many ways like the Swiss of the Grisons has suggested to one of the most enlightened Albanian leaders a model for a reorganisation of Albania.

He would like to see Albania an Eastern Switzerland, with a cantonal system based upon the clans, but in which the cantons should be controlled by a central government, at the head of which he would place a Prince with hereditary rights.

It seems highly probable that the adoption of such a scheme would solve many difficulties connected with Northern and Central Albania, where the Moslem beys fill a position very similar to that occupied by great families like the Plantas and the de Salis in the nominally democratic League of the Grisons before 1797, and where religious differences are quite as acute as they were in Switzerland or in the Grisons in the seventeenth century.

Southern Albania, however, stands on a different footing. It has a Greek-speaking population, the great majority of which belongs to the Greek Church. Nowhere, indeed, is purer Greek spoken than at Yanina, its greatest centre. Albanians form a large proportion of the population of the Hellenic Kingdom, whose present population is indeed believed by a certain school of ethnologists, of whom the late Dr. Fallmayer was, perhaps, the chief, to be almost entirely of Albanian descent.

The natural destiny of Southern Albania, the ancient Epirus, would seem to be, indeed, to form part of Greece, on grounds which have been well stated by that eminent Greek historian, Professor S. Lampros, who has been twice Rector of the Athens University and is himself a native of Epirus.

"By leaving to Greece Santi Quaranta, with the coast-line south of the Bay of Khimara, the protection of Corfu is assured. This point of the coast is an inevitable outlet for the trade of both Joannina and Argyrokastro, and for the defence of the former. The master of Santi Quaranta ought to be master of Joannina and Argyrokastro, and conversely. The line of the little River Kalamas (proposed in 1880) left too many Greek districts outside it, and had no strategic qualifications. For these reasons the above-suggested frontier is that which would secure peace between Greece and the new Albanian State."¹

As Mr. D. G. Hogarth points out, "Though walled off from

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, February 8, 1913.

Epirus by the very steep range of Pindus, Greece has two easy ways of entry, one on the south by the Gulf of Arta, and one on the north by the pass of Metzovo."

But, as Mr. Hogarth adds, there is a large minority of Albanian Moslems even in this district, and "to detach this part from the Albanian belt is to rob the future autonomous province of its most open and fertile district, in which alone settled ways of life are at all well established."

The only real and permanent solution of these difficulties will be found in the formation of a Balkan Confederation, with Albania as one of its members, which would be too strong a Power for other nations to attack.

For the moment, however, the question of the delimitation of the southern frontier of Albania is greatly complicated by the differences between Italy and Greece. Italy, not unnaturally, is extremely jealous of the rise of a naval power in the Mediterranean in a geographical position which not only threatens the communications of the Italians with their African possessions, but which, if it held both sides of the Channel of Corfu, not to mention the harbours to the north of it, would threaten the whole eastern seaboard of Italy herself.

To the Italians and Austrians, the future Greek Navy, whether merely Greek or as the Navy of the Balkan League, is almost as direful a portent as the German Navy is to ourselves. Greece holding the strategic points of the Channel of Corfu, of Rhodes, and of Astypalaea, not to mention Suda Bay, would entirely transform the existing balance of naval power in the Mediterranean. From a Greek point of view this is a valid reason for Greece using every effort to bring about the formation of an Eastern Empire; for if Greece remains an isolated kingdom, in possession of strategic points of such importance, but with a population of, at the most, nine million souls, she must either ruin herself in naval and military expenditure, or at any moment find herself the prey of any Power strong enough to carry out territorial schemes of aggrandisement.

If Servia has to gain by the establishment of an Eastern Empire an outlet to the sea, which will not have earned her the hatred of Italy, of Austria, of Bulgaria, possibly of Greece; if Montenegro has to gain from such an Empire a field for economic expansion which she can enjoy without disturbance from the Great Powers or her Albanian neighbours,—Greece has to gain from such an Empire security, whether for her territorial possessions or for her sea-borne trade. A weak Greece, in possession of strategic points of the utmost importance to the balance of power in the Mediterranean, would be a misery to herself and a standing danger to the world. A peaceful and prosperous Albania, likewise, can exist only as a member of an Eastern Empire.

It is, doubtless, from her fear of the future Greek Navy that Italy is showing herself so determined to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Lausanne, which bind her to hand over to Turkey the islands she occupies in the Archipelago as soon as the Porte has withdrawn the regular Ottoman troops from Tripoli and the Cyrenaica. She also, on similar grounds, refuses to recognise Greece as possessor *de jure* of the islet of Sasseno, lying off Cape Linguetta, at the entrance to Vallona harbour, which she occupied early in the war. Greece claims Sasseno as a dependency of Corfu, and as having been ceded to her with that island by Great Britain in 1864. It should be added that in the map of the Balkan Peninsula in *The Times Atlas*, Sasseno is coloured as Turkish territory.

For these reasons Italy, as an Adriatic power, claims an equal voice with Austria in the settlement of Albania, and a joint Austro-Italian plan for its organisation is said to have been already drawn up.

At the beginning of the war two Italian princes, the Count of Turin and the Duke of the Abruzzi, were named as possible candidates for the throne of Albania, but the scheme seems to have lapsed. Another candidate was the Duc de Montpensier, who is of French blood, being a descendant of Louis Philippe, but a Spanish prince. He is a near kinsman of Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and belongs to a nation which forms part of neither of the great European groups. By religion he is a Roman Catholic. As, however, the Albanians themselves are said to prefer a Protestant ruler, one may ask if such a man could not be found amongst the princes of that Royal House of Denmark from whom King Constantine of Greece descends. They are the near kinsmen of the sovereigns of Russia, of England, and of Germany. Could not such a man do for Albania what the late King George did for Greece?

CHAPTER XV

THE GREAT DIVAN

THE Peace Conference had assembled in due course at St. James's Palace on December 13. It consisted of delegates from the Allied States and Turkey; amongst whom the most prominent were Reshid Pasha, and Osman Nizami Pasha, Ottoman Ambassador at Berlin, the representatives of Turkey; M. Venezelos, the Prime Minister of Greece, and Dr. Daneff, the Bulgarian first delegate, who usually took the chair at the meetings. At the same time the Ambassadorial Conference under the chairmanship of Sir Edward Grey assembled at the Foreign Office. As we have already seen, the members of the Conference were received in London with the greatest hospitality. To some of them the life of a great city was a novelty, and even the dirt and noise of London, the "*fumus strepitusque Romae*," excited their admiration. But though the Conference dined, and, perhaps, danced, it did not march.

To the Ambassadors of the European Powers, perhaps even to the Allies, the Turks seemed but a victim crowned with garlands who had been led to the London altar to be offered up with due solemnity and state in sacrifice to the diplomatic gods. The Turkish statesmen who had to sign the compact knew that they themselves might be the victims in their own proper persons if they excited the wrath of their fellow-countrymen. They deliberated under the shadow of the sword. They heard the revolution rumbling under the flower-strewn surface of the London banqueting halls, and they knew that a formidable party both at Constantinople and in the army was ready to rise in revolt on the day when Adrianople was finally given up. The question of Adrianople thus came, as we have seen, to be the main obstacle to peace, and a crisis, if not a revolution, had become inevitable at Constantinople from the day when the European Powers in their Collective Note of January 9 demanded that Turkey should surrender it to Bulgaria. In this note even Austria and Germany had acquiesced, the former willingly, the latter with reluctance. As the *North German Gazette* put it: ¹

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, January 13, 1913.

"The Note to be handed to the Porte is not the outcome of partisan views, and cannot be regarded as an exercise of unjust compulsion. It signifies a friendly, if at the same time earnest, counsel, which contains nothing that, according to the mature consideration of the Cabinets, is derogatory to the well-considered interests of Turkey herself, who is counting on the friendly co-operation of the Great Powers for her future recuperation. Moreover, the fear that the work of European diplomacy might be partial is not well founded. For towards the Balkan States, too, an activity by the Powers in the direction of compromise and moderation has never ceased. At present it makes itself felt, *inter alia*, in the difficulties which have arisen between Rumania and Bulgaria, of which we hope that they will find a solution in the way of diplomatic negotiations."

Germany, indeed, was in a chastened mood. The Kaiser, meditating over the rise of the new Slav Powers and the failure of Marshal von der Goltz' work in Turkey, had become distrustful of the German Michael's strength, and, at the same time, was beginning to see that the interests of Germany lay in Asiatic and not in European Turkey. Moreover, the course of the diplomatic discussions during the war had revealed unexpected points of contact between English and German policy. It seemed possible that the friendship of England might be gained, and consequently an extreme pro-Turkish policy appeared inadvisable. The newly appointed German Ambassador to London emphasised Anglo-German kinship in his speeches.

In Austria, which was far more nearly interested in the Balkan question than is Germany, men were reluctant to drive the Turks to extremes. Statesmen in Vienna know what the East is:¹

"In official circles the pessimism which appears predominant in London is not shared, although the gravity of the situation and the greatness of the difficulties to be overcome are not underestimated. Hope is not abandoned here that it will be possible to reconcile the divergences in London itself, and that, as a consequence, the projected step of the Powers in Constantinople need not be taken. The Turkish Government are aware of the possible consequences of further resistance, and especially the danger of a reopening of the Armenian and Lebanon questions.

"In a portion of the Vienna Press meanwhile the expectation of a favourable turn to the difficulties which is held in official circles is regarded with scepticism. Stress is laid on the want of unanimity among the Powers, which is shown in connection with the *démarche* in Constantinople, and their inactivity in not hindering a Rumanian-Bulgarian conflict is blamed.

"Several journals say that King Charles of Rumania declared to the Russian as well as to the Austrian Ambassador, that "I did everything to convince Bulgaria of the absolute necessity of

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, January 13, 1913.

coming to an arrangement with Rumania. Then I gave my word that I would wait three days longer. This promise I shall keep."

One more hope remained, however, to Turkey of once again saving Islam through the divisions of her Christian foes, and that hope, which subsequent events have more than justified, centred on the dispute between Bulgaria and Rumania; for, as we have seen, the latter state had demanded territorial compensations from Bulgaria, not only as a reward for having remained neutral, but to maintain the balance of power in the Balkan Peninsula, which had been disturbed by the unexpected successes of the Allies.

We must be fair to Rumania. Her attitude towards Balkan questions, selfish and indeed short-sighted as it may seem to outsiders, is not altogether an inexplicable one. Save for their religion the Rumanians have very little in common with any of the ruling races in the Balkans, whether by blood, by language, or by history, and even, as regards religion, the national Rumanian Church is very far from being the humble slave of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. During the Roman occupation their remote ancestors the Getae or the Daci, whoever they may have been, became thoroughly mingled with the Roman colonists sent to Dacia by Trajan, and to this day the Rumanians speak a dialect which, though greatly influenced by the Slavonic tongues, is a Romance tongue, and in many respects is nearer akin to primitive Latin than is any other member of that linguistic family. The Rumanians of to-day look upon themselves as the Romans of the East. The Greek is to them an object of hatred. They cannot forget that during long centuries of Turkish rule their provinces were the spoil of the Greek ecclesiastics of Constantinople, and of the Greek adventurers from the Fanar who wrung from Moldavia and Wallachia vast sums to repay themselves those bribes to the Sultan which had procured them their hospodarships. Nor do they forget how the Greeks have sought to hellenise their Kutso-Vlach brethren in Macedonia and in Thessaly. The Bulgarian peasants are to the Rumanian but the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who, wrapped in filthy sheepskins, yearly cross the Danube to till his fields and reap his harvests. He cannot yet reconcile himself to the thought that it was through the blood of his soldiers that Bulgaria was called back to life, and that a great power has risen up at Sofia. Can we imagine King Solomon receiving in state an embassy from Gibeon? Finally, though hitherto Rumanian expansion has mostly taken place north of the Danube, yet King Charles, by birth a Hohenzollern, and in appearance, if not in reality, a devoted servant of the Triple Alliance, has long cherished dreams of one day being himself crowned at Constantinople as Emperor of the East. He had himself, after the fall of Prince Alexander, refused the crown of

Bulgaria, and to him it was nowelcome sight to see Tsar Ferdinand, of the rival house of Coburg, thundering at the lines of Tchataldja with a victorious Bulgarian army. The Rumanian soldiers firmly believe that it was they who saved the Russian hosts from ruin in the Turkish War of 1877, and since that time their army has become even more perfect.

By sending a division or two across the Danube King Charles could have at any time checked his Bulgarian rivals in their onward march. What wonder, then, that he should expect from them some recompense for his neutrality. That recompense, as we shall see, he determined should be Silistria, the possession of which would give him the means of linking up Bukarest by a direct route across the Danube with his seaboard in the Dobruja, and also a sufficient extent of coast-line on the Black Sea to enable him to convert his port of Mangalia into a naval basis.

Dr. Daneff, ere the meeting of the Conference in London, had been to Bukarest to discuss these subjects, and in January he was followed to London by M. Take Jonescu, as the representative of Rumania, to come to a settlement under the auspices of the Powers. Germany was, indeed, doing all she could to favour the claims of the Rumanians, who, alone of the Balkan States, had assented to the request of the Powers and had taken no part in the struggle against Turkey.

The discussion reached the most critical stage just at the moment when the Conference had come to a deadlock on the Adrianople question.

As the *Mir*, the leading Sofia journal, pointed out, Rumania was on very dangerous ground when she put forward the principle that claims for territorial compensation between States should be given effect to on the basis of the number of co-nationals of one State left under the domination of another. In that case Rumania would have to apply to Austria-Hungary for compensation for the two and three-quarter million Rumanians massed in the Banat, in Transylvania, and in Bukowina, as against a mere handful in Bulgaria; Bulgaria would require compensation for the Bulgarians in the Dobruja; Albania, which Austria-Hungary wished to constitute an autonomous principality, would include a large population of Kutso-Vlachs, who would also come in great numbers under the Greek and Servian flags in the new rearrangement of the Balkans. In a word, Rumania should, in logic, address her demands to both Austria-Hungary and the Balkan Allies, as well as to Bulgaria. She might thus find herself involved in a very serious dispute with her present supporter, Austria. Rumania might, however, be asked to organise the Albanian State, which would contain a large number of Kutso-Vlachs, and thus, at the same time, prevent dangerous friction between Austria and Italy.

M. Take Jonescu, on the other hand, whilst denying that Rumania had ever threatened to use military force against

Bulgaria, pointed out that in March 1903 M. Bratiano,¹ as Foreign Minister of Rumania, had plainly stated that Rumania could not remain indifferent to future changes in the balance of power in the Balkans. This circular was well known to the Allies before they began the war.

The rise of a great Bulgaria, in whose *Military Manual for Recruits of all Arms* it was distinctly laid down that the Dobruja, through which province Rumania, with her foreign trade of £40,000,000 a year, could alone gain access to the sea, and two Servian provinces, were "unredeemed Bulgaria," was to the Rumanians a national danger. The last Christian ruler of the Dobruja, prior to 1878, when Rumania received the province from Turkey as compensation for the cession of Bessarabia, with its million Rumanian inhabitants, to Russia, had been Mircea the Great (1386-1418), who was Prince of Rumania, Silistria, and the Dobruja, and became tributary to the Turks in 1391.

From the Dobruja Rumania is cut off by the Danube, and just below Silistria the river divides into two branches, flowing northwards. The frontier between Bulgaria and the Dobruja meets the river just at the point of this delta, which is formed throughout its length by a belt of marshes. Consequently the only railway communication between Bukarest and its port of Constanza has to pass through this marshy belt by a bridge over nine miles long, whereas if Rumania held Silistria, or even the territory coming down to the belt of gardens round that town which was originally ceded to her by the Treaty of Berlin, together with a small island in the Danube opposite the place, she would be able to reach the seaboard by a railway bridge only one and a quarter miles long and easily defensible. Bulgaria might complain at having to give up some Bulgarian citizens to Rumania, but, after all, there were 200,000 Rumanians in Servia and 40,000 in Bulgaria itself in the district round Widdin.

The Bulgarians, however, pointed out that if Rumania had joined the Balkan League, Turkey would have given way and her Christian populations might probably have been liberated without a war. Rumania had not mobilised because she, like the Great Powers, expected that the Allies would be defeated, and if she was entitled to be compensated for her neutrality, the Great Powers had a similar claim. As it was, Bulgaria was offering through Russia to grant Rumania a slight modification of the Dobruja frontier, comprising twenty rural communes, including Medjidi Tabia, religious autonomy for the Rumanians in Macedonia, and an engagement to renounce her aspirations as regards the Dobruja, and this offer formed the basis of the negotiations in London. M. Take Jonescu went back to Bukarest on January 16, to report progress, but refused an invitation from Count Berchtold to meet him on his way through Vienna, and it was

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, January 13, 1913.

announced that the negotiations, in regard to which neither success nor failure could be asserted, would be carried on between M. Mishu, the Rumanian Minister in London, and Dr. Daneff. As the *Kölnische Zeitung* said, "Decisive progress depends on Bulgaria seeing whether Turkey is at last ready to conclude peace." However, a pleasure trip which M. Filipescu, the Rumanian Minister of Domains, undertook about the same time to Constantinople, cannot be regarded as having been singularly well timed, if an understanding with Bulgaria was desired.

Austro-Servian relations were also in a somewhat critical stage. Austria and Italy were willing to leave Servia in possession of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, Uskub, Kumanovo, Prilep, Pristina, and the district of Kossovo, but, in the interests of Albania, they were determined that Prizrend, Ipek, the Servian Holy of Holies, Djakova, and Ochrida should remain Albanian. Nor would Austria disband a single man until Servia had withdrawn her troops from Albania.

These circumstances were well calculated to induce the Turks to persist in their refusal to hand over Adrianople, which was still holding out so gallantly, to the Bulgarians.

But false prophets are rarely wanting when a nation is being led to its doom, and these false prophets were in January 1913 to be found at Berlin. Such prophets were the instruments of the Divine Judgment against Turkey as they had been its instruments against Ahab. "Dominus locutus est contra vos malum," "The Lord hath spoken evil concerning you," might well have been spoken to the statesmen at the Porte, even though their hands were to a certain extent clean of the blood shed by Abdul Hamid and by the Young Turks.

The language held by certain Berlin newspapers, although not by the recognised organs of the Foreign Office, constituted a direct incitement to Turkey to continue the war, and to disregard such signs as the pledge given by Servia on January 10 that she would withdraw her troops from the Adriatic coast directly after the conclusion of peace.

Public opinion in Germany held that their Government had displayed an improper partiality in joining in the representations to the Ottoman Government alone, whilst the Constantinople correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* wrote ¹ "that official circles there recognise the quiet, but effective, work of German diplomacy in favour of Turkey." He adds: "It has here once more been shown that, as in all serious epochs, Turkey possesses only one absolutely disinterested friend, namely, Germany, and those who stand closest to affairs know that it is only through Germany, which in this case has decisively influenced the policy of the Triple Alliance, that Turkey has been saved from the shameful and injurious intervention of the Powers, and that Germany has been

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, January 18, 1913.

prevented from rendering more far-reaching services only by unavoidable consideration for the other group of Powers or by the interests of her own allies.'

"This correspondent is assured 'that the last visits of the former War Minister, Mahmud Shevket, to the German Ambassador, Baron Wangenheim, and the Austrian Ambassador, Margrave Pallavicini, had a high political character, and must be considered in connection with Mahmud Shevket's growing chances of regaining great influence.' He also states that authoritative circles in Turkey 'are firmly resolved to disregard the advice of the Ambassadors, even if it should be tendered in the most friendly of forms.'"

Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that Kiamil Pasha's Cabinet at first showed no inclination to accede to the demands made by the Powers in their Note of January 9, which was handed to them on January 17. However, they decided to convene the Grand Council on January 22, and to await its decision before sending their reply.

The proposals of the Powers, as we have seen, were not unfair ones. Turkey was, it is true, plainly counselled to yield Adrianople to the Allies, and to surrender the Aegean Islands to the Great Powers, who would decide as to their fate. But, at the same time, the Powers pledged themselves, after the conclusion of peace, to give the Sultan their material and moral support in repairing the evils of war, in consolidating his position at Constantinople, and in developing his vast Asiatic territories, pointing out that the prolongation of the war might endanger both. They agreed to protect all Mussulman interests in Adrianople, and so to regulate the Aegean Islands question as not to menace the security of Turkey. The Note contained no threat of coercion whether by a naval demonstration or by other means.

The terms proposed bore witness to the fact that a better relation was beginning to prevail between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance, thanks, possibly, to the growing friendship between England and Germany.

The Balkan delegates in London were not very sanguine that Turkey would give an affirmative answer to these requests. If they were refused, Sir Edward Grey would be asked to assemble another meeting of the Conference. When the delegates had met, the Allies would put a definite question to the Ottoman Mission. To this they would expect a definite answer within a prescribed period and would act accordingly. As Dr. Daneff pointed out, the Balkan Allies had commenced the war together, and would either sign peace or recommence hostilities in complete accord. He had full powers to instruct the Bulgarian delegate General Savoff without reference to Sofia, but, of course, would not use them without having consulted his colleagues of the other Balkan Missions.

The Bourses at Vienna and at Berlin were buoyant at the prospect of the conclusion of peace, and satisfaction was everywhere felt "except among those strange friends of Turkey who have been trying to undermine the action of the Powers." In these quarters ¹—that is, in the Jewish financial press—the joint policy of Europe was still described as a policy of blackmail. The *Kreuz Zeitung*, the Conservative and military organ, sharply criticised this "extraordinary campaign and the monstrous demand that Austria and Germany shall plunge into a general war in order to preserve Adrianople for Turkey." The most critical phase of the Balkan question was thought to be over, although several features of the international situation still checked the growth of optimism.

Opinion in Russia was equally sanguine. *The Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg wrote: ²

"There appears to be reason for hoping that the Turkish reply to the representations of the Powers will not be of such a character as to render inevitable the resumption of hostilities by the Allies. At sea the Turks have played what is practically their last card and have lost. At Tchataldja the Turkish lines are now confronted by equally strong Bulgarian entrenchments. If hostilities are resumed the issue for the Turks can at best result only in a stalemate. At the same time, circumstances are conceivable in which the chances of war might favour Turkish arms to such an extent as to compel Russia to intervene. If Bulgaria were in any danger, Russian public opinion would insistently demand this intervention. Possibilities of this kind, to which the attention of the Porte has been drawn, cannot but have weighed very considerably with Turkish statesmen in their deliberations during the last few days.

"The general outlook is more hopeful, especially in view of the better prospect of an equitable settlement as to the Rumanian compensation claims by means of direct negotiations between Bukarest and Sofia. Russia, whose mediation was invoked at a very early stage, has done her best to promote an agreement. Russian policy continues to be directed to the expansion of Bulgaria to the Aegean, to the creation of a self-contained Servia with the usufruct of a port on the Adriatic, and to the ultimate transfer of the Aegean Islands to Greece."

Moslem opinion in India was much agitated, and the Council of the Moslem League adopted a resolution expressing horror at the terms of the Note, and regret that it had been signed by England. They implored the King-Emperor's Government not to disregard the feelings of millions of loyal Moslems by attempting to coerce Turkey to submit to an ignominious peace.

Such were the circumstances under which the Grand Council

¹ *The Times*, Thursday, January 23, 1913.

² *Ibid.*

met on January 22. I will not attempt to add anything to the report of its proceedings which was published officially by the Turkish Government, or to the introductory comment on them which appeared in *The Times* of Thursday, January 23 :

"The Grand Council met in Constantinople yesterday and accepted the view of the Government that peace was necessary. From the account of the proceedings telegraphed by our Constantinople correspondent and the wording of the statement issued by the Porte, it is clear that Turkey has decided to follow the advice of the Powers as regards Adrianople and the Aegean Islands.

"As was pointed out in *The Times* yesterday, although Turkey has obviously decided to yield, it would be rash to expect her to yield all at once or without making reservations and conditions. Our Constantinople correspondent believes that the Porte in its reply to the Collective Note will offer to yield with regard to Adrianople and the Aegean Islands if no further demands are made by the Allies. The Porte at the same time is almost certain to ask the Powers what form the support promised by them is to take.

"Whether the reply will lead to a speedy conclusion of peace will largely depend upon what further demands, if any, the Balkan States intend to bring, and particularly upon their attitude with regard to the exaction of a war indemnity. In this latter question the Powers take a great interest. They are all anxious that the new, reduced Turkish Empire should be able to consolidate itself, which would scarcely be possible if it were burdened with charges so heavy as to leave too little revenue over to support a tolerably efficient Administration. Some of the Powers, especially France, are likely to make their influence felt in support of the interests of the holders of existing Turkish bonds."

"The Government has issued the following statement :

"To-day the Grand Council, composed of Senators, the leading Ulema, and other military and civil dignitaries, met in the Imperial Palace. The Grand Vizier and the Ministers for War, Foreign Affairs, and Finance having given certain explanations in the name of the entire Cabinet, a frank and sincere exchange of views followed with regard to the situation of the Government. The Council finally accepted the point of view of the Government, and, trusting in the sentiments of justice of the Great Powers, left to the patriotic hands of a loyal Cabinet the task of working, with the effective support which has been promised by the Great Powers, for the future prosperity of the country and for the assurance of its vital financial interests."

"The Grand Council assembled at the Palace of Dolma Baghtche at noon. There were present some forty-five Senators, including Prince Said Halid, Chief of the Committee of Union and Progress, and about forty other civil and military dignitaries. Prince Yusuf Izz-ed-Din, the Heir-Apparent, and several of the senior members

of the Imperial Family were present at the meeting, but did not take part in the debate.

"After the Sultan had given audience to the Heir-Apparent and to two other Princes, he summoned the Grand Vizier, who was ordered to open the deliberations of the Council in the name of the Sultan. Kiamil Pasha accordingly entered the great reception hall of the Palace, where the members of the Grand Council were assembled, and, after saluting the Council in the name of the Sultan, opened the proceedings by explaining the functions of the 'Grand Divan.' This assembly, he said, was purely consultative. No vote would be taken. The Cabinet simply proposed to give an *exposé* of the situation and to explain its policy to the principal dignitaries of the Empire, who represented the Ottoman people. After the Grand Vizier had ceased, his secretary, Said Bey, read a translation of the Collective Note of the Powers. The Ministers of War, Finance, and of Foreign Affairs then made their statements concerning the situation of the Empire as viewed from the standpoint of their respective Ministries. The meeting was held with closed doors, and therefore it is impossible to give more than the merest sketch of their speeches.

"Nazim Pasha is believed to have informed the Council that while the Army was now in excellent condition it was not powerful enough to undertake a war of reconquest. The Navy had done its best, but nothing more could be hoped from that quarter. Abd-er-Rahman Bey described the financial situation in gloomy colours. Nuradunghian Effendi's speech was read for him by Said Bey. In it the Foreign Minister expressed the opinion that in the present circumstances the Government would be compelled to follow the advice of the Powers. He appears to have laid stress upon the menacing attitude of Russia, and upon the dangers to which the Ottoman Empire would be exposed in the event of a renewal of the war. He concluded by requesting the Council to give its opinion in clear and decisive terms.

"It soon became evident that the majority of the Council supported the Government. Speeches in this sense were delivered by the Hodja Assim Effendi, Damad Ferid Pasha, Marshal Fuad Pasha, Aristidi Pasha, Logotheti Bey, the Ex-Grand Viziers, their Highnesses Said Pasha and Ghazi Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha, and by Reshid Akif Pasha, whose speech made a profound impression. The Procureur-Général, Ismail Hakki Bey, alone spoke in favour of war. Neither Prince Said Halim nor any other of the members of the Committee present opposed the Government.

"At 4.10 Kiamil Pasha declared the meeting over. He had sat during the meeting between the Sheikh-ul-Islam and his old opponent 'Kutchuk' Said Pasha. At the close of the meeting the Grand Vizier gave his hand to Said Pasha and asked him to forget past quarrels in this hour of national tribulation. Said

Pasha answered him cordially, and the two aged statesmen walked out of the Council room hand in hand—a symbol, this, of the general reconciliation that is necessary if the Ottoman Empire is to profit by the lessons of the last three years.

“The Council of Ministers will meet to-morrow to discuss the Turkish answer to the Collective Note. It is believed that the Porte will request the Powers, as reported yesterday, to guarantee that no further demands will be made on the part of the Balkan League, and on the receipt of such a guarantee will be ready to comply with their wishes and make peace.

“The town is quiet to-night, and it is believed that the public has resigned itself to the inevitable and will accept peace without demur.”

But for the selfish greed of the Young Turks the decision of the Grand Council would, indeed, have been accepted without demur. The intrigues of Nuradunghian Effendi, the ambitions of Shevket Pasha and of Enver Bey, have dyed the world incarnadine. But such deeds have, sooner or later, to be atoned for by the perpetrators.

O signor mio, quando sarò io lieto,
A veder la vendetta, che nascosta
Fa dolce l'ira tua nel tuo segreto?

DANTE, *D. C.*: *Purg.* xx. 93-95.

When, O my Lord, shall I be joyful made,
Seeing that vengeance, which, though hidden yet,
Sweeteneth Thine anger in Thy secret thought?

As the event proved, that vengeance was not long delayed. On June 11 the Grand Vizier, Mahmud Shevket Pasha, to whom the January revolution was in great part due, was murdered by some civilians whilst on his way to the Ministry of War. The assassins escaped in a motor-car, but were suspected to be the agents of the Turkish Opposition. He was buried in great state on the Hill of Liberty, near the monument of the Revolution of 1908. The blood so uselessly shed like water at Adrianople, at Yanina, at Skutari, and at Tchataldja has indeed pursued those through whose greed and rashness it was shed.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TURKISH REVOLUTION

JANUARY 23—FEBRUARY 3, 1913

WE have seen that the Great Divan, which had been assembled on January 22 by Kiamil Pasha, had recommended the Porte to accept the Terms of Peace proposed by the Ambassadorial Conference in London, even though these terms included the renunciation of Adrianople and of most of the Aegean Islands.

But the Powers had reckoned without the Young Turk party, although their attitude had excited the anxiety of the Turkish Cabinet ever since the discovery of the abortive Republican conspiracy in November 1912.

The leader of the new conspiracy was Enver Bey, who had been Turkish Military Attaché in Berlin, and had afterwards played a leading part in organising the resistance of Tripoli against the Italians. After the signature of the Treaty of Lausanne he had returned to Europe, and had been in active communication with the war party in the army, who, doubtless, were led by him to imagine that they could count upon the moral, if not upon the active, support of Germany. By his admirers Enver Bey is styled the "Turkish Bonaparte," and his conduct, indeed, was not wholly unlike that of Bonaparte on the 18 Brumaire.

The conspirators, who included most of those leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress who had taken part in the November Conspiracy, and who were in touch not only with the garrison of Adrianople but with many subaltern employés in the Ministries at Constantinople, had planned to strike with dramatic suddenness. It was their intention to seize power at the moment when the Ambassadors of the Great Powers had just received the Note of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs accepting their proposals; unfortunately, however, their information proved to be erroneous, for the conspirators reached the Porte before the Note had been sent off.

A proclamation issued by the Committee of Union and Progress clearly stated the objects which the conspirators had in view,

After attacking the Cabinets of Mukhtar and Kiamil Pashas for pusillanimity and incompetence, it proceeds substantially as follows :

" Seeing this weakness of the Government, the Allies have demanded Adrianople and the Archipelago. The representatives of the Allies have won over the Powers to their side, and the Kiamil Cabinet has given its assent to these sacrifices. In a consultative Council yesterday the Cabinet destroyed and betrayed the country and the Ottoman spirit. Kiamil handed over Adrianople to the Bulgarians and the Archipelago to the European Powers, and, to conceal his treason, he summoned this consultative Assembly. The Ottoman nation could not endure such a Government of traitors. When the existence of the country is in danger the nation thinks of exercising its right of revolution. That right it exercised to-day, and the Kiamil Cabinet accordingly resigned.

" In an interview Talaat Bey said : ' This movement means that we are going to save the national honour or perish in the attempt. We do not want a continuation of the war, but we are determined to keep Adrianople. That is a *sine qua non*.' " ¹

The outbreak was carefully timed so as to prevent the details reaching Europe too soon. The boat for Constanza, through which port the mails from Constantinople have been despatched during the war, left at half-past ten on the morning of January 23. At eleven o'clock Talaat Bey called upon the Grand Vizier and urged him to resign. He refused, and the Council of Ministers continued to deliberate on the Collective Note of the Powers, until two o'clock, when they went to lunch.

During the morning the usual guard at the Porte had been sent to do its musketry exercise, and had been replaced by the Uchak battalion, which was devoted to the Committee.

About 3.15 P.M. Enver Bey arrived at the Porte, preceded by a small party of fifteen or sixteen persons, carrying banners, some of which bore cartoons of him as the saviour of Turkey in 1908 and 1909. He was attended by a couple of hundred ignorant Arabs on foot, who were yelling, " Overthrow the Government ! " " Long live the Empire ! " The guard at the Porte offered no resistance, and Nadji Bey, who well knew that they would not do so, bared his breast and shouted dramatically : " I have come to save the honour of the Fatherland, which has been trodden under foot by a traitorous Government. Shoot me if you will, so that I may carry to the grave the knowledge that no honour has been left to Turkey."

The mob fired upon the officers on guard, but their fire was not returned.

Enver Bey, Nadji Bey, and Talaat Bey, with several officers in mufti, entered the Grand Vizierate. The Minister attempted

¹ *The Times*, Friday, January 24, 1913.

to call up troops and police by telephone, but no one came to his aid. The demonstrators attempted to force their way into the Council Chamber where the Council of Ministers was sitting. Kiamil Pasha's aide-de-camp, Nafiz Bey, attempted to stop them in the anteroom, and drew a revolver, with which he fired a shot at the intruders, killing Mehmed, one of their number, and they at once shot him. The doors of the hall were at once shut, and Memdukh Pasha, Commandant of Constantinople, stood at the door, and would let nobody come in. Nazim Pasha, hearing the disturbance and the shots, rushed from the Council Chamber and began to reproach Enver Bey and his comrades, calling them ill-mannered curs, but was almost immediately struck by a bullet, and fell dead at the feet of M. Hugonin, a director of the Anatolian Railway. The assassin was rumoured to be Mumtez Bey, an agent of the Committee, whose name is known in connection with the murders of Zekki Pasha and Ahmed Sammin. A secret police agent and an attendant on the Sheikh-ul-Islam were also killed. One man fell on the side of the demonstrators.

Enver Bey made his way inside the Council Chamber and told Kiamil Pasha that the nation would not endure the loss of Adrianople, and that the Cabinet must resign at once. Kiamil Pasha, who had been conferring with M. Hugonin, Mr. Kingham of the National Bank, and the Minister of Finance on the subject of a loan, was perfectly cool and collected. He said he would resign rather than continue the war, and forthwith wrote out and signed his resignation, which Enver Bey pocketed and left the Porte. From the steps of the building he addressed the mob, and then motored straight to the Palace, where he asked to see the Sultan. The whole scene at the Porte had lasted only twenty minutes.

"Three Dragomans of foreign Powers were in another part of the Porte when the drama was taking place. They hurried to the scene, but were invited to leave by a dapper young officer, who remarked, 'We have had a little revolution,' and smilingly received their congratulations.

"Talaat Bey and Enver Bey were obviously very nervous. The hall was cleared of the rabble, and some of the braver spirits at the Porte called the demonstrators donkeys and children.

"At 3.45 P.M., at the Porte, a crowd of about 500 was listening to some wild harangues from youths and fanatics. Kiamil Pasha was called 'an old fool' and a traitor, and other ugly epithets.

"There was no disorder, however, and a double line of soldiers—drawn up in the courtyard—stood passive. Enver Bey had returned from the Palace, and had gone again for the nomination by the Sultan of Shevket Pasha as Grand Vizier.

"Beyond the vicinity of the Porte there was no sign that anything untoward was happening. The whole affair could easily have been suppressed.

"Nazim Pasha was not popular among the army at Tchataldja, but the wiser heads among the older officers are not in favour of continuing the war, because of the lack of necessary funds; otherwise, the army is fully ready.

"The Ministers were informed that they would have to remain prisoners until the new Grand Vizier arrived, but no violence was offered, and they were finally released about two in the morning.

"Meanwhile, before the entrance to the Porte, the crowd had been continually increasing, and now numbered several hundreds. The Guard of the Porte were drawn up in line inside the gates, the men evidently being sympathetic but impassive spectators of the proceedings. The enthusiasm of the crowd was maintained by patriotic and warlike speeches, interspersed with prayers and chants. Among others, two British Indians, apparently belonging to the Indian Red Crescent Mission, harangued a gathering of Moslems and said that India was with the Turks heart and soul and wanted to see them conduct the war to a victorious finish." ¹

"The Sultan was at first incredulous and sent his First Chamberlain and First Secretary back to the Porte to see whether Enver's news was true. At the Porte the Grand Vizier again wrote out his resignation, which he handed to Ali Fuad Bey, First Secretary, who returned to the Sultan and immediately sent for Mahmud Shevket Pasha. A crowd of several hundred persons, including a number of officers, watched them impassively.

"At 8 o'clock in the evening Mahmud Shevket Pasha, accompanied by the First Secretary, Ali Fuad Bey, and Enver Bey, arrived at the Porte. Ali Fuad read the Imperial Iradeh from the steps. Its terms were as follows:

"My Vizier Mahmud Shevket Pasha.—In consequence of the resignation of Kiamil Pasha and the situation of the country it is necessary to hand over the government of the country to experienced hands. I perceive that you possess experienced hands, I perceive that you possess the necessary qualities, and, naming you Marshal and Vizier, I appoint you Grand Vizier. To-morrow we shall choose a person fit for the office of Sheikh-ul-Islam. You will strive to present a list of colleagues for my approbation to-morrow. God grant success to your efforts!"

"Mahir Effendi, ex-Deputy for Kastamuni, uttered a prayer. Mahmud Shevket Pasha made a brief speech, saying he would do his utmost to save the Fatherland, but would need the entire support of the nation to this end. He then ordered all and sundry to disperse, which they did.

"The Minister for Foreign Affairs had two hours' conversation with Talaat Bey, after which he despatched a telegram to the Ottoman Ambassadors announcing the change of Cabinet and

¹ *Morning Post*, Monday, January 27, 1913.

stating that all was quiet in the capital. After this he was allowed to return home, as was Damad Sherif, Minister of Education.

"Enver Bey was made Commandant of the Palace, and Talaat Bey was Acting Minister of the Interior, while Izzet Pasha was provisionally Generalissimo."¹

"As soon as the Iradeh was obtained from the Palace appointing Mahmud Shevket Pasha Grand Vizier, Committee men were appointed as officers for the control of the public safety, and a hunt began for the more prominent of the Committee's opponents. The foreign Embassies afforded the safest refuges, and leaders of the Opposition and men like Munir Pasha, Said Pasha, son of Kiamil Pasha, Mukhtar Bey, son of the late Sheikh-ul-Islam, and Reshid Bey, the Second Secretary in the Palace, owe their escape from arrest to these shelters. A large number of arrests were effected, and it remains to be seen whether the Committee means to employ drastic measures of punishment."²

"The new Cabinet was formed as follows :³

Marshal Mahmud Shevket Pasha	Grand Vizier and Minister of War.
Prince Said Halim	President of the Council of State.
Hadji Adil Bey	Minister of the Interior.
Mukhtar Bey	Temporary Minister of Foreign Affairs.
General Tschuruk Sula Mahmud	Minister of Marine.
Ibrahim Pasha	Minister of Justice.
Rifaat Bey	Minister of Finance.
Batzaria Effendi	Minister of Public Works.
Hairi Bey	Minister of Evkef.
Djelal Bey	Minister of Agriculture.
Oskian	Minister of Posts.
Shukri Bey	Minister of Public Instruction.

"After taking the oath of office at the Palace, the new Ministers proceeded to the Porte, where they held their first Council, in order to consider the draft of the reply to be given to the Note of the Powers. According to official circles, the Turkish Note will insist on the retention of Adrianople by Turkey, and will point to yesterday's demonstration as the real manifestation of the national will. Nuradunghian Effendi, the outgoing Minister for Foreign Affairs, was summoned to report to them upon the foreign situation."

"In the opinion of competent European observers, the Cabinet was the weakest since the Constitution was proclaimed,

¹ *The Times*, Friday, January 24, 1913.

² *Daily Chronicle*, Monday, January 27, 1913.

³ *The Times*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

with the exception of the interregnum Cabinet under Tewfik Pasha formed after the mutiny of April 13, 1909.

"Halil Bey, uncle of Enver Bey, was appointed Commandant of Constantinople, and Essad, the Fetva Emini, was made Sheikh-ul-Islam.

"Many arrests were made. That of Ismail Hakki of Gumuldjina, a strong opponent of the Committee who was to have taken part in the revision of the trial of the murderers of Zekki Bey which had just begun, and which would have recalled the attention of the public to that crime, was especially noteworthy."¹

The new Prime Minister, Shevket Pasha, had been, with his henchmen, Enver Bey and Talaat Bey, one of the chief leaders in the Revolution which drove Abdul Hamid into prison in 1909. For three years nominally as Minister of War, in reality as dictator, he kept together a semblance of government in Turkey. In July 1912 he had been removed from office at the behest of the Military League and of the mutinous garrison of Monastir. His stern unbending character had made him a multitude of enemies amongst his former political associates. Some accused him of leaving Tripoli defenceless by withdrawing troops, others of too great leniency to the rebels, but he reaped the most hatred from his decree forbidding military officers to take part in politics. This led the Committee of Union and Progress to declare war on him. A pretext for his removal was, as I have said, found in the revolt of the garrison of Monastir. The mutineers would have surrendered upon terms, but the stern disciplinarian, who was struck to the core by this proof of his failure to keep the army efficient, refused to treat with them. The revolt threatened to spread to other divisions, and to save themselves the Government deprived Shevket Pasha of office.

Within six months Shevket Pasha was Grand Vizier, and once more the dictator of Turkey.

Shevket Pasha was a native of Bagdad, and a plain, blunt, somewhat Puritanical soldier rather than a diplomat. During the Italian War he toiled hard to organise the army, and used to sleep in his uniform in his room at the War Office. Had he had his way he would have wished to meet the Italian army on Turkish soil, since he believed that the Turk is invincible when well led. "Let our chance come," he said, "and we will show what we can do." Unfortunately, when the Balkan War broke out, he was still in high dudgeon at his removal from office and refused the command offered him by his successor. His friends believed that Turkey could only be saved by a dictator, and pointed to Shevket Pasha as the man for the task. By their wish he headed the revolution which made him the master of the State.

Talaat Bey was formerly Minister of the Interior, but afterwards a zealous opponent of Kiamil's government. At the

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

outbreak of the war he joined his regiment at Adrianople, but was dismissed and sent to Constantinople on a charge of attempting to undermine the loyalty of the garrison, which he succeeded, however, in refuting. He was implicated in the plot for establishing a republic which was discovered in November.

With regard to the prospects of the new Cabinet, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent wrote :

"The success of the Committee in seizing the reins of government places it in a strong position to re-establish its control of the Administration, but although it enjoys the support of the great majority of the junior officers, there is a possibility of a counter-movement in the army. However, the Committee is voicing the popular cry: 'We must keep Adrianople,' and if that achieves any success it should be able to count on a long future.

"Talaat Bey, Acting Minister of the Interior, summoned Nuradunghian Effendi, late Minister for Foreign Affairs, to him, to consult him regarding the foreign situation.

"All newspapers which do not belong to the Young Turk party have been suspended.

"Before the demonstration the troops which are loyal to the Government were sent to manœuvre in the neighbourhood of the Hill of Liberty, outside Constantinople, while a detachment of the Uchak battalion, which had gone over to the Committee, was sent to the Sublime Porte."

"The newspaper editors were invited to the Sublime Porte and were politely warned by the Under-Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior to refrain from criticisms of the Government, which craves their support. They were assured that the censorship would be very shortly abolished. It may be taken for granted that correspondents are carefully watched."¹

"As soon as the news of the pronunciamento spread there was a panic in Stambul and Galata, and the shops were closed, but the fear quickly subsided, and Constantinople wore its usual aspect at night except for the strong military patrols all over the city. Arrests of Ententistes were made the same night, and the most severe censorship is exercised. Telegrams to local newspapers are also entirely censored."

"The Ambassadors were greatly disappointed, for they were not expecting a Ministerial crisis, and were congratulating themselves on the approaching settlement of the Balkan affair by the decision adopted the day before yesterday by the Grand Council. The Constantinople Bourse also demonstrated its fear of a resumption of hostilities by a violent decline on all Turkish stocks."²

Strenuous efforts were made to prove to the world that Nazim Pasha's murder was an unpremeditated act, and Unionists quoted

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

² *Morning Post*, Monday, January 27, 1913.

as a confirmation of this assertion the fact that Reshid Pasha, the late Minister of the Interior and a great enemy of the Committee, had been allowed to go unscathed.

Nazim Pasha was given a stately funeral, which took place at the Sulimanieh Mosque. The procession started from the Gulane Hospital at Seraglio Point, and although Shevket Pasha and the Ministers were unable to be present, the Sheik-ul-Islam and two Turkish princes followed the coffin, which was covered with a richly embroidered Arabic pall, and was borne on the shoulders of soldiers. To prove that the death was an accidental one Enver Bey and all the Military Attachés attended in full uniform. The city was quite quiet, nor was there any demonstration when Shevket Pasha and Enver Bey attended the Selamlık. Enver Bey declared to correspondents that England's friendship is always precious for the regeneration of Turkey, and Turkey will be grateful for the continuance of her aid.

The resignation of the Kiamil Cabinet was announced in the following official statement, which serves to show the grounds on which the Revolution was brought about :

"The decision of the Kiamil Cabinet, taken in response to the Note of the Powers, to abandon Adrianople and part of the islands, and the convocation of an extraordinary assembly, to which that decision was submitted, a course contrary to the prescriptions of the constitutional charter and violating the sacred rights of the people, roused the indignation of the nation, with the result that the people made a demonstration before the Sublime Porte, and brought about the resignation of the Government."

If the Revolution came as a surprise to the European Powers and to the Allies, it was not for want of warning, for both the Turkish Delegates in London and Kiamil Pasha himself had repeatedly told them that any giving way on the subject of Adrianople would cause the fall of the Government.

Subsequently the *Morning Post* correspondent at Constantinople gave a very different explanation of the origin of the *coup d'état* :

"Efforts have been made in certain Turcophil Press quarters to enlighten European opinion with regard to the plans of the Union and Progress Committee, but the arguments set forth are much too lame to be taken seriously by persons well acquainted with Turkish affairs in general and with Committee methods in particular. I do not pretend to know exactly what went on behind the scenes before the *coup de théâtre* of January 23, but to-day I have good reason to believe that when Enver Bey made his 'triumphant' entry into the Sublime Porte it was confidently believed by the organisers of the *coup* that the Porte's reply to the Collective Note of the Powers was already in the hands of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Body. Thursday, January 23, was the date announced for the

reply of the Porte to the Powers, and, by the strangest of coincidences, it was the afternoon of that day that the Committee chose for carrying out their *coup*. The idea is that Nuradunghian Effendi, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Kiamil Cabinet, who, it is affirmed, had got wind of the Committee's intentions, proved to be 'one too many' for it. Nuradunghian Effendi, it must be remembered, is an Armenian and an exceptionally perspicacious one. Being an Armenian, he was far from anxious to affix his signature to a treaty of peace ceding the whole of European Turkey to the Balkan Coalition. He foresaw, quite naturally too, that the conclusion of peace would be followed by the fall of the Kiamil Cabinet and the impeachment of its members. A Turk can always more or less take care of himself in his own country, but an Armenian sometimes finds it no easy matter to do so.

"The story goes that the Porte's reply was to have been sent to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy at noon on January 23, and that Nuradunghian received information of the plans of the Committee on the evening of the 22nd. On the Thursday morning he informed his colleagues in the Cabinet that he was not satisfied with the Turkish translation that had been made of the Porte's reply to the Powers, of which he had himself drawn up the original in French. He pointed out that this reply of the Turkish Government constituted a document of the highest historical importance, and that he had decided to make a faithful Turkish translation of it himself for the archives of the Sublime Porte. The despatch of the reply to the Austrian Embassy was consequently delayed, and the Kiamil Cabinet was overthrown before that famous document had left the Grand Vizierate. Great is said to have been the dismay of the organisers of the events of the 'glorious' 23rd when they ascertained that the Powers were still without a reply to their Collective Note.

"I cannot vouch for the veracity of this story but it appears quite plausible, particularly when one considers that the present Cabinet is endeavouring to conclude peace on precisely the same lines as the preceding Cabinet."¹

It was quickly seen that the advent of the new Cabinet to power was fatal to all hopes of peace. Kiamil Pasha was the sole hope of Turkey. He would have built up a strong, prosperous, and compact empire out of the fragments which remained to Turkey, and it was to the interests of all Europe that he should be allowed to do so. The Turk is at home in Asia Minor, and Kiamil Pasha saw clearly that in Asia Minor the future for the Ottoman must henceforth lie. But he was surrounded by enemies whose cry was "War to the knife," and the cession of Adrianople was, as he had foreseen it would prove, the signal for his fall.

¹ *Morning Post*, Saturday, March 1, 1913.

The new Cabinet were, it is true, patriotic men, but like the French Defence Government in 1870 they identified their country with the triumph of their party. Mahmud Shevket Pasha was a soldier not a statesman, and had not the breadth of view to enable him to see that Turkey would be all the stronger for giving up provinces in Europe such as Macedonia and Albania, which she had only occupied effectively during the last ninety years, and which have exhausted the strength and resources of those Osmanli lands in which the Turk, who is the real motive power of the Empire, forms the majority of the population. "Talaat Bey is the Jacobin of the Cabinet, a man who sees his goal and makes for it regardless of whom he tramples down in his course. Another inflexible doctrinaire, the St. Just of the Turkish Revolution, is Hadji Adil Bey, the Minister of the Interior. Prince Said Halim, a man of the keenest intelligence, is also of the 'No Surrender' party."¹

Europe saw the Revolution with amazement and annoyance. The "Peace of London," that fairy fabric conjured up by Mr. Asquith in such burning eloquence, had melted into thin air; the delicacies of the Guildhall had proved to be but a funeral feast. Peace fled back to her native heaven. Once more grim-eyed war sat gibbering at the doors. The Turkish Revolution might well have given the signal for a European Armageddon. That this disaster was averted is in great part owing to the cool-headedness and wisdom of the Tsar of Russia and of Sir Edward Grey.

In Germany the more bellicose elements hailed the advent of Shevket Pasha to power with delight, as he was supposed to be a keen supporter of the Turco-German Alliance. Within a few days it was announced that the Deutsche Bank was about to receive the concession for the Metropolitan Railway of Constantinople which is to unite Stambul with Galata and Pera by a tunnel under the Golden Horn. In Austria, which was feeling the economic strain caused by the prolonged mobilisation upon her Galician and her Servian frontiers most severely, it was clearly seen that everything depended upon the answer which the new Government might return to the Collective Note of the Powers. The first impression was that hostilities would be resumed and that Russia would try to intervene single-handed. This the Powers would refuse to permit, but rather than allow a European war to break out through dissensions between them, it was supposed they would break their neutrality and undertake a naval demonstration. This step was indeed wholly contrary to the views of the Triple Alliance, which dreaded doing anything which might lead to the destruction of Turkey as a state, and was well aware that M. Giers, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, when he handed the Joint Note to the Porte, had used very serious language

¹ *Daily Chronicle.*

to Kiamil Pasha, and had even threatened that Russia would send an army to Armenia and reopen the Armenian Question if the demands contained in that Note were not complied with. Rumours were, moreover, in circulation that the Powers of the Triple Entente had already arrived at an understanding as to the partition between them of Asiatic Turkey into spheres of influence which would be put in force if hostilities were resumed before Tchataldja. In short, a rupture between the Powers was considered as highly probable, and the Viennese Bourse had a bad attack of nerves. French feeling was more calm. The Entente between the six Powers was thought to remain entire; that between England, France, and Russia was known to be as strong as ever, for though M. Poincaré had resigned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on his election as President of the Republic, his successor, M. Jonnart, was an equally firm supporter of it; for the moment the party represented by the *Temps*, and, possibly, to a certain extent by M. Clemenceau and M. Caillaux, which cannot be said to be wholly in favour of the understanding with England, remained marking time.

One of the greatest difficulties which the new Government in Turkey had to face arose from the murder of Nazim Pasha. As a Circassian he was popular amongst the officers of the army, who knew him not only as the courageous champion of freedom in the days of Abdul Hamid but as a commander who, even after the disastrous defeat of Lule Burgas, could still look forward to ultimate victory.¹ In 1904 Abdul Hamid had thrown him into a cell in an Asiatic fortress where he underwent a long and dreary imprisonment, counting himself fortunate that he had not been put in a sack with a few pounds of ballast at his feet and thrown into the Bosphorus. But a fortnight before the proclamation of the Constitution he escaped to Russia, whence he returned to Constantinople so poor that he had not even money to buy a military uniform, and never forgot the kindness of an Englishman who lent him £7 for that purpose. After the proclamation of the Constitution he commanded the Second Army Corps at Constantinople and greatly improved its efficiency. When the Revolution of April 1909 broke out he commanded the garrison of Constantinople, whilst Shevket Pasha and the Third Army Corps from Adrianople were without the walls, determined to overthrow Abdul Hamid. It will probably never be known if on this occasion Nazim Pasha betrayed his trust. At the outbreak of the war he declared that he would either lead the Ottoman Army victoriously to Sofia, or leave his body on the field; he did neither. What earned him the antipathy of the Young Turks it is difficult to say; only two months before he fell under their daggers he had threatened to resign the commandership-in-chief unless those of them who had been arrested on the

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

suspicion of being concerned in the plot against Kiamil Pasha's Cabinet were released.

"It is pleasant to recall, now that Nazim is dead, the cordial meeting between himself and General Savoff, the chief of the Bulgarian Staff, when they met to arrange peace preliminaries in a village near Tchataldja. Savoff, with a display of more emotion than might have been expected from him, shook his adversary warmly by the hand and said: 'I am glad to meet so brave a soldier.'

"The deceased War Minister was educated at St. Cyr, and his sympathies remained pronouncedly French to the last. In private life Nazim was a strict Mohammedan, but during his residence in France he became imbued with Western ideas, which went to the extent of bringing his wife and daughters out of the prison-like seclusion which convention imposes on Turkish women. He was a man of warm domestic affection, and those Europeans who have been privileged to visit his house in Constantinople carried away with them the happiest memories of a genial host and a delightful social atmosphere, with the accompaniment so unusual for Turkey of the voices of the women of the family circle mingling in the evening's music and laughter."¹

The first business which lay before the new Government was to draw up a reply to the Joint Note, and although no Minister could be found to take the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs until it was accepted by Prince Said Halim Pasha, a cousin of the Khedive and General Secretary of the Committee of Union and Progress, on January 26, we have seen that as early as the evening of January 23 Mahmud Shevket Pasha summoned the former Foreign Minister, Nuradunghian Effendi, to his assistance.

The first impressions of Turkish official circles may be summarised as follows:

"The Government does not desire a resumption of hostilities, but the Powers are even less anxious to witness a renewal of the war owing to the danger of possible complications in Europe. The Government realises its condition of financial penury, but this condition is chronic in Turkey, and means have always been found for keeping afloat.

"On the other hand, from the military standpoint Turkey is in a better condition than ever to wage war, with the advantage especially of seeing the forces of the Allies near the point of exhaustion.

"Nevertheless the Porte would prefer to avoid further bloodshed if it is honourably possible, but for such a possibility maintenance of possession of Adrianople is a *sine qua non*.

"Official circles are confident that no coercive pressure by the Powers is to be taken. The threats of isolated action by Russia

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, January 25, 1913 (M. H. Donohoe).

are not taken very seriously, precisely owing to the possibility of such action engendering European complications.

"In these circumstances it is felt that there is still hope that the Allies may come to realise that Adrianople is not indispensable to their well-being, especially when they observe the determination of the whole nation to fight rather than to surrender it."¹

To the Allies and to the Delegates in London the news from Constantinople had come as a fearful shock. Their first impression was that the resumption of hostilities was inevitable.

"Among the Balkan Delegates the news created a very painful impression, following, as it did, on the Turkish decision to accept the advice of the Powers. At first there was a disposition to break off negotiations immediately and resume the war at the end of the four days' notice required by the terms of the armistice. Wiser counsels appear to have prevailed; and it is now likely that the Turkish reply to the Collective Note of the Powers will be awaited before any drastic step is taken."²

Next day the attitude of the Delegates had become somewhat more favourable to peace. *The Times*, writing on January 25, said:

"Both the Turkish Delegates in London and Kiamil Pasha himself had repeatedly warned the Powers and the Allies that any yielding on the question of Adrianople would cause the fall of the Government. The news of the *coup*, however, came like a bomb-shell, and neither the Allies nor the Powers have yet made up their minds how to treat the new situation. As was stated in *The Times* of yesterday, the first impulse of the Allies was to break off negotiations and denounce the armistice at once. Yesterday Dr. Daneff, M. Venezelos, and other Delegates called at the Foreign Office and the Embassies to discuss the situation. In the afternoon an informal meeting of the Bulgarian and Servian Delegates and of the chief Delegates of Greece and Montenegro was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. After a discussion which lasted from five o'clock to six it was decided to take no immediate action. Telegrams asking for instructions were sent by the Delegates to their Governments, and it is believed that the Servian and Montenegrin Delegates asked for authority, which the Bulgarians and Greeks already possess, to break off negotiations as soon as they see fit. After the meeting Dr. Daneff called on Sir Edward Grey. Another meeting is to be held to-day.

"Among diplomatists there is almost complete unanimity that there is nothing to be gained by rushing matters. The new Turkish Cabinet is reported to be drawing up its reply to the Collective Note of the Powers. Although this reply is certain to be unfavourable, the Delegates were urged on all hands to await its reception before taking any drastic step. It is reported,

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

² *The Times*, Friday, January 24, 1913.

though not on very direct authority, that Ibrahim Hakki Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier of the Committee party, is now on his way to London, in order, it is believed, to take part in the negotiations. Patience is counselled to the Allies, and it is still hoped, though without much confidence, that the war will not be renewed. The belligerents are financially exhausted, and it is not believed that any one really desires to fight any more.

"Some anxiety is felt as to the possible attitude of Rumania in view of the new crisis, but the best opinion seems to be that she is not likely to alienate the sympathy of the Powers by attempting to take advantage of it. Obviously out of apprehension with regard to the position of European residents the Italian Government has despatched two warships to Constantinople. Ambassadors of other Powers are understood to be authorized to wire for additional vessels should they believe help to be needed."¹

It was reported on good authority "that Bulgaria had renewed her invitation, given to Rumania before the beginning of the war, to join the Balkan League, and that Rumania was now considering whether to accept it and promise the League military help in return for territorial concessions in case hostilities with Turkey were resumed.

"The *Reichspost* declared that such an agreement would naturally have an important effect on Austrian foreign policy.

"The *Zeit* received a message from Bukarest saying that the Rumanians were indignant with 'perfidious Austria,' but denying that Rumania intends to abandon the Dreibund for the Balkan League and the Triple Entente."²

The attitude of the Sofia Government showed that Bulgaria remained determined to achieve her objects whatever might be the cost.

"The news of Colonel Enver Bey's *coup d'état* came as a great surprise, since the favourable tone of the meeting of the Grand Council seemed to foreshadow presupposed acceptance of the advice contained in the Collective Note of the Powers. The obstinate attitude of the Young Turks, however, so far from creating apprehension, is hailed by the Government with secret joy. The responsibility for any resumption of hostilities now lies with Turkey, which is considered here to have insulted the Powers deliberately. The results of further fighting are awaited with equanimity, since the Bulgarian Army has been fully prepared for the last three weeks, and it is realized that there can be no further question of bargaining, but that the territorial demands of the Allies for Adrianople will now be settled to their complete satisfaction. In the meantime the Bulgarian Government is awaiting more precise information as to the exact situation.

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

² *Morning Post*, Wednesday, January 29, 1913.

The tenor of the Turkish reply to the Collective Note of the Powers will decide whether the Government will present the projected ultimatum of the Allies or will break off the armistice. In the case of a resumption of hostilities it must be understood that the Allies will not stop until they have reached Constantinople. If Turkey chooses to gamble her last hold upon Europe she must risk the consequences."¹

Within a day or two public feeling in Europe grew somewhat cooler. All the Powers considered it fair to allow the new Turkish Cabinet some little time to consider their reply to the Joint Note. The fears of separate action by Russia against Turkey gradually faded away. It was considered most unlikely that the Tsar would allow the festivals in honour of the Tercentenary of the accession of the Romanoff Dynasty to the Russian Throne in February 1613 to be disturbed by a war. The Powers of the Triple Entente remained in the closest contact chiefly through their Ambassadors and Sir Edward Grey in London. One weapon, indeed, was left to them by which they could prevent, so it was hoped, a war. None of the belligerents were believed to have any money left. The Triple Entente determined officially not to lend money to any of them, and it was believed that the German Government would not countenance the proposed German loan to Turkey. Unfortunately for the peace of Europe private financiers proved too strong for their Governments, and all the Balkan States found the means to continue to carry on the war.

Anxiety continued, however, to prevail at Berlin, and this feeling was expressed by various German diplomatists in their speeches at banquets held in honour of the Emperor's birthday, which were thought, considering the occasion on which they were delivered, to have a somewhat gloomy sound.

"At the festivity of the German colony in Paris the Ambassador, Baron von Schön, said, 'The present situation is grave, the fire in the East has not been extinguished, the world is bristling with arms, oppressive anxieties are weighing on men's minds.'

"In his speech at a banquet in Dresden the Prussian Minister, Herr von Bülow, declared that though the situation had become somewhat better, they were, in consequence of the events of the last few days, still far from being able to speak of peace being ensured.

"In the Reichstag, on January 28, answering a question put by the National Liberal leader, Herr Bassermann, the representative of the Government, said that the Chancellor was familiar with the rumours that several Powers had come to an agreement as to a delimitation of spheres of interest in Asiatic Turkey. There were no official reports whatsoever as to this matter. On the other hand, the unambiguous and trustworthy declarations by repre-

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, January 25, 1913.

sentatives of the Great Powers named (Great Britain, France, and Russia) made the existence of such an agreement appear out of the question.”¹

Many Turkish and Austrian politicians believed, indeed, that the new Ministry would be overthrown by a rising in the army. The Committee of Union and Progress had seized their position by storm, but they could no longer count upon the undivided support of the army. Junior officers might revolt at the thought of giving up Adrianople, but more keen-sighted observers saw that, thanks to their absorption in political conflicts, the Turks had, for the time, lost those pre-eminent military and diplomatic qualities by which they had so long maintained their rule. The mass of the people cared only for peace, worn out as they were by long months of war. Moreover, there was no Arab in the Ministry and, with the loss of the European provinces of Turkey, the Arab deputies had acquired a dominating influence in the Turkish Parliament. Some friends of Kiamil Pasha, such as Cherif Pasha, urged that the French and English Governments should refuse to recognise the Government of assassins, and should organise a demonstration to compel the formation of a Government of honest men. A section of the Italian press was thought to be working for the same object.

These ideas were, of course, chimerical, but for a day or two it appeared far from improbable that a Counter-Revolution would be effected by the army in the Tchataldja lines, where disaffection was very rife.

As early as January 27, reports, based upon Turkish official telegrams from Constantinople, were in circulation at Vienna that a military revolt against the Young Turks had broken out and that a severe conflict had taken place between the adherents of the assassinated War Minister Nazim Pasha and the supporters of the Committee. These rumours were not confirmed, but Talaat Bey left in a hurry for the front and a number of wounded, many of them suffering from bayonet wounds, were smuggled into the capital by night. Another report that Abuk Pasha was marching upon Stambul with the Fourth Army Corps was thought, even by shrewd English observers, to be true. The *Morning Post* wrote:

“Some colour is lent to the report current in Vienna to the effect that Achmed Abuk Pasha is marching on Constantinople with the Fourth Corps by the fact that Abuk Pasha, like Nazim Pasha, is a Circassian, and would be the most natural avenger of that General’s death. In stature and general appearance he has a marked resemblance to Nazim Pasha; both were well under 5 ft. 6 in. in height, although Abuk Pasha was considerably the more corpulent of the two Generals. They shared a common detestation of the interference by officers in political affairs, and

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, January 29, 1913.

Abuk Pasha has a reputation for simplicity and outspokenness almost parallel to that of Nazim Pasha."¹

"Such an event would have an ironical significance, when it is recalled that Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, was at the head of the army which marched on Constantinople on April 19, 1909, and forced the abdication of Abdul Hamid.

"Turkey seems to be playing a big bluffing game. Positive information from Tchataldja shows that half the 60,000 transport animals are either dead or ill owing to lack of proper food.

"The roads are in a deplorable condition owing to the heavy rains, and apart from this, an advance of the army is impossible.

"Many of the soldiers, including those from Anatolia, are clamouring to return to their homes. Hatred against the officers is already beginning to manifest itself among the peasant soldiers."²

All the rumours of troubles at Tchataldja proved to be unfounded, and Shevket Pasha remained wholly uninfluenced by fears of the action of the military.

A correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, writing on January 29, says:

"Shevket Pasha accorded me a brief interview this afternoon just before the Cabinet Council. The Grand Vizier was busy when I entered reading and signing scores of documents.

"He declared: 'The reply to the Joint Note of the Powers will be presented to-morrow, and I can say that it will be good (this he said with emphasis) and will satisfy everybody. We have found the solution of the Adrianople question—the only reasonable solution.

"'With goodwill on both sides it will mean durable peace; if not, there must be war.

"Tell the Liberals of England that I came here three years ago to secure constitutional government, and I am here now on the same task, and to ensure the liberties of our people. I expect the support of the British nation. You see how I work and what a heavy task I have.'"³

Turkish hopes were undoubtedly encouraged by a Press agitation in favour of the Porte at Berlin, not uninfluenced it may be supposed by those German financiers who had just obtained the concession for the Constantinople Metropolitan Railway.

Many leading journals there were urging the Government to adopt a stronger policy to protect German interests in the Near East. They alleged "that Germany's joint action with the other Great Powers in bringing even the faintest pressure to bear on the Porte in favour of the Balkan Allies will be a serious blow to German interests in the Near East, and will be all in the interests of the Triple Entente.

¹ *Morning Post*, Wednesday, January 29, 1913.

² *Daily Chronicle*, Thursday, January 30, 1913.

³ *Ibid.*

"A curious fact about this new agitation is that it is led by newspapers about whose robust patriotism there has been hitherto considerable doubt, and which have hitherto generally opposed separate action on the part of the German Foreign Office. Their point seems to be that everything done to weaken Turkey, especially in Asia Minor and the Islands—for example, the Russian occupation of the Armenian provinces of Erzeroum and Trebizond, or the ceding to Greece of the Islands on the Levantine coast—will practically shut out German influence from those regions, and destroy for ever the hopes which Germany had entertained of paramount power.

"Not only is the German Foreign Office conjured to take no part in any policy with this end in view, but it is urged to 'Secure a satisfactory economic sphere of expansion and influence.' Germany, it is pointed out, can secure this with the help of its Allies if it makes its demands seriously enough. There must be an end to the see-saw policy in which German interests are the main consideration."'¹

At Constantinople itself, Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, speaking at a banquet on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday, touched upon the problem of Asia Minor. He said, "Neither to-day nor in the future will any one be able to lay a hand on Anatolia, where we have vital interest."

The Ambassador thus clearly outlined the ideas of Germany as to the future of Turkey. Like von Moltke and Duke Adolf of Nassau sixty years before, he saw that the real centre of Turkish strength lay in Asia Minor, and that it was to the interest of Germany to keep that centre under her own influence.

The Turkish reply to the Joint Note of the Powers was published on January 30. The official text was as follows:

"In their communication the Great Powers thought fit to advise the Imperial Government to consent to the cession of the town of Adrianople to the Balkan Allies and to allow them (the Powers) to determine the fate of the Aegean Islands.

"The Imperial Government thinks it right to point out that it has already given undeniable proofs of a conciliatory spirit by consenting to immense sacrifices. Adrianople being an essentially Mussulman town and the second capital of Turkey, and being, therefore, indissolubly bound up with the Empire, the mere rumour of its cession provoked a sentiment of reprobation throughout the country, and such excitement as brought about the resignation of the last Cabinet.

"Nevertheless, in order to give a final proof of its pacific disposition, the Imperial Government is prepared to place itself in the hands of the Powers as regards that part of the town of Adrianople which is situated on the right bank of the river Maritza, while keeping the part situated on the left bank.

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Thursday, January 30, 1913.

"The Mussulman mosques and other historic and religious monuments being in the part of the town situated on the left bank of the Maritza, the retention of this part of the town under the direct sovereignty of Turkey is, for the Imperial Government, a necessity of which it cannot fail to take account without exposing the country to a commotion which might bring about the gravest consequences.

"As for the Aegean Islands the Imperial Government takes the liberty of observing that while some of these islands are, by reason of their immediate neighbourhood to the Dardanelles, indispensable to the defence of the capital, the others, which form an integral part of the Asiatic possessions of the Empire, are no less indispensable to the security of Asia Minor.

"Any solution which would tend to diminish the authority of the Imperial Government in these islands would result in transforming them into so many centres of agitation, which would extend their action to the adjoining shores. The consequence would be the creation of a state of unrest similar to that which existed in Macedonia, and which threatened and still threatens the tranquillity of Europe.

"Therefore the Sublime Porte would be willing to abide by the decision of the six Great Powers regarding the status of the islands occupied by the Balkan Allies so long as they take account of the considerations set forth above and of the care that ought to be given to the integrity of the position of the Dardanelles, which the Sublime Porte holds to be a question of the highest European interest.

"The Sublime Porte takes note with real satisfaction of the benevolent dispositions and promises of the Great Powers regarding their moral and material support with a view to repairing the ravages of the war and developing the natural resources of the Empire.

"To this end it is indispensable that the Powers should recognise now and henceforth the right of Turkey to proceed unfettered with the adoption of an autonomous Customs tariff, the conclusion of treaties of commerce on the basis and the principles of modern law, and the application to their subjects of the Ottoman fiscal laws to which Ottoman subjects are and will be subjected, and that the Powers should consent meanwhile to an increase of 4 per cent in the Customs duties.

"The Porte believes that it is only less indispensable to abolish the foreign post offices existing in Turkey, on conditions which it would be easy to determine, that would offer commerce all the necessary guarantees of celerity and security in postal matters.

"The Sublime Porte also thinks that a declaration by the Powers of their desire to put an end to the Capitulations system in the Ottoman Empire, and the opening after the conclusion of peace negotiations for the joint consideration of the means to realise

this end, will form, with the economic matters enumerated above, an ensemble of measures which will make possible the realisation of the promises of the Powers set forth in the above-mentioned Note."

The views entertained at Vienna as to these offers showed that they were regarded at the outset as likely to afford a basis for negotiations, at least in the opinion of the members of the Triple Alliance.

It was stated that "the Powers will continue their efforts to prevent the resumption of hostilities, although the chances of success had been considerably lessened by the Bulgarian notice to terminate the armistice. At all events, should hostilities reopen, the Cabinets will work for the localisation of the war and the preservation of European peace.

"The Triple Alliance Powers consider the offer, made in the Turkish reply, a considerable concession, and sufficient basis for further negotiations.

"What the Turks offer is practically a considerable part of Adrianople, for on the right bank of the Tundja, which flows through the town, lies the suburb of Adrianople, called Ildirim, which includes five powerful forts and large barracks. All this would fall to the lot of Bulgaria as well as the bridge leading from the western bank of the Tundja over the Maritza River. The Turks would thus retain only that part of Adrianople between the left Tundja bank and the northern bank of the Maritza, containing the sacred tombs and mosques."¹

The reply of the Allies was not long deferred.

Their delegates arranged to quit London, although one representative of each state still remained there, and M. Grouitch, the Servian Minister, called upon Reshid Pasha to announce that the armistice would be broken off within four days from 7 P.M. on Thursday, January 30. The Bulgarian delegation absolutely refused to accept any terms short of the cession of Adrianople, or to allow it to be formed with the surrounding vilayet into a neutral State with a Governor to be appointed by the Powers. The Greek Minister, at a farewell luncheon to the delegates, proposed a toast to the enduring alliance of the Balkan nations. General Savoff addressed his troops in a stirring order of the day:

"From the course of the peace negotiations it becomes evident that the enemy are unwilling to yield an inch of the territory conquered by our victorious arms. They wish, by a stroke of the pen, to destroy all that you and your brave brothers who have fallen in battle have won.

"Will the heroes of Kirk Kilisse, Bunar Hissar, Lule Burgas, and Tchataldja allow this affront to the glorious army of Bulgaria to go unanswered? Prepare then for fresh victories,

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Friday, January 31, 1913.

and with your irresistible 'Forward!' show the enemy and the whole world that Bulgaria, our fatherland, deserves more respect."¹

Yet the tone of the Turkish reply was considered by the Great Powers to be conciliatory, and hopes of the resumption of negotiations seemed to be justified by the fact that representatives of the belligerent Powers remained in London. Final appeals were made to Bulgaria to treat on the basis of the Turkish proposals, Germany being especially active in this direction, and it seemed certain from the tone of her official press, which urged the Great Powers to continue their policy of united action, that she had their entire concurrence in doing so. The speeches delivered by the Balkan delegates in London before their departure allowed it to be hoped that the struggle would not be a prolonged one.

Dr. Daneff said :

"There is no pretext for remaining longer, and once more the guns must speak and bring home to the Turks the position which every one but themselves has already realised. Probably the contest will be short and sharp ; but in any case, if and when peace comes the details will have to be settled in London. Probably there is in store for the world a bigger surprise than the earlier events of the war provided. But the Turks must take note that after Monday the terms of the Allies will be very different from those already imposed. The Midia-Rodosto line will be a thing of the past."

M. Venezelos, the Greek Prime Minister, said :

"I do not say 'Good-bye,' but only 'Au revoir,' for I am persuaded that we shall again be in London in a few weeks to settle the details of peace. The Turks must admit that they are beaten, and before another peace conference meets the Ottomans will have to sign the preliminaries of peace on the battlefield. Then, and then only, can we tackle details. We know the Turks, and we are convinced that war is the shortest way to peace. The Allies are profoundly persuaded that the only means to arrive at a speedy and a lasting peace is to resume hostilities.

"As to suggested differences between the Allies, this is quite beside the question. In face of the common enemy we are one. *Differences between ourselves will be settled after the conclusion of peace.* We have but one common aim, and that we will unitedly follow.

"It is to the interest of us all to live at peace with Turkey, and, so far as Greece is concerned, with the question of the islands definitely settled by their cession to Greece, which is the only way of assuring peace and tranquillity, there should be nothing in the future to divide us."²

¹ *Daily Chronicle*, Thursday, January 30, 1913.

² *Daily Chronicle*, Monday, February 3, 1913.

On February 1 the following official note was issued at Constantinople :

" The Porte has ordered the Ottoman delegate not to leave until after the resumption of hostilities, and similarly orders have been given to the Ottoman troops not to fire until the Bulgarians have begun hostilities.

" The Porte has considered it necessary to give these instructions in order to convince public opinion that the responsibility for a resumption of hostilities will rest exclusively with the Allies."

But the blood of Nazim Pasha was crying from the ground, and the crimes of the Young Turks prevented them from yielding to the representations of the diplomatists.

The war began once more on the evening of February 3.

CHAPTER XVII

TURKEY AFTER THE ARMISTICE WAS DENOUNCED

THE failure of the Bulgarian attack on the Tchataldja lines on November 17-18, 1912, a failure due rather to the cholera than to the Turkish guns, marked the end of the first stage of the war. About the same date Monastir fell, and 80,000 Turks surrendered to the Servians. On November 19 the Montenegrin and Servian troops, who had met before the town on the previous day, took Alessio by assault, and the colours of the Allies floated over a haven of the Adriatic. But the few miles lying between Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua separated Servia from those open waters which she had so longed to reach.

In the meantime Constantinople was no very delectable residence. "Disease is at present the deadliest enemy of both sides, but there is no danger from that source for us Europeans, who know better how to guard ourselves against such an enemy. Cholera, dysentery, and typhus have already claimed thousands of victims. Over five hundred cases are reported every day. Trains arrive in the capital daily laden with cholera patients. The dead are first piled into a van which is detached, and those still living are taken to the hospitals. The station reeks with disinfectants. The guns are now distinctly audible in the capital, now within twenty miles of the Turkish fighting line, which started at Little Çekmedje, a place nearer to Constantinople than St. Albans is to London. The enemy have no ships. Marcus says that in his ride he saw bodies piled into the trenches by scores, while the able-bodied men were fighting for loaves of bread. Deficient organisation and transport difficulties are mainly responsible for the Turkish disasters hitherto. A probable revolution in the capital is the immediate peril to be feared." Had Bulgaria possessed a navy the city must have fallen.

Santa Sophia was turned into a cholera hospital, although the Turks did not despair of remaining its possessors. The keys of the mosque are kept by one of the Under-Secretaries of State. When the Bulgars were rapidly nearing Constantinople, the Greek Patriarch, fearing to see the sanctuary fall into the

possession of a race which has since 1872 been under the ban of his excommunication, went to the guardian of the keys and asked him to give them over to him to prevent its seizure. The Turk is said to have replied, "All is predestined by Allah: it is I who am predestined to keep the keys, and I shall remain their custodian."

But all parties were wearied by their exertions, and on December 9 an armistice was concluded to enable a conference of the belligerents to meet in London, whilst the ambassadors of the Great Powers, with Sir Edward Grey in the chair, was deliberating at the Foreign Office. Mr. Asquith, when welcoming the delegates at the Guildhall, spoke hopefully of the speedy conclusion of a Peace of London. But fate decreed otherwise. The Balkan land had been drenched red for centuries with innocent blood, and that blood was only to be purged with blood. The question of Adrianople was the great stumbling-block; it was settled at last. But the Turkish Cabinet which had sanctioned the surrender was overthrown by Enver Bey and the Young Turks. Nazim Pasha fell by Turkish hands; a Government pledged to resistance to the death took possession of the Porte; and the war, which had never ceased round Skutari and Yanina, burst forth once more.

In the meantime life in Constantinople had never been gay. The refugees might shiver and starve on the bare bleak plains without the walls; cholera, combated only by a handful of heroic nurses, might fence round whole villages with unburied corpses, but men in the clubs and cafés at Pera scoffed at the horrid rumours from San Stefano. Balls and parties, brightened by the naval uniforms of most European countries from the great fleet of guardships in the Bosphorus, filled Pera with carriages each night; and on Sundays in the Grande Rue the holiday crowds scarce deigned to turn an ear towards the quarter whence came the deep rumblings of distant siege guns.

Within a month or two the war was destined to take a course which all but brought about a European conflict. Had peace been concluded in January, it is possible that the rivalry between Russia and Austria which, in reality, lies at the root of the Balkan problem, would never have assumed the prominence which it subsequently did. The Powers would have accepted accomplished facts; and, in cooler blood, might have taken into account the course of events since 1878, and recognised that the new Powers would neither be the humble serfs of Russia nor exercise an irresistible magnetic attraction on the Slavs of Austria.

As the *Neue Freie Presse*, the great Viennese journal, wrote on February 5:

"Reflection on all that has happened since the Crimean War shows that in reality both Russia and Austria-Hungary

have missed their aims. The old Emperor Nicholas wanted, not to liberate, but to conquer the Balkans. He failed. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy wanted to prevent the smashing of Turkey, and has also failed. The reasons for the old discord between us have disappeared, but confidence is not robust and needs to be strengthened. Let us bury the hatchet and send a mission of goodwill to our frontiers. It would be hard to conceive a finer outcome of the Emperor Francis Joseph's letter to the Tsar."

That letter had been carried to St. Petersburg by Prince Gottfried Hohenlohe, a favoured friend of the Russian Court. For a moment his mission seemed to have proved successful. Release appeared in sight for the thousands of recruits who had been cooped up for months in schools and barracks in Galicia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia, suffering greater hardships than the military authorities are ever likely to admit. Six thousand petitions for discharge had been received at the Austro-Hungarian War Office.

Even the German military authorities seemed to have acquiesced in the results of the war. The Military Estimates for the year came before the Reichstag, and not a hint was given that any extraordinary expenditure was contemplated.

But the sky soon clouded over. Prince Gottfried Hohenlohe arrived in Vienna with the Tsar's reply on February 10, but it was soon found that that reply was not conciliatory.

The questions which were in dispute may be roughly summed up as follows :

1. The question of the frontier line between Bulgaria and Turkey, for Bulgaria was claiming an outlet on the Sea of Marmora, which Russia was not disposed to concede to her. She has no desire for the acquisition of territory by a third Power on that sea before the question of the straits is settled.

2. The question of the islands in the Aegean. Here two factors come into play. Turkey declares that she cannot allow any Power, except herself, to retain islands which either dominate the entrance to the Dardanelles or command positions on the coast of Asia Minor, if she is to retain any control over her Asiatic Provinces. Italy, who views with jealousy the upgrowth of a strong maritime power in the Aegean, and who bound herself by the Treaty of Lausanne to return to Turkey the twelve islands she had occupied, including Rhodes, and the very important naval base of Astypalaea, had, in the discussions which preceded the Turkish Revolution, insisted that the question of the future of the Aegean Islands should be left to the decision of the Powers.

These two questions directly interested Turkey, but there were two others which, in the long run, were to prove of far greater importance, namely :

3. The territorial compensations to be given by Bulgaria to Rumania for having remained neutral during the war.

4. The question of the delimitation of an autonomous and independent Albania, which for Montenegro meant :

The question of the future ownership of Skutari, a town considered by the Montenegrins indispensable for their economic development, and which had been, for a century before 1484, a Montenegrin city, but which is now Albanian and Catholic.
For Servia :

An outlet on the Adriatic and the ownership of Ipek, Djakova, and Prizrend.

For Greece :

The delimitation of the Southern Albanian frontier, involving not only the ownership of Yanina, before which the Greek guns were still thundering ; but that of the island of Sasseno, which commands the entrance to the harbour of Vallona, the key of the Adriatic, and which the Greeks claimed had been ceded to them by England as a dependency of Corfu in 1864.

To Italy and Austria the question of an autonomous Albania is vital.

Austria affects to dread that if the great harbours on the Albanian coast were in Slav hands one of them would be ceded to Russia. The latter Power, during the wars of the French Revolution, held the Ionian Islands, or some of them, for several years, and cast covetous glances upon Cattaro, a port which the Montenegrins still claim as their own on the ground that they assisted the English to expel the French from it in 1814. Indeed the wags of Berlin used to assert that during one of the most crucial meetings of the Congress of Berlin Lord Beaconsfield had been induced by some ribald jester to propose that Turkey should make over the "Bocche di Cattaro" to Montenegro as a peace-offering, with the result that the Austrian representative all but had an apoplectic stroke from the haste with which he bounded from his chair to point out Cattaro on the map. The Montenegrins, indeed, still retain possession of the mountain of Lovtchen which dominates Cattaro, whilst the Austrians are equally irritating as neighbours because they hold a promontory which commands the entrance to Antivari—the sole Montenegrin port.

Moreover, Austria has always exercised a kind of protective right over the Catholics of Albania on the ground of a treaty dating from 1617, and frequently renewed afterwards, which gave her such a right over all the Catholics in Turkey.

Italy, again, dreads the menace of a strong Power being in possession of those harbours, and to meet the danger had suggested as the future Albanian king either the Count of Turin or the Duke of the Abruzzi. The German Count of Urach, a kinsman of the King of Württemberg, also seemed to desire the honour.

Such were the four questions which on the morrow of the Turkish Revolution awaited settlement.

The first question in dispute, that of the Turco-Bulgarian frontier, was the first to receive a provisional solution, due to the fall of Adrianople. Russia, having vetoed the acquisition by Bulgaria of an outlet on the Sea of Marmora, a frontier farther inland was the natural sequence. Was that frontier to leave Adrianople with its Holy Places in Turkish hands? Such questions can only be decided by force of arms; hence the first task before Bulgaria, after the armistice ended on February 3, was the capture of Adrianople. Her forces before Tchataldja, which, during the armistice, had been supplied by the railway passing Adrianople, had once more to fall back upon their bullock trains. They had strongly fortified their own positions; and two hostile lines equally strong faced one another at a distance of about five kilometres ($3\frac{1}{8}$ miles) apart.

The bombardment of Adrianople, which had been severe from November 22 to December 3, was resumed on February 3, although rather as a demonstration and a warning than a serious attack. Reshid Pasha had been instructed to remain in London, and it was thought both sides desired a settlement. The Bulgarian troops, however, were eager for the fray; when the guns began to boom eastward of Adrianople, cheers went up, and there were joyous calls for news over the telephone from Dimotika and Mustafa Pasha. Shrapnel was fired intermittently all night, but the Turks did not reply, and remained quiescent the following day. The weather was delightful, the snow had disappeared; the roads were excellent.

Operations were also resumed by the Bulgarians against the lines of Bulair, which had been constructed during the Crimean War by English engineers to defend the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and some fighting took place at Kavakli and Myriophito, in which the Turks were defeated with a loss of 1200 men.

Enver Bey, however, burned to show his skill in combined naval and military operations, and got together a motley squadron, including the penny steamers on the Bosphorus and some pontoons from the Galata Bridge. With these transports, convoyed by the battleships *Torgut-Reis* and *Barbarossa*, with the cruiser *Medjidieh*, the gunboat *Zuhaf*, and some torpedo-boats which formed an inshore squadron, he steered for Shahkeui in order to check the Bulgarian advance from Hexamili on Bulair. Under cover of a heavy fire from the ships the troops which formed a part of Enver Bey's own division, the Tenth, began their landing about twelve on February 8 near Indjir Point west of Shahkeui. The *Zuhaf* and the torpedo-boats covered the actual landing. Previously from nine to ten in the morning the main squadron had bombarded the hills above Shahkeui. Two pontoon bridges were got into position, and the advance guard landed under

cover of the fire of the main fleet. Suddenly a heavy fire of artillery and musketry burst upon the transports with great effect from the woods between Shahkeui and Indjir Point. The Bulgarians had waited till half the force, consisting of the best part of two divisions, were on shore. The hills were bombarded again by the fleet, and the Bulgarian flag was hauled down at Shahkeui late in the afternoon. When the hills above Shahkeui were occupied, the Bulgarians retired to higher ground inland. The fighting was at very close quarters and many hand-bombs were used. The struggle went on in the hills all through the night, the Turks being assisted by the searchlights of their ships. The Turkish losses during the two days' fighting amounted to 15 officers and 800 men. But reinforcements reached the Bulgarians, who continually harassed the Turks, and on Monday morning, February 10, made a vigorous attack on the enemy, who were driven back to the shore and forced to re-embark under cover of the cruisers' guns. The Bulgarian losses were about 100, the Turkish very severe. All Enver Bey had effected was to delay the Bulgarian advance on Bulair, which, however, they reached on February 10. These failures rendered opinion in Constantinople more favourable to peace, but no definite proposals were as yet put forward.

"The Turkish attempt to land near the Bulgarian position at Myriophito was a costly failure. It is stated that of the 4000 Kurds who landed less than half escaped, many being driven into the sea and drowned. Silivri has been occupied, and the troops have succeeded in pushing their way northward.

"The warship *Assar-i-Tewfik*, which recently stranded near Podina, has been abandoned, and is a complete wreck, and the crew arrived in Constantinople on February 13."¹

The outcome of these expeditions clearly showed that the actual condition of the Turkish army in no wise justified the policy of those who had brought about the Revolution at Constantinople.

"There seems good ground for believing that Turkey's military efforts are unlikely to be crowned with more success in the present hostilities than at the first stage of the war. She is hampered by lack of funds, insufficiency of officers, shortage of supplies, and difficulties of transport, and the men to-day in office are gradually becoming entangled in the same confusion and disorganisation which attended the collapse in the earlier part of the war. It is to be feared also that the regrettable political differences among the officers will impair that spirit of union and mutual co-operation so essential for success.

"The only thing of which there is abundance—and even embarrassing abundance—is soldiers, to an extent leading almost to chaotic conditions. For instance, when last week troops

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, February 17, 1913.

were being embarked at San Stefano, for dispatch to Gallipoli, some 200 men of one battalion could not find room in the transport, and were left behind. No officer remained with them, and no provision was made for housing or feeding them, and the other troops at San Stefano refused to share their rations with them. In consequence the men have been depending on charity for their food for the last ten days, while they are being lodged in stables and outhouses, and are pulling down the fences of private houses, and even the wooden crosses from the Greek cemetery, for purposes of fuel."¹

Reconnaissances were also carried out at Midia, but of a body of Mohammedan Circassians who were landed there, not half got back on board. The Greeks, on the other hand, made no attempts to land on either the European or the Asiatic coast.

From Indjir Enver Bey proceeded to Bulair, where were Fakri Pasha and Fethy Bey, the Chief of the Staff, but owing to a hostile demonstration of the troops he was compelled to take refuge in the battleship *Hair-ed-din Barbarossa*.

Meanwhile the diplomatists were toiling and moiling, all eager to find some potent charm which might win the Turk to sanction with a good grace the surrender of Adrianople. Never were spiders more industrious; never were filaments more deftly spun. Yet cobwebs are cobwebs and, in the end, these arch-masters of the craft were left, like the foolish Arachne, bending

Tristi in su gli stracci
Dell' opera che mal per lor si fe!

DANTE, *D. C.*: *Purg.* xii. 40-41.

“Pensive o’er the tatters of the work, which was wrought so ill.”

In vain learned Germans turned over Puffendorff, and brushed the dust from the Memoirs of statesmen who had been giants in their art. Baron von Wangenheim gained for a moment great credit by suggesting that Adrianople should be divided into two parts. That to the north of the Maritza, which contains the Mosque of Sultan Selim and the Holy Places, was to remain under Turkish sovereignty and to form a kind of Leonine City such as Victor Emmanuel I. would have granted to the Pope in 1870, had not its inhabitants refused to agree to his proposal. By another plan, copied from the arrangements about Morocco, the administration of the city was to be handed over to Bulgaria, but the spiritual representative of the Sultan, the Naib-es-Sultan, was to exercise his spiritual authority there. Neither plan found favour with the Bulgarians, who, indeed, haggled greatly about permitting the foreign residents to leave the town or allowing a neutral zone to be formed at Karagatch, where the European houses are.

Another diplomatic suggestion was nearly adding a fifth

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, February 17, 1913.

miniature state to the map of Europe in the shape of Mount Athos.

The eastern tongue of the Peninsula of Chalcidice, is, like Gibraltar, nearly cut off from the mainland, to which it is joined by a sandy peninsula, once cut through by Xerxes' canal. From it a superb mountain of chalky rocks rises. It is Mount Athos, the Holy Mountain, whence the eye ranges across sea and land from Thessalian Olympus to the Asiatic Heights of Ida, whither the shepherd Atys, maddened by the goddess he had betrayed, fled to hide his shame amongst the boars and stags. According to tradition, it was from Athos that the devil showed to Christ all the kingdoms of the world. To-day, amid the groves of chestnut, oak, and pine which fringe its slopes, rise the bold lines of fortified monasteries, those of the Holy Mount. For fourteen centuries no female creature has entered this sanctuary. As hens may not be kept there, eggs must be brought from Lemnos. Almost all the 6000 monks are Greeks, but one monastery is Russian, and two were built by the old kings of Servia.

This curious community diplomacy proposed to form into a Republic, to be placed under the suzerainty of all the Orthodox Powers. As Austria, which has many Orthodox Sees in her dominions, put in a claim to be represented on the Board, England did the same, on behalf of the Autocephalous Church of Cyprus and the Patriarchate of Alexandria. If the scheme had been carried out the *Hagion Oros* would not have been one of the least curious amongst our protectorates. Meanwhile, the monks of Sketes, one of its monasteries, were quarrelling vigorously as to whether the name of Jesus is or is not divine.

The proposals for a Republic of Mount Athos, however, came to nothing. They were rejected by the Russian monks on the ground that it would be against the statutes of the community. They demanded that Greece should govern Mount Athos, and hoisted the Greek flag over their monastery. Then Adrianople fell.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FALL OF ADRIANOPLE

THE fall of Adrianople was to Europe a dramatic surprise.

During the course of November large Servian reinforcements, some thirty-five thousand strong, had been sent to the Bulgarian forces, and the Servians had taken over the north-western sector of the besiegers' lines. It is characteristic of the Balkan States that many of these troops were from the Rumanian-speaking districts of the Timok division.

At Sofia an assault was regarded by many as needless, since it was certain that Bulgaria would acquire the place at the conclusion of peace. The King and the Government shared these views, but they finally yielded to the arguments of the generals, who said that if the Bulgarians failed to take Adrianople their enemies would always have grounds for doubting their military power. The general assault was ordered for Monday, March 24, soon after midnight. The commander of the Second Army was ordered to attack and carry the outlying positions of the enemy on the eastern sector. All the sectors were bombarded from two in the afternoon till eight in the evening, the Turks replying with all their siege artillery. Then the troops began to prepare for an attack on the advanced positions. At one in the morning of March 25 the Bulgarians began a general simultaneous advance on all sectors. By about 3.30 A.M. the Bulgarians on the eastern sector dashed on the enemy with the bayonet and drove them from the Maslak works, the fort of the same name, and the positions on the ridge immediately to its east. The enemy kept up a heavy fire on the advancing troops, to which the Bulgarian artillery replied, and by daybreak all the outlying positions on the eastern sector were in their hands. The 50th Regiment had been equally successful on the northern sector, as had the troops on the southern sector. The 20th Servian Regiment occupied the hill to the north-west of Kadinkeui, and the left wing of the Servian Timok Division captured Ekmechtchikeui. The Servian Danube Division attacked Papastepe. The losses on both sides were frightful, and it was, indeed,

rumoured at Belgrade that one Bulgarian and one Servian regiment had been blown to pieces by the explosion of mines. After the advanced positions had been taken, a furious cannonade began from all the besiegers' guns against the forts themselves, which rose in a line seemingly impenetrable from the nearly level heights. Those to the east of the city were ranged in a long straight line stretching north and south. On the western side they were arranged in a checker-pattern looking not unlike the plan of a football eleven. The Bulgarian attack was aimed at the point of the angle where the defences on the east and north joined. To attack them successfully could only be done by overwhelming them with shell fire, and this the Bulgarians resolved to do from batteries hidden behind the ridge of the rising ground to the north.

All through February and March the weather had been terrible. Snow lay six feet deep in the siege trenches, and railway facilities were completely wanting. No means of transport for the ammunition was available save the ox-wagon, and each wagon could hold but six shells. Through the snow ploughed the teams far out on the dreary plains, and at last the ammunition for the bombardment had been accumulated in the batteries, whilst the fighting men were lodged in casemates invisible from the Turkish positions. No Turkish aviator seems to have discovered their existence. The forts to be attacked were Aivas-Baba, Hadjioglu, Kestanlik, Kuru-Chesme, Yildiz, Topyolu, and Kavkas.

By about ten in the morning of Tuesday, March 25, the troops on the eastern sector, covered by a heavy artillery fire, reached a point within two or three hundred yards of the forts where a thousand Turks had been spending the night. They were captured with a quantity of artillery, and the captured pieces were at once turned on the Turks. The cannonade continued all that day, and at night orders were given for an infantry attack on the forts themselves. It was Easter week, and the bright Paschal moon had but just begun to wane. All night long the black masses stole over the slopes in deathly silence, without a sound to arouse the Turkish sentries. The men about to die marched as if they were already dead. But they had stern work to do ere they fell for the fatherland. At four in the morning, just as the faintest dawn was breaking, the order was given for the rush against Aivas-Baba. At once the army of spectres changed into flesh and blood and hurled themselves against the wire entanglements which stretched round the fort for hundreds of yards. Then the Turks awoke and began to pour in a heavy fire. There was no time to cut the wire, but the men had their greatcoats, and in a trice the strands were covered with lines of thick felt. The last hope of the Turks was gone; the Bulgarian field batteries thundered over the heads

of the charging troops; by five o'clock they had carried the ramparts with a rush. The Turks had lost Aivas-Baba, the key to the defences of Adrianople. The fort was a miserable place. Adrianople was a piece of bluff, as the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* puts it, and the famous forts consisted of casemates of brick covered with a little earth, with gun emplacements hollowed out of the soil as might be done in a field battle. There was not a cement wall, not any sort of a protecting work, no fosses, no scarps nor counterscarps, and the guns of the permanent armament were antiquated. Shukri Pasha did not even have all the guns with which he was credited. He cleverly multiplied his artillery by changing its position. As soon as an attack became pronounced at one spot, he reinforced the threatened point by moving batteries, thus giving the illusion of formidable defensive preparations. In short, had the Bulgarians known the real state of affairs, they could have carried Adrianople by assault months before.

Two questions suggest themselves to my mind. The first is whether the events of the siege of Adrianople do not, in a certain degree, go to show that forts which are supposed to be obsolete, such as the defences of Portsdown Hill, can yet offer a very prolonged resistance even to modern guns. The second is whether the facts do not cast grave doubts on the practical value of reconnaissance by aeroplanes or even by dirigible balloons. Bulgarian aviators had repeatedly flown over the forts of Adrianople, and must often have seen the interiors of their defences, yet not one of these scouts had ever discovered what shams they were. Can, then, such reconnaissances by night, as the famous airships are supposed to have carried out over England, yield any very valuable results, so far, at least, as the condition of fortifications is concerned?

After the fall of Aivas-Baba, the whole line of eastern forts was carried one after the other by the Bulgarians.

Shukri Pasha himself fell into the hands of the Bulgarians about two o'clock on the afternoon of March 26. He had been at his headquarters at Yildirim, when the troops of the eastern sector burst into that quarter, and he at once gave orders to cease fire. Those troops were the 20th Servian Regiment, which formed part of the division commanded by General Stepanovitch. To him Shukri Pasha sent a *parlementaire* offering to capitulate. Major Milovan Gavrilovitch of the Servian army was sent to see the Turkish General. He passed through the dark casemates of the fort, and entered Shukri Pasha's cabinet, where he was received by the General, who was standing surrounded by his staff. "I saluted, saying, 'Excellency, Milovan Gavrilovitch has the honour to inform you that you are now under the protection of the Servian army.' I purposely avoided the expression 'prisoner.'" Shukri Pasha answered in a voice trembling

with excitement, "I knew before that the Servians are a chivalrous, brave people. During this campaign I have learnt it personally." After a very pleasant conversation with the General and his Staff, Major Gavrilovitch left, but was approached by a Bulgarian officer who asked to be taken to Shukri Pasha. The Servian refused to deliver his prisoners to the Bulgarians without a written order, so the Pasha spent the night in the fort, and with his staff was only handed over to the Bulgarians next morning. Such was one Servian version of the surrender.

According, however, to Shukri Pasha himself, about half an hour after he had given orders to cease fire, and had had a blanket hoisted on a wireless telegraph post as a sign of surrender, the Bulgarian Colonel Marcholoff came to him, remaining about an hour. The Pasha then went with two Bulgarian officers of the Guards to the headquarters of General Vasoff in the lower town and motored with him to the Maritza Bridge, where he formally surrendered to General Ivanoff. According to Colonel Gekoff, Shukri, who was in the old Kaik fort on the west side, surrendered at nine o'clock in the morning, but did not meet General Ivanoff till three o'clock, at the place known as Kurin Tchesme (Dry Fountain). Shukri Pasha looked very pale, serious, and depressed. The conversation took place in French. "I recognise," said the Bulgarian General, "that the defence has been conducted with energy and courage; you have bravely done your duty."

"For my part," Shukri Pasha replied, "I say that your soldiers are brave men and that the Bulgarian army deserves its victory."

"In what condition is the town? Are there any epidemics?"

At this point General Ivanoff perceived that Shukri Pasha had no sword, and turning to General Vasoff, he asked in Bulgarian, "Why is he without a sword?"

"He left it in his office," General Vasoff replied, "after ordering all his officers to give up their arms."

Before the surrender Shukri Pasha had destroyed all the military stores, and Ibrahim Pasha, commander of the Eleventh Army Corps, had blown up the Arda Bridge. These measures were destined to occasion great suffering amongst the civilian population of the city.

From Adrianople Shukri Pasha was sent to Sofia, where he arrived on March 29. An enormous crowd, including several deputies, M. Zgouroff, Vice-President of the Chamber, and the military commander of Sofia, awaited his arrival. The railway officials greeted him in French as follows:

"A welcome to your Excellency. The whole world admires both victor and vanquished. Bulgaria cherishes profound respect towards the illustrious hero of Adrianople. Your Excellency may rest assured of our sincere sympathy and admiration."

Shukri Pasha, who was evidently touched by these words,

said that he was filled with similar feelings, and felt deep respect for the bravery of the Bulgarian soldiers. He was lodged in the Hotel Splendid Palace, where sumptuous apartments, with every luxury and comfort, had been prepared for him and his staff.

So fell Turkish Adrianople, the one place, save Broussa, where art in Turkish hands had displayed some of those powers which made Moorish Spain so glorious. It had been Turkish for five hundred and fifty-two years. The siege had lasted five months.

The tidings of the fall of Adrianople had reached Sofia on March 26, though the capital had been prepared for it by the news of the great assault on the previous day. By ten o'clock in the morning the streets were thronged, and a crowd had gathered outside the War Office awaiting the latest news. The reception of the official bulletin was marked by a scene of enthusiasm; the town was beflagged as if by magic. After the news of the fall of the fortress a group of students made a street demonstration and went to the Legations of Serbia and Greece.

With Adrianople had fallen the second of the great triangle of fortresses, Adrianople, Yanina, and Skutari, which was regarded as the impregnable basis of Turkish power.

The popular demonstrations in St. Petersburg were as enthusiastic as those at Sofia and at Belgrade. A service of thanksgiving was held at the Church of the Saviour. The most dramatic moment occurred outside the Servian Legation, where the crowd sang the national anthem and "Lord save our People and bless our Heritage," at the same time throwing their hats in the air. The Servian Minister stepped out on the balcony, but he had hardly begun to make a speech when mounted police galloped up, and slashed at the crowd with their *nagaikas*, several people being injured.

The news of the fall of Adrianople was received in Vienna with surprise though not with dissatisfaction, for it was supposed to clear the way for peace. It was received at Constantinople with dignified resignation. The Turks described it as an event which, if disastrous to the Ottoman arms, was yet in no way discreditable to the honour of the Ottoman army. Shukri Pasha was praised by the entire press for the constancy and skill of his resistance. His military career has been a rapid one. He refused, on the ground that a soldier should have no politics, to join the Committee of Union and Progress, and was reduced to the rank of Major-General. For his services during the siege of Adrianople he was promoted to be Lieutenant-General. Like the late Nazim Pasha, whose kinsman he was by marriage, Shukri Pasha is of Circassian origin.

Wild was the enthusiasm in the Sobranye when M. Gueshoff announced the fall of Adrianople in the following terms:

"The Bulgarian soldier, united with his Servian brethren,

has traced with his blood a glorious page in Balkan history, and has marked a memorable date in the history of the world. Adrianople, the second capital of Turkey and the most strongly fortified place in the Balkans, fell yesterday, and the legend that Bulgarian troops, though excellent in the open field, would be powerless before fortresses, has been shattered. Yesterday's victory fills the Bulgarian nation with sincere joy, but her grief for the heroes fallen on the field of battle is deep."

M. Gueshoff then invited the deputies to show their homage to the brave conquerors, and to bow in reverence before the graves of the dead.

Their heroism well deserved this tribute, for the assault of Adrianople had been terrible.

The appearance of the ground round the entanglements of the Aivas-Baba fort, that minute, grey forest of iron stakes, solidly planted and upholding an immense spider-web of barbed wire, tremulous, uncertain, and pearly with dew, was terribly eloquent. Hand grenades and certain powerful bombs, much used in Macedonia, played a large part in the final assault. One saw horrible wounds caused by these explosives—arms and legs wrenched off and muscles stripped from bones. Had not the wire been loosely stretched, the assailants would have paid an even greater toll to Death. Beyond the entanglements lay dead Bulgarians with their blue eyes staring and their mouths open, as though uttering that last shout with which they had burst upon the unsuspecting Turks just as the first flush of dawn tinged the sky. "To the bayonet, to the bayonet! Hurrah!" yelled the soldiers, hurling themselves forward after crossing three wire entanglements without having raised the least alarm. In a few seconds they had found themselves at the last barrier, and the Turks had fled almost without resistance. Now the victors lay stark and still. Burial parties collected the corpses and ranged them one beside the other in ranks, as though for a final review, and this battalion of death was saluted by the troops as they passed in tragic silence.¹

The town itself appeared at first sight to show but few traces that it had gone through a five-months' siege. Children were playing about in the streets, indifferent to the din and panoply of war; women were sifting barley, seated on the threshold of a house, whilst chickens were scuttling about picking up the grains as they fell; the crowd at the bakery doors was quiet and orderly. How different from the sights in the bourgeois quarters of Paris in January 1871! The Bulgarians had given the defenders time to provision the city, and as it is situated in a very rich and fertile region, it had proved possible to collect, at a season when the barns were full of grain, supplies sufficient for six or seven months.

¹ Cf. Luigi Barzini in *Daily Telegraph*.

Until almost the last moment no one had endured any very serious hardships. It was only after the close of the armistice that articles in common use reached famine prices. Petroleum was 30s. a tin, salt and sugar 6s. 8d. a pound, and charcoal was practically unobtainable. Bread sold at 7d. a loaf, consisting mainly of barley husks, bran, and canary seed. Fodder failed, the oxen became very thin, and snowy weather prevented the sheep from benefiting by the pasture at lambing time, so that at one moment it was feared that all might perish. Luckily a thaw set in quickly, green shoots pushed up, and fresh meat became procurable.

All through the siege Shukri Pasha had kept up the spirits of his men by spreading rumours of victories which might have been real ones had he chosen to employ his troops to support the Turkish armies in the field. Abuk Pasha, who commanded the left wing of the army at Kirk Kilisse, was to have operated in conjunction with Adrianople; Shukri Pasha set out to join him, but mistook his road, had an unexpected encounter with the enemy, and withdrew to Adrianople, where he remained behind entrenchments which owed their strength to their position alone. The escarpment up which the Bulgarians charged was almost a Gibraltar, and should have been practically inaccessible. Only once, on February 9, did he order a sortie, and his troops hurried back under the shelter of the fortress in their haste to escape from the murderous Bulgarian fire.

It is difficult to say whether Shukri's fairy tales, which conjured up relieving armies out of every quarter of the compass, were believed by his troops. The inhabitants, however, were well aware of the real state of affairs, for the Bulgarian aeroplanes dropped proclamations into the town, and soldiers on scouting duty often brought back newspapers which had been left behind on purpose at the Bulgarian outposts. The editor of the Adrianople paper does not appear to have availed himself of these sources of information, but seems to have kept standing in type the plucky assurance, "We are firmly persuaded that we shall be victorious."

The bombardment of the eastern sector, by which the Bulgarians advanced, was very fierce, and the Turks replied by firing round after round of shell, in order to use up their ammunition and not leave it as spoil to the victors.

The inhabitants themselves seem to have been completely taken by surprise when the Bulgarians marched in. Despite the roar of the bombardment, the city, over which the great white dome of Sultan Selim's mosque rose phantom-like into the night sky, lay sleeping. Suddenly the frightened citizens were awakened by the rush of men. Down the streets in wild confusion hurried the Turkish soldiers, casting away their uniforms and loudly calling for admission to the houses. There

was some though little pillage, and the fugitives had soon found hiding-places with their friends. Then was heard the clattering of horses' hoofs through the stony labyrinthine streets. It was the Bulgarian cavalry.

King Ferdinand, accompanied by Princes Boris and Cyril, arrived at Adrianople on Friday, March 28, and entered the town by motor car through endless lines of Turkish prisoners of war. His Majesty then proceeded to the Military Club, where Shukri Pasha was interned, and after seeing his own troops march past, received the captive General, who handed him his sword. The King returned it.

Every square was now a bivouac, every courtyard was filled with horses. The little Turkish cafés were crowded with officers black with grime and sweat. Motor cars flitted about carrying generals and pashas. Thousands of wagons, streams of wounded, filled the streets, over which hung clouds of dust.

But the confusion did not last long. The Bulgarian headquarters were soon installed in the splendid rooms of the old *Konak*, hung with texts of the Koran inscribed in golden characters upon black grounds, which had housed Shukri Pasha.

Within a week each street had become a bazaar, and itinerant merchants were doing a roaring trade in olives, goats' milk, cheeses, and similar articles. The weather took a turn for the better. The Prefect of the Sofia police worked wonders with the thousands of wagons which were pouring provisions into the town. Unfortunately Shukri had been misinformed when he told General Ivanoff that the health of the army and town were good. Cholera broke out amongst the Turkish prisoners, who were interned upon a large island in the Tundja, approached by two ancient stone bridges. It spread to the Bulgarian troops. For the time all the efforts of the doctors were in vain. Correspondents asked why the tall leafless plane trees on the island were stripped of bark. At the foot of every trunk was a little bivouac. The prisoners had made hollows in the ground to provide themselves with shelters against the wind, and already they seemed half-buried. The men belonging to Adrianople were better off; they had laid aside their uniforms, and their wives brought them bread, sugar, and tea, and if they were asleep, squatted patiently by little fires of twigs to await their wakening. Elsewhere figures in ragged uniforms, with sunken eyes and hollow livid cheeks, huddled in wretched dens. They could scarcely stir to drain muddy water from a dirty pannikin. An insupportable odour rose from the ground. In the background trains of biers were passing over the bridge bearing corpses to the long trenches which served as common graves.¹

But one gleam of good fortune was yet to light upon the Turkish arms. A week of fierce fighting before Tchataldja, from

¹ Cf. Luigi Barzini in *Daily Telegraph*.

March 25 to March 31, ended with the failure of the Bulgarians to pierce the lines.

The object of the Bulgarians was to cut off the Turkish force holding the high ground west of Lake Chekmedje from the main army in the lines. On March 27 and March 28 the Turkish positions were vigorously bombarded. By a night attack, carried out in heavy rain, the Bulgarians seized the Turkish positions at Lahanakeui. Next morning, however, when the Bulgarians attempted to advance, they were, after a severe struggle, expelled from the position and fell back a couple of miles on either flank. Skirmishing also took place at the southern end of Lake Derkos, and at night the boom of the heavy artillery could be heard at Constantinople. The attack of the Bulgarian infantry on the Chekmedje position was favoured by a fog which hung over the low ground in front of the lines, but they were exposed to a violent flank fire from Fanasakris, were unable to climb the steep hill of Tchataldja, and being vigorously attacked by the Turks, fell back in headlong flight, throwing away their rifles. On the afternoon of March 30 the Turks advanced from Buyuk-Chekmedje against the right wing of the Bulgarian army. The Turkish advance, which was covered by the fire from eight warships, was soon arrested by the Bulgarian troops, whose infantry then made a counter-attack with the bayonet, and forced the Turkish troops to retire in disorder, leaving many dead and wounded on the field.

These partial successes, however, gratified Turkish pride. On March 31 the Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople submitted to the Porte a Collective Note, by which they communicated to Turkey the proposals for peace elaborated by the Conference of Ambassadors in London and already laid before the Allies.

Turkey accepted these preliminary bases without alteration, although they were more unfavourable to her as regards the Thracian frontier than the ones submitted to the Allies. She placed herself unreservedly in the hands of Europe for the establishment of peace. Instead of a frontier running in a direct line from Enos to Midia, she accepted one which gave the mouth of the River Maritza and the lower course of the River Ergene to Bulgaria.

On April 5 the Allies returned their answer to the same Note. In their reply they stated that they accepted the line proposed for the frontier in Thrace as a basis for negotiation, and not as the definite line. They insisted upon the cession of all the Aegean Islands. They asked that the principle of a war indemnity to be payable by Turkey should be admitted, and that, therefore, all the financial questions should be regulated by a Commission in which the Allies would be represented. They expressed a hope that Albania would be delimited upon the lines which they

had suggested in London, although King Nicholas again spoke publicly of Skutari as his capital.

Bulgaria concluded an informal armistice with Turkey on April 16, which was subsequently put into a regular form and extended from April 23 to May 5. Greece and Servia followed her example.

Such was the outcome of the fall of Adrianople, and the second attack on Tchataldja.

We must now, however, retrace our steps to the rupture of the armistice on February 3, in order that we may understand the course of the negotiations between the Powers which had ended in the presentation of the Collective Note offering their mediation between the Allies and Turkey.

CHAPTER XIX

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

WHILST the cannon were thundering at Adrianople the efforts of diplomacy to restore peace had not altogether ceased. To the Germans and to the Austrians the victories of the Allies were anathema maranatha. The Germans and the Magyars of Austria-Hungary saw with apprehension the rise of great Slav States at their very doors. Germany trembled as she watched the fabric of Turkish power, which she had done so much to organise, crumble into dust ; for the failure of German methods made her dread lest the German Michael, too, might stand on feet of clay. But Austria could not, as she would have done, throw her sword into the scale. The churches, schools, and barns throughout Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia might be crowded with her half-starved, half-frozen reservists, and her gunboats might cluster like threatening sharks about Belgrade, but she could not let her armies from the leash. Beyond the Galician frontier lay embattled the great hosts of Russia in a Poland seething with disaffection ; and the Christmas trade of Vienna must be paralysed, and the columns of her newspapers be filled with bankruptcies, whilst the trader, the doctor, and the peasant shivered on the Vistula, to keep the Russian eagles from swooping down to the rescue of their Slav brothers on the Maritza and the Morava. Austrian credit seemed gone.

The one hope for Austria lay in her aged Emperor. At last Francis Joseph acted. He sent Prince Gottfried Hohenlohe, a man well known and loved in Russia, a soldier, not a diplomatist, to St. Petersburg with an autograph letter from himself to the Russian Tsar, and all Europe waited in deep anxiety for the result of that fateful audience. But the dreary days of February passed on, and nothing was made known to the public as to the nature of the Tsar's reply. Day after day the reservists—Austrian and Russian—waited for the orders dismissing them to their homes ; day after day they saw their hopes deferred. At last the official *communiqué* appeared, and profound was the disappointment of the public. In words at least a partial demobilisation was

promised, in practice that demobilisation was still delayed by a wrangle as to its details. On February 25 the Austrian Premier, Count Stürgkh, informed an influential Parliamentary deputation that there existed well-founded hope of a general slackening of international tension in the not distant future. On the morrow the semi-official *Fremdenblatt* belittled the significance of this declaration, which was said to have been made in agreement with the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in a leading article which the *Neue Freie Presse* rightly described as a "semi-official polemic against Count Stürgkh." The *Fremdenblatt* spoke of Count Stürgkh's statement as an acknowledgment, with thanks, of the Russian Premier's friendly words to an Austrian publicist, and added that it strengthened the frame of mind created by the efforts of the Great Powers to reconcile antagonisms, "as far as this is compatible at all with the protection of the weightiest interests." But the two Premiers could say nothing concrete, and could only express hopes and wishes. The *Fremdenblatt* proceeded to draw a black picture of the situation in various parts of the Balkans, to allude pessimistically to the Bulgaro-Rumanian dispute, and to the Albanian question "which is by no means settled, but still shows, on the contrary, considerable differences of opinion." The conciliatory spirit already shown by Austria in this and other questions rendered the bridging over of these antagonisms a matter of great difficulty.

On the other hand, the clerico-military *Reichspost* gave out that Prince Hohenlohe's mission to St. Petersburg had now been attended by a gladdening result. The Russian Government had declared its readiness to countermand the special military measures taken on the Galician frontier. A part of the Austrian reservists called to the colours in Galicia would be discharged, and these announcements were to be published at the same time in Vienna and St. Petersburg. The *Reichspost* added that this first step towards an Austro-Russian agreement would be warmly welcomed, although serious differences still existed with regard to four points of the Albanian question. Servia made some reservations on the subject of Durazzo; the guarantees for the security of Skutari and of the adjacent littoral were not yet settled, and the future of Djakova and Dibra was still contested. Besides, the situation might at any moment be complicated by the fall of Skutari. Nevertheless the *Reichspost* expressed confidence in the triumph of pacific tendencies, and averred its readiness to rejoice over every step taken in the direction of peace, without sacrifice of the prestige and the vital interests of the Monarchy.

Such was the situation at Vienna on February 26. What wonder that the Austro-Hungarian public was utterly bewildered. Cool observers, however, saw no apparent reason why Count Berchtold's diplomacy and the pacific will of the Emperor should not triumph in the end.

This prediction proved correct. An identic Austro-Russian *communiqué* was published as to the partial demobilisation; but much wrangling ensued as to a postscript which was attached to it by the St. Petersburg Telegraph Agency, to the effect that the recent conversations had shown that Austria did not cherish aggressive designs against her southern neighbours. This postscript, which alluded to an "understanding with the Vienna Cabinet" as the source of the Russian conviction that an attack on Servia was not contemplated, was the outcome of negotiations subsequent to Prince Hohenlohe's mission. It was followed by press comments in Austria which taxed the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs with disloyal conduct. These allegations were withdrawn in a manner which, as the *Zeit* pointed out, reflected but little credit on Count Berchtold's talent for press management. Fortunately, however, these disputes, which were chiefly inspired by—to foreign eyes—very unnecessary *amour propre*, did not affect the situation. By March 16 the discharged reservists were gradually returning from Galicia, others were granted leave of absence in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dalmatia, whilst the fleet returned to Pola. The one outstanding interest for Austria was the fate of Skutari, but Austrian observers thought diplomacy must be left to go its own way. "Let us assume," wrote the *Zeit*, "that Skutari has fallen. Then, if there is unity in Europe, let it be unanimously settled what is to be done. That is the real task. Everything else is but play and pretence." Cynical German writers remarked, however, that only 22,000 Austrian reservists had been discharged, in comparison with 350,000 Russian time-expired men. Evidently Austria knew "no argument but force" where Southern Slavs were concerned.

The history of Prince Hohenlohe's mission has been carried to its conclusion, because the first steps taken in the matter dated from before February 3, when the armistice in the Balkans came to an end, and fighting was renewed round Adrianople. To the beginning of February, then, we must now go back in order to get some idea of what position the combatants were in when the struggle was renewed.

It was supposed that Izzet Pasha, who had succeeded the murdered Nazim as Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army, had 200,000 men at his disposal behind the Tchataldja lines, and another 50,000 in the Gallipoli Peninsula. There were probably 40,000 men left in Adrianople, and there were besides the garrisons of Yanina and Skutari, but all these garrisons were restricted to a defensive rôle, unless a Turkish field army should appear to relieve them.

But in Epirus, in Albania, and in Macedonia no such army was in existence, with the exception of a few scattered forces in Albania and of 40,000 men under Djavid Pasha, who, in the course of March, were destined to surrender to the Servians

near Monastir. I have already described how Enver Bey's efforts to take the offensive were foiled, and his failure seems to have inclined the Young Turks to peace, even if peace involved the surrender of Adrianople, a difficult matter for men who had made a revolution to save Adrianople, and some of whose firmest supporters were amongst the officers of the Adrianople garrison.

The Turkish Government decided to resort to diplomatic measures and even to its usual policy of *bakhshish* to secure the favour of the Powers. A new vali was appointed to the Lebanon, it was said on the recommendation of M. Bompard, the French Ambassador at Constantinople. Hakki Pasha was despatched to London with an offer to the British Government to open negotiations relative to the granting of certain British requirements in connection with the extension of the Bagdad Railway towards the Persian Gulf and the future status of Koweit, with which, it may be added, our diplomatists do not consider that Turkey has any claim to meddle, in return for the promise of British diplomatic support to the Ottoman claims to half of Adrianople and the islands, as laid before the Powers in the Porte's answer to the Collective Note. The Deutsche Bank was promised the concession for the Tube Railway from Stambul under the Golden Horn to Galata.

All these offers, real or imaginary, met with no success. Europe was not to be lured into such very palpable nets.

At the same time stories were circulated as to the massacres of Macedonian Moslems by the allies. It was alleged that Moslems had been massacred at Seres, in the Strumnitza region, and between Gumuldjina and Keshan. Christians had suffered in the Drama-Nevrokop zone, where over 800 Bulgarians were killed on November 4 at the village of Plevna, 182 were burned in a barracks near Demir-Hissar, while many more were slain in the Djuma-i-Bala-Nevrokop region and in the country between Gumuldjina and Keshan.

What wonder if a few undisciplined Komitadjes avenged on Moslems the murder of these hundreds of helpless and innocent victims? But their acts were sternly discountenanced by the Bulgarian administration. The guilty were severely punished.

European opinion remained unmoved. The Turkish Cabinet began to see that like its predecessor it must bow to the inevitable. Its position was a ticklish one, for it by no means enjoyed the undivided support of the army and knew that a counter-revolution might break out at Constantinople itself at any moment. As I have already said, Enver Bey's life was, undoubtedly, threatened when he visited the Tchataldja lines, where as early as the beginning of February there was a very serious brawl, resulting in about 160 wounded men being sent to the hospitals on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. On February 3, gendarmes and policemen took the place of the soldiers

on duty at the Porte, where the guards were doubled, showing that Government expected an outbreak. Some of the Kurdish levies, especially the irregular horsemen of the Milli clan, whose chief, Ibrahim Pasha Milli, of Viranshehr, had been attacked by troops shortly after the proclamation of the Constitution and killed, were rather restive. The Anti-Committee organisation had also shown unexpected strength, and forced the Government to water down their intended policy considerably. Only one of that organisation, Ferid Pasha, who had presided over the court-martial which ordered the arrest of a number of members of the Committee shortly after the defeat of Lule Burgas, and was afterwards deprived of his post by Nazim Pasha's orders, was in any way punished. He was appointed to the command of a reserve division at Diarbekr.

Thus on February 14 the first overtures for peace were made in the independent newspaper *Tanin*. "Why," it asked, "should we deny facts? We can deceive neither the nation nor ourselves. Tripoli prepared the way for the loss of Rumili (the European provinces). Let Turkey be aware lest the loss of Rumili be the prelude to the loss of Constantinople and the Straits. The time for illusions is past."

A period of doubt and stagnation followed. The Government was able to obtain sufficient cash to meet its most pressing needs by the issue of Treasury bonds, the sale of concessions, and other expedients. But the civilian opponents of the Committee made party capital alike out of financial successes and military reverses. Arab and Armenian elements recommenced their criticisms of the Central Government. The Committee in the first flush of their success had openly discussed the convocation of the last Parliament, which had been "unconstitutionally" dissolved by Mukhtar Pasha, immediately after the conclusion of an honourable peace. Parliament, therefore, necessarily played an important part in their calculations. Owing to the loss of the European provinces, the Arab element would in that Parliament gain a considerable relative increase of strength. The Committee, therefore, made offers of decentralisation to the southerners, which, for the time, seem to have pacified them.

The army, too, was more divided than ever. The differences which raged between the "Committee" officers and "Halaskiaran" were rendered yet more bitter by the quarrels which centred on the personality of Enver Bey. After his failure at Sharkeui he had returned with the Tenth Corps to San Stefano. He had been there but two or three days when he was accused by many officers, not a few of whom were politically neutral, of interfering with military appointments and commands in a way to benefit the Committee rather than the army.

It was natural that Enver Bey should be hated, for no honourable officer can respect a comrade, however talented, who had

identified himself with a political outbreak which had led to the murder of his Commander-in-Chief, and whose military talents had been manifested against helpless old men at the Porte rather than against the Bulgarians in the field. The agitation increased in Constantinople as military discontent increased at San Stefano.

It was from a capital, seething with conspiracy, that the Porte sent on February 28 to demand the mediation of Europe. Mahmud Shevket Pasha had never concealed his desire for an honourable peace, and most of his colleagues in the Cabinet supported him. But it was not easy to persuade many of the members of the Committee that peace might have to be signed, if not on the League's terms, at least on the basis of the Joint Note of January 17. The Rumeliote deputies who were present at several meetings of the Committee, of which, indeed, an ex-member for Adrianople was a prominent member, were specially hard to convince. The opposition of the military had to be taken into account, and the organisers of the *coup d'état* knew that it was they who would run the greatest risks if the Government fell after the conclusion of peace. The promise that a new Parliament should be elected directly after peace was signed, and that no attempt should be made to reassemble the discredited Rump of that dissolved by Mukhtar Pasha, failed to satisfy the malcontents. At last officers, including, it was said, Enver Bey, were sent to negotiate with them. They bore a message somewhat to the following effect: "The country needs peace and internal tranquillity. We cannot make peace alone. To obtain your support for a peace policy we offer you a certain number of seats in the Cabinet. The Coalition Ministry will make peace and immediately order a general election. The new Parliament will judge between us. We demand your support on patriotic grounds."

The Committee Party were paying dearly for their headstrong conduct on January 23. They had to lose Turkey as much or more than Kiamil Pasha would have done, and popular vengeance would fall, they feared, upon their heads. This the opposition clearly saw, and refused the overtures. They were supported by half the junior officers in the army, who clamoured to try one more pitched battle in the field, whether Adrianople fell or not. Only then would they confess that Turkey was beaten. But the would-be combatants were kept apart by a sea of mud.

Europe had consented to mediate, but the proposals put forward by the Allies were generally seen to be absolutely unacceptable. It was supposed that they were intended merely as the prelude to a bargain. Consequently diplomatic opinion favoured a plan for considering the Allies' reply as an acceptance of mediation, whilst pressure should be brought upon them to secure its modification or withdrawal. In the end it was certain that the Powers

themselves would have to formulate the conditions of peace. The negotiations, however, were likely to prove long and difficult, as the Powers had lost prestige not only by their fiasco at the beginning of the war, but by the wrangle between Russia and Austria as to the delimitation of Albania. Hence both the Allies and Turkey were, in a sense, disposed to treat their mandates with polite contempt. Once again it seemed as if Turkey would be saved by the disunion of the European Powers.

The Allies also were fighting amongst themselves. The friction was especially great between Greece and Bulgaria. Greeks and Bulgarians had come to blows at Nigrita, and the collision had provoked some sharp discussions in the Bulgarian Sobranje and in the Greek Chamber.

The proposals were, therefore, not taken too tragically at Constantinople in official circles. There was absolutely no doubt that the Turkish Government were prepared to cede Thrace up to the Enos-Midia line and to leave the question of the islands in the Aegean to the Powers. It might even agree to set off certain claims made by the Allies for the maintenance of prisoners of war and the commandeering of merchant vessels, against the portion of their share of the Public Debt charges in the districts which the Porte expected to be compelled to cede.

The financial question was, indeed, that in which for the moment Europe was most keenly interested. If Turkey had to pay a war indemnity, it was the financiers of Europe who would be called upon to provide her with the means of paying it. How could a Turkey reduced to a strip of territory in Thrace, to Asia Minor, and to Syria give them any security for the loan? On the other hand, the Balkan States pointed out with some justice that their finances had been seriously injured by the war, that they had counted on the Turkish indemnity as a collateral security for their war expenditure, and that it was the financiers of Europe who were the persons most deeply interested in the maintenance of their credit.

The question was rendered still more complicated by the fact that whilst Germany held very large stakes in Turkey, French financiers held very large stakes both in Turkey and in the Balkan States, and, therefore, could only speak on the subject with a divided voice.

But apart from economic considerations, there were military, naval, and political aspects of the questions at issue which were of equal importance. The Turco-Bulgarian delimitation involved the question of the defence of Constantinople and the Straits, and with that question of the Straits, the international position of Russia as a Maritime Power was inextricably interwoven. Bulgaria claimed a portion of the European coast-line of the Sea of Marmora. It was impossible for Russia to support the Bulgarian claims until the question of the Straits was, in her opinion, ripe for settle-

ment. She would not complicate it by giving a second Power access to the Sea of Marmora which would have a right to claim admission to any conference on the subject. It is sometimes forgotten that Rumania, as a littoral power on the Black Sea, and as the possessor of a good though small navy, has, like Russia, a claim to be consulted on the question of the Straits, and that her voice, though she is not formally a member of the Triple Alliance, might well formulate their wishes on such a subject. A Bulgaria, puffed up with victory, and already a Black Sea Power, might, if she obtained a coast-line on the Sea of Marmora prove a very awkward obstacle in the path of Russia to the open sea.

Consequently, the question of the frontier between Turkey and Bulgaria came to be one of a line drawn across Thrace from the Black Sea to the Aegean, and for this line several schemes were put forward.

The Porte favoured one drawn from Enos, on the Aegean, and lying on the east bank of the River Maritza, to Midia on the Black Sea, 52 miles south-east of Burgas, and therefore, well to the north-west of the entrance to the Bosphorus.

The retention of Enos would secure to Turkey the possession of the whole of the Gulf of Saros, which lies between the Peninsula of Gallipoli, forming the western coast of the Dardanelles, and the mainland of Thrace. Were the Gulf of Saros in hostile hands it would be easy at any time to attempt to take the European forts of the Dardanelles in the rear.

Enos itself cannot be called a very desirable acquisition. It is a town of 7000 inhabitants, mostly Greeks, who outnumbered the Bulgarians, two to one, before the war, and it lies in a malarious marsh. Its harbour is choked with sand, and admits only small vessels; others have to anchor four miles out in a roadstead exposed to the south-west winds. But such as Enos is, it commands both the entrance to the Maritza and to the wide plains around it. Dedeagatch, which lies twelve miles to the north-west, connected by rail with Dimotika and the line from Adrianople to Constantinople, and which possesses an insecure roadstead without good anchorage, is the only port to which Bulgaria can lay an absolute claim. The harbour of Kavala, the birthplace of the famous Egyptian ruler Mahomet Ali, lying far away to the westward of Dedeagatch, on a gulf of its own name, sheltered by the island of Thasos, affords, it is true, a far better port, but it is not only from a physical point of view less accessible from the plain of the Maritza and the central regions of Bulgaria, but is situated in a Greek-speaking region, and forms part of the Macedonian province of Drama.

Consequently Bulgaria, whilst claiming in any case to retain Enos, asked for the whole coast-line of the Gulf of Saros, and when her request was refused by the Powers, suggested that

the new frontier should start from a point ten miles to the east of Enos.

Iniada did not long figure in the negotiations as the proposed terminal point of the frontier in the Black Sea. Its place was taken by Midia, the spot where Enver Bey had landed troops in a vain attempt to cut the line of the Bulgarian communications with Tchataldja, but which is otherwise of no special importance. It lies at the foot of the rolling forest-clad Istrandja Mountains, on an exposed coast-line facing the Black Sea and sparsely inhabited by a population which is mostly Greek. The Enos-Midia line was proposed by Russia in order to end the war speedily.

The question of the delimitation of the line running between these terminal points assumed a still greater prominence in the negotiations. The solutions proposed were: 1. A straight line Enos-Iniada. 2. A straight line Enos-Midia. 3. A line following the course of the Maritza River and its great left-bank affluent the Ergene. 4. A variation of this line would have carried the frontier up one of the right-bank affluents of the Ergene, either the Uskub Dere or the Karagatch Dere, so as to leave Lule Burgas to Turkey. Either line meant giving back to Turkey districts which had been administered by Bulgaria for months. However, the majority of their populations is Moslem.

Mr. D. G. Hogarth, in a lecture on the Balkan States before the Royal Geographical Society, has given his views as to the ideal Turco-Bulgarian frontier: "The spot on all these coasts most clearly detached from the mainland of Rumelia by geographical barriers is the jutting Bosporic peninsula on which Constantinople stands, for behind it the hilly screen, though low, is at its broadest, stretching back forty miles to the Tchataldja lines. Whatever the Powers may wish, or the Balkan Allies extort, or the Turks contrive, the scientific southern geographical frontier of Rumelia runs from the Black Sea near Istranja along a line fifty miles beyond Constantinople to the head of the Gulf of Saros. What lies beyond that line falls socially to Asia rather than to Europe; while the great inland bulk of Rumelia, both southern and northern, is one and indivisible from a geographical point of view, and naturally centred on Adrianople, with Kirk Kilisse east, Dimotika south, Philippopoli north-west, and Eski-Zagora north, for its subordinate centres."

The question of the Aegean Islands concerned Greece and Italy rather than Turkey, except as regards the islands lying near the Dardanelles and on the coast of Asia Minor, those in the first group being Lemnos, Imbros, Samothrace, and Tenedos, in the second, Mitylene, Chios, Cos, and Rhodes. At the instance of Italy, who dreads the rise of Greece as a naval rival on the flank of her road to Africa, the Great Powers have retained the settlement of this question in their own hands. Throughout the discussion the Triple Entente supported Greece, the Triple Alliance Italy.

An equally difficult problem, which was well calculated to awaken hopes of dissensions between the Powers in the breasts of Turkish statesmen, was that of the compensation which Bulgaria was to give to Rumania for having remained neutral during the war. The Rumanian sovereign is by birth a member of the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollerns, and is thus a distant kinsman of the German Emperor. It is true that King Charles has never formally entered the Triple Alliance, yet it is certain that his foreign policy is conducted in accordance with its behests. As Herr von Jägow, the German Foreign Minister, said in his speech on the German Foreign Office Estimates on April 14, "Our efforts on behalf of Rumania have been made, in the first place, on the ground of our long-standing relations of friendship to that country, and, in the second place, because Rumania was the only Balkan State which fulfilled the wish of the Powers that it should not intervene. Under the wise government of King Charles, Rumania has always been an element of peace and order." It is, perhaps, foreign to the point to inquire whether the neutrality of Rumania at this juncture was inspired by a wish to keep her powder dry, so that she may be prepared, if the Austrian Empire breaks up on Kaiser Francis Joseph's death, to restore the kingdom of Dacia by incorporating the Rumanians in Hungary, Transylvania, and Bukowina. Such was not the argument advanced by her diplomatists.

Her claims as against Bulgaria were very ably stated in a letter to *The Times* dated from Bukarest, February 19, by M. A. C. Catargi, who during ten years was Rumanian Minister in England. His Excellency wrote: "Our attitude during the present war has been as frank and open as possible. We must not forget that the first thing which the Allies did was to proclaim that they had no territorial aggrandisement in view, and that their sole object was to force Turkey to carry out the Treaty of Berlin both in the letter and in the spirit. On their side the Powers proclaimed officially that they would not allow the *status quo* to be infringed." Rumania, he went on, might have followed the example of Austria and Russia by mobilising a part of her army, but she preferred to aid the cause of peace by a benevolent neutrality and did not call a single man to the colours. When, however, the Balkan States threw off the mask, Rumania could not allow the Treaty of Berlin, by which she had been forced to cede Bessarabia to Russia, to be torn up without protesting. It was a question of national honour. As it was impossible for her to recover Bessarabia, she was entitled to claim compensation in other quarters, and it was no disloyal act upon her part to claim it from Bulgaria.

"I will only adduce the following facts to show that after having shed our blood to call Bulgaria into being, we have never ceased to support her as she took her first tottering steps into

the world. In 1877 we decided the war by taking Plevna and thus delivered the Bulgarians from the age-long yoke of Turkey.

"In 1885 Servia asked us to help her in crushing Bulgaria and to share in the spoils. I can state this all the more positively because I was personally informed by my nephew, King Milan, of the proposals which he then made to my sovereign and which would have given us the whole of the territory between the Danube and the Balkans. They were refused by the Rumanian Government. In 1887 Stambuloff came to offer King Charles the crown of Bulgaria, and proposed the personal union of the two countries under his rule. His Majesty declined the offer. Had we mobilised in September we should have prevented the Bulgarian Army from gathering the laurels of Kirk Kilisse and Lule Burgas. We refrained from making the slightest military demonstration. Now that the Treaty of Berlin is to be torn up, we have given Bulgaria a friendly hint that, in that case, we intended to obtain reparation for a crying injustice, but we still refrained from mobilising to support our diplomatic efforts. No one can assert that we have no claim to some compensation because we have taken no part in the war. I will only cite the modern instances of Austria-Hungary obtaining Bosnia and Herzegovina and England Cyprus on grounds which were certainly fair enough, but far weaker than our own case."

Fortunately both Bulgaria and Rumania decided to refer the question to the mediation of the Powers.

The Rumanian demands included the cession of the town of Silistria with the important positions round it, the rectification of the frontier of the Dobruja, by the cession of various territories which lay in the way of the development of that province, and the cession of a strip of coast-line lying to the south of the port of Mangalia so as to allow that harbour to be developed as a naval base. To the Rumanians the question of Silistria was chiefly important because of the existence of an island in the Danube in front of that town which, if in their hands, would enable them to connect the Dobruja with Wallachia by a bridge across the river. To the Bulgarians the fact that the town had a large Bulgarian population was conclusive against the cession, whilst the well-known refusal of Rumania to carry out Art. 44 of the Treaty of Berlin, by which she had guaranteed the civil and religious rights of the Rumanian Jews, rendered various important politicians unwilling to see any Bulgarian Jews transferred to her rule. The Bulgarian peasants, likewise, in the districts proposed to be ceded, commenced an agitation against the suggestion. Their experiences when living as emigrants in Rumania, as many of them annually do, have given them no love for the Rumanians. The Bulgarians, though unwilling to cede Silistria itself, were thought to be prepared to dismantle its fortifications, including those of Medjidieh-Tabia; to permit

Rumania to fortify positions commanding the district, and to construct a bridge at any point; and finally to meet the wishes of Rumania as regards the Dobruja frontier line and Mangalia, whilst granting special liberties to Rumanian co-religionaries in Macedonia. It may be added that there is no special ground for the interest which Rumania manifests in her Macedonian brethren, as the people themselves—the Kutzo-Wallachians—absolutely reject the relationship, although there are some proofs in the Byzantine historians that a Rumanian dialect was spoken in those countries in the sixth or seventh century.

There was some diplomatic wrangling before the question was finally submitted to the mediation of the Powers, since whilst Bulgaria accepted the proposal unreservedly, Rumania made reservations; but, in the end, the matter was placed in the hands of the Ambassadors at St. Petersburg.

The question, however, was not to be settled without a bloodless war.

CHAPTER XX

AFTER THE FIRST WAR

THE war has at last come to its close. What is to be its outcome? Vast territories have been wrested from Turkey, dependent for the possession of Constantinople and of the territories left to it in Europe solely upon the jealousies of nations anxious as to the naval balance of power. Russia has gained little, Austria and Italy somewhat by the war; but whilst Russia has gained the love both of the Servians and the Montenegrins Austria and Italy have won the undying hatred of both the Serbs and the Greeks. It is true that both Austria and Italy were in the right so far as the constitution of the Albanian nation is concerned, but Montenegro will not soon forget the loss of Skutari, nor will Greece forgive the Power which cost her so much of Southern Albania and which may, in the end, leave so many islands in the Archipelago peopled by the Greek race under Turkish rule. The short-sighted policy of Italy may yet prove to be one unworthy of the countrymen of Macchiavelli. She will gain little in the end by having substituted Rhodes or Chios for Crete, as storm centres in the Near East, even if by doing so she has delayed for a few years the rise of Greece as a naval power. Her policy has cost her the friendship of the Hellenic race, and it is as yet uncertain whether either Austria or Italy has won that of the Albanians in any real or tangible shape.

Rumania has obtained Silistria and a belt of territory covering her communications through the Dobrudja with the sea, but her acquisitions have earned her the hatred of the Bulgarians. It is as yet uncertain whether she remains a Balkan Power or whether her recent policy has ousted her from that orbit and left her a kind of Holland in Eastern Europe. The future of Albania is even more uncertain, even though the constitution of an autonomous Albania with a southern frontier at the Kalama leaves the entrance to the Adriatic, and the great harbour of Vallona in the hands of a Power which self-interest will lead the Triple Alliance to support. Turkey in Europe will yet form the object of Bulgarian jealousy unless, indeed, her frontier in Thrace is, in

the end, so delimited as to leave Bulgaria no ground for seeking further territorial acquisitions so as to secure her access to the Aegean at Enos. The course of the campaign before the lines of Tchataldja must have taught Bulgaria that she can never hope to reach Constantinople without extraneous aid, and that aid the support of a maritime power.

Such is the position in the Balkans in the middle of September 1913. It is not one which gives a very satisfactory outlook for their immediate future. Yet possibly that future may be full of promise.

Just as Austria was formed into an Empire under the pressure of the Turks, and held together long enough to become an indispensable element in the constitution of Europe, so, under the pressure of Austria and Italy, backed up by Germany, the Balkan peoples, with or without Rumania and certainly for the moment without Constantinople, may be forced to reconstitute the Eastern Empire.

In the reconstitution of an Eastern Empire on the German model, that is to say of an Empire consisting of Federal States, retaining to a carefully defined extent their own individualities, but governed by a hereditary ruler chosen, in the first instance, by the confederated states, with a common Imperial Council and a Common Parliament, and united by a Customs Union, lies the best hope of peace for the Balkan States and the world. That Eastern Empire can only be held together by Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria as its hereditary sovereign, and it will be for the best interests of Greece, of Serbia, of Montenegro, and of Albania if they recognise this fact. In this age of democracy such an empire can only be constituted by the will of the peoples, and of the Balkan peoples the majority are Slavs. Consequently their Emperor must be a Slav, and of the three Slav-Balkan rulers the Tsar of Bulgaria is undisputably the foremost. Moreover, his election would not awaken the jealousy of the Triple Alliance in the same measure as would that of the King of Serbia or the King of Montenegro, for a Bulgarian Tsar would have no reason, as I have tried to show elsewhere, to wish to strengthen the purely Slav element in the Empire by drawing the Southern Slavs of Austria-Hungary into its orbit, thus making the Servians practically the masters of a Balkan Parliament.

Is it impossible that such an Empire might be formed with the cordial goodwill of Europe?

I think the chief difficulty which stands in the way is that of the naval balance of power in the Mediterranean; in other words, the questions of the Albanian coast harbours and of the Aegean Islands, more particularly Rhodes and Astypalaea.

Such an Empire can do much to satisfy Austria and Germany, whose interests in the Balkan Peninsula are mainly financial and economic. It can give guarantees to the financiers of Europe

which cannot be given either by Turkey or by the Balkan States as isolated entities. Its constitution would open up new fields for European enterprise and would do much to preserve peace in the Balkans and, therefore, in Europe, for it would at once decide all the existing disputes as to the delimitation of the territories wrung from the Turks, and would leave the Balkan peoples free to devote themselves to the task of developing those unpeopled wastes.

But by what means can the assent of Europe to the re-establishment of an Eastern Empire be obtained ?

Perhaps by the same means as those which were employed to secure the consent of the Powers to the division of Morocco into spheres of French and Spanish influence, by the means employed in the Anglo-French Entente of 1904, the Franco-German Conventions of 1904 and 1911, and the Treaty of 1912 between France and Spain.

Let the peoples of the Balkans offer Europe guarantees that the present Turkish tariff system will be maintained in perpetuity, that the railways will be regulated so as to give trade perfect equality and freedom, that the Jews, Moslem and non-Orthodox populations shall be given full religious and civil equality, and that the same guarantees as those given with regard to the fortifications round Tangier shall be applied to certain strategic points in the Aegean and on the Albanian coast, and I believe that it would be possible to secure the consent of the Powers, especially if the portion of the debt taken over from Turkey were made a Federal charge. Such guarantees an Eastern Empire, of which the majority of the inhabitants would be members of the Greek Orthodox Church, could well afford to give.

In these days it is only weak countries who are, as a rule, intolerant. Strong governments rarely are so.

The creation of such an Empire is an economic necessity imposed upon the Balkan States by two considerations—(1) the position of the two Serb peoples ; (2) the position of Salonika ; and is, though in a somewhat less degree, a necessity of almost vital importance to Greece, perhaps even to Albania.

I have placed these considerations in the order of their relative importance, for I think that though it is always dangerous to prophesy as to politics, Servia will be the first Balkan Power to call for the creation of that Balkans Customs Union which will be the origin of the Eastern Empire, just as the Zollverein formed the first step in the development of the German Confederation into the German Empire of to-day.

The Chambers of Commerce of Belgrade and of Sofia have already endeavoured to render the commercial relations between Bulgaria and Servia more close, and even at Bukarest faint whispers have been heard as to the desirability of a Balkans Customs Union in which Rumania may be included. But it is

Servia from whom the first proposals for such a Customs Union will probably come; for to liberate her commerce from economic dependence upon Austria she must have access to the sea, and it is only through a Customs Union that she can obtain that access unless at the cost of incurring the deadly enmity of Bulgaria and Greece if she seeks to reach the Aegean, or by undertaking great expenditure on building a railway from Prizrend down the White or Black Drin valley by either Podgoritza or Skutari to the Adriatic coast, merely to acquire an outlet which she can only enjoy by the goodwill of Montenegro or of Albania. The only independent inland state in Europe is Switzerland, and, were it not that Switzerland, from her geographical position, is an absolutely necessary member of the European family, she would soon be crushed out of existence under economic pressure from her rivals. Servia has no such guarantees; by Austria, at all events, she is regarded simply as a nuisance, and thus an assured outlet to the sea is for her of the most vital importance. This outlet she can obtain as a member of an Eastern Empire formed on the model of the German Empire, in which she would hold the same position with regard to Salonika which Bavaria occupies with respect to Hamburg. It is therefore, I think, from Servia that the first impulse towards the creation of an Eastern Empire may come.

Nor is the problem a less vital one for Salonika. To Salonika the Hinterland of the Vardar Valley is what access to the sea is for Servia, the absolute breath of her economic life. Greece will gain nothing by the possession of Salonika, if Salonika is shut out from her Hinterland by Servian or Bulgarian Customs barriers. Salonika will only attain her full growth if she becomes the greatest port of a Balkans Customs Union destined to grow into an Eastern Empire.

To Greece the creation of an Eastern Empire is equally important. Her acquisitions in the Archipelago will render it necessary for her to become a naval power; and, what is more, a strong naval power if she is to defend possessions of such strategic value as Suda Bay against Powers desirous of obtaining coaling stations in the Aegean. Her new acquisitions in the Archipelago will entail upon her an expenditure for which they will bring her little economic compensation, and Greece by herself can do but little to meet a fresh unproductive outlay. She requires all her resources to develop her own neglected lands.

An independent Greece will be the puppet of every Power with a strong navy in Mediterranean waters; as a member of an Eastern Empire she will be able to speak with her enemies in the gate. Which is the more prosperous—a Bavaria which in the eighteenth century was the puppet of France, or the Bavaria of to-day strong as a member of the German Empire, and yet in full possession of her rights and of her

freedom? Where would the factories of Nuremberg be to-day were not Bavaria protected by the German navy?

Albania's harbours will always attract the greed of her neighbours. To an Eastern Empire the incorporation of Albania would be of advantage both by removing a source of perpetual trouble from its borders, and by the acquisition of a race who, whatever may be their faults, have given the Turkish Empire good soldiers, industrious workers, and even some capable administrators.

Finally, to Montenegro, as a member of an Eastern Empire, boundary questions would matter little. For the Montenegrin what is necessary is to obtain access to the sea and to the plain. If he can reach the sea through Durazzo or Alessio, and if he can settle in the fertile plains of Macedonia, as a citizen and not as an alien, the question of the boundaries of Montenegro itself will be as unimportant as that of the precise boundaries between Baden and Bavaria are to a Bavarian to-day. Yet, within a year of Waterloo, at a time when the German states were united merely by a loose political Confederation, whilst keeping up to the full the Customs barriers which had kept them apart for centuries as if by some Great Wall of China, Europe was within an ace of being once more involved in war by a boundary dispute concerning a few square miles of territory between Bavaria and Baden.

The consolidation of Germany and the unification of Italy have made for the preservation of peace in Europe. The constitution of a Balkans Empire will have the same tendency, and except as regards Constantinople, there is no reason to suppose that an Eastern Empire, which will have enough to do to develop its own internal resources, will become an aggressive or a colonising power.

I would first give my reasons why I think the Eastern Empire should, in the main, take the Constitution of the German Empire as its model.

Briefly, this Constitution is the only one in existence which has succeeded in reconciling the claims to independent existence of Monarchical States with an historic past, and with populations stable and with strongly marked distinctive racial characteristics with those of a Central Government. The experiences of British India are beside the point. Nor are the conditions of the United States of America or even of Switzerland quite identical with those of Germany, for in neither do considerations of dynastic interests come into question, whilst the national existence of Switzerland is assured by the self-interests of the neighbouring Powers.

Whatever may be the defects of the German Constitution as to the relations between the Reichstag and the Emperor, between the Legislative and the Executive Powers, there can be no doubt that it is a singularly happy contrivance for uniting in one

common body fitted for common action twenty-six independent states separated by their histories, by their racial and by their economic characteristics, and which but the other day were sovereign in all but in name. The Bundesrath is as efficient from the point of view of the state and its rulers, as from the point of view of the individual and the subject the Reichstag is defective. The existence of a State Council in which no one state has a dominating majority but which, in the last resort, does exercise a real control over the policy of the Confederation whether at home or abroad, enables the confederated states to maintain their existence as independent entities in many essential particulars. The Bavarian peasant knows himself to be a citizen of the mighty German Empire ; in all the everyday relations of life he remains a Bavarian. Forms and externals which to a Court and to a Government mean so much are rigorously observed. The Minister of Foreign Affairs at Munich transacts business not only with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in London, but with the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Berlin : in the Bavarian capital reside not only Ministers Plenipotentiary from France and England, but there are Prussian and Saxon Legations, with a complete staff of members of the diplomatic profession, and a Consulate General for Württemberg. Indeed the German Ambassador to Russia has often been the tenant of a Legation by the Isar before he mounted to the banks of the Neva. There are Bavarian Legations at Rome and at Paris, and in the absence of the German representative to those capitals the Bavarian envoy *de jure* takes his place. Whilst he is present, the Bavarian envoy is only bound to conform himself to his instructions.

Nor are the internal liberties of Bavaria, even of Hamburg, less completely respected. A Bavarian Parliament summoned in the name of the Bavarian king legislates at Munich. The military administration of Bavaria is conducted in the name of its King ; only in time of war does the command pass into the hands of the German Emperor as War Lord. The legislation is promulgated in his name, in which also the work of judicial and civil legislation is conducted. The coins and the stamps bear his image and superscription ; the blue-white flag of Bavaria is far more familiar to the peasant than is the red-white-black emblem of the Empire. Bavaria pays a matricular contribution to the Empire, but the taxes out of which it is defrayed are determined by the Bavarian Parliament. The Jesuit who is, in law, forbidden to enter Prussian territory is welcomed in the Bavarian pulpits. Finally, the Bavarian sovereign still reigns by the grace of God, and Kaiser William is his equal, not his sovereign, for he reigns as German Emperor, not Emperor of the Germans, as *primus inter pares*, first amongst his equals, not as *Dominus Imperator*, their sovereign and Emperor.

In short, Bavaria retains all those prerogatives of a sovereign state which she did not renounce to the Empire in 1870 by solemn treaty, and, in return, she is left full liberty at home, where the Prussian official counts for as little in the life of the ordinary Bavarian citizen as he does in that of the ordinary Frenchman. Abroad she can make her will respected in the Councils of the Empire, for she is *de jure* the President of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which is convoked in the gravest crises to decide as to their conduct, and in that Committee Prussia does not control the majority of votes, whilst, as in the case of Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor may be a Bavarian and not a Prussian subject. Nor, as we have lately seen in the discussions as to the Military Contribution and, indeed, as to the position of the Jesuit Order in Bavaria, can the wishes of the individual states of the Empire as to the conduct of affairs at home be altogether disregarded by the Imperial Government.

Such is the constitution of the German Empire of to-day, and it is easy to see what a good model it affords for the constitution of the future Eastern Empire. That constitution, whilst respecting the rights and liberties of the individual state, of the individual dynasty, and of the individual citizen as a member of his own state, does secure a degree of central control which during forty-two years has held together twenty-six independent units—ranging in size from Prussia to a free city like Lübeck with a population scarcely as large as Brighton, or a Principality like Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt which in England would not be a constituency large enough to return even an Irish Member—into a body which is, perhaps, the most powerful state in the world for action abroad, and which at home has grown in the same interval from an impoverished country with thirty millions of inhabitants to a wealthy nation of sixty millions. Let the states of the Balkan League take the German Constitution as their model, let Bulgaria furnish the elected legal hereditary ruler as Roman Emperor of that Empire, and let the other states assume by treaty the position of Bavaria, with the same rights and the same prerogatives. Let there be a Customs, but not a Railway Union. Let the Empire have an Imperial flag, a common commercial code, a coinage differing only in the emblems inscribed upon it, and an Imperial army and navy organised upon the German system; finally, let the capital be Salonika, and the Eastern Empire in which Bulgaria, Greece, Servia, Montenegro, and Albania can take their places side by side as equals, will speak with a potent voice in the Councils of Europe and can wait in patience for the day when Constantinople, not Salonika, will be its capital; for, thanks to the Bulgarian failure before Tchataldja, and to the prudence, to use no harsher word, of European diplomacy, the question of Constantinople is as certain to give as much trouble to the Chancelleries of Europe during the next decades

as the Roman question did in the 'sixties. Yet their hands were not tied as regards the Sultan as Napoleon III.'s were as regards the Pope, whilst Mohammed V. might have reigned as a powerful sovereign at Broussa, where Pius IX. would have left the Vatican only to eat the bread of exile under another's roof.

Mr. D. G. Hogarth, arguing on geographical grounds,¹ has endeavoured to show that Constantinople is utterly unsuited to be the capital of a Balkan Confederation, and that it is an Asiatic city which should be left to the Sultan. "Constantinople," he says, "turns its back to Europe, fronts full on Asia, from which it draws its supplies," and is cut off from the European continent by a rough and very sparsely inhabited tract flanked by sea-marshes up to the Tchataldja lines. Thence, and not before, the land begins to fall towards the Rumelian river-system. There, and not on the Straits, one feels that Europe begins. There, and not further south, is the true frontier of Asia. Moreover, as the main lines of communication in the Balkan Peninsula run north and south, and communications from east to west are very difficult, Constantinople, being in the south-east of the peninsula, is the very worst possible site for its capital. Its position will also keep it a Levantine city, and "many Bulgarians and more Russians know that the day when either nation seats its king on the throne of the Eastern Emperors is the day when the gravest danger of social decay will begin."

I cannot think that geographical considerations will ever, in the long run, prevail over sentimental ones, and, even as regards geographical considerations, I think they might just as readily be brought forward in favour of the suggestion that Constantinople should be given to the Eastern Empire with a frontier on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, as they might be applied to support Mr. Hogarth's suggestion that it should be left to the Sultan, with a frontier on the European side.

The present war has served to show that sea power is all-important as regards Constantinople. It will be equally important to the future Balkan Confederation. The Greeks are a maritime race, and, consequently, a Balkan Confederation will have a navy to defend its sea-borne commerce. Moreover, such a Confederation will have a frontage on three seas—the Ionian, the Aegean, and the Black Seas. The Black Sea, with its port of Varna, which affords an admirable base for an invasion of Bulgaria by a force coming oversea, would be cut off from the other seas by the Straits and the Sea of Marmora. Varna would lie open to the attacks of the Russian, Rumanian, and Turkish navies. Would it be possible for the Allies to keep up separate fleets with separate naval bases to defend it, and would not this be a motive why a Balkan Confederation, constituted

¹ *The Geographical Journal*, April 1913, "The Balkan Peninsula," by D. G. Hogarth.

without Constantinople, would always be striving to become possessed of it? It may be said that the Turks would be in the same position as regards their coast-line in Asia Minor; but the naval defence of the Black Sea ports is not of the same importance to Turkey, since the table-land of Asia Minor would never be invaded from Sinope or from Trebizond.

The best friends of the Turks must wish them, henceforth, to concentrate their efforts on Asia Minor, a country which they are so well fitted to develop, even if they could not rely upon the help of Germany, who no doubt will be, in fact if not in name, their protector in the future. It would seem waste of energy, therefore, if the Osmanli retained Constantinople and any possessions on the European side of the Bosphorus. I quite admit that it would be difficult to draw a frontier across the peninsula on the Asiatic side from the Gulf of Ismid to the Black Sea, but I submit that under Mr. Hogarth's scheme the same difficulty would arise on the European side.

History affords us an instance which will go far to show the folly of leaving Turkey as a feeble European Power.

It will be remembered that long after the rest of Spain had, in the thirteenth century, passed into Christian hands, the Mohammedan Kingdom of Granada succeeded in maintaining its independence in the extreme south of the Iberian Peninsula.

The Kingdom of Granada extended along the coast-line of Andalusia from the frontiers of Murcia to Tarifa, on the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar, and thus included both Algeciras and Gibraltar, which Granada retained until thirty years before its fall in 1492.

From the point of view of physical geography the frontiers of the Kingdom of Granada were quite as strong as are those of Portugal, its resources, probably, greater, its inhabitants as brave. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that just as Portugal shook off the yoke of Spain in 1640, so Granada had recovered her independence during her revolt of 1570. She might well have retained it until the present day.

We may well imagine from the history and conditions of Granada that such a kingdom would have been governed much as Morocco was under its last independent sultan, Abd-ul-Aziz. Then, Morocco was the owner of Tangier; and we know only too well what a danger Morocco has been to the peace of the world even within the last two years, and how difficult it was to solve the Moroccan question, chiefly because it was mixed up with that of the ownership of Tangier. How can any one conceive what the outcome would have been if the territory in dispute had been Granada and not Morocco, and if the stake had been Gibraltar with its splendid harbour on the European side of the entrance to the Mediterranean, so that it could be connected with the European railway system, not Tangier on the

African side, with a bad harbour, and only to be held by a Power commanding the sea ?

Mr. Hogarth would simply make Constantinople the most terrible source of European strife, and as much a danger to the peace of the world as Gibraltar or the Cape Peninsula would be if they were to become miniature states under their own flags, like the Principality of Monaco. If the Balkan Confederation held Constantinople with a frontier on the Asiatic side, there is not the least reason to believe that they would ever seek to carry their dominions farther into Asia Minor, for they would be fenced in by lands inhabited by an utterly alien race, and that race would probably be supported by all the power of Germany. The fact that Constantinople is a Levantine city, and as such might corrupt the morals of its possessors, does not, I must confess, seem much to the point.

Persian luxury has long been surpassed by that of London, Paris, and Berlin. The gilded youth whether of Cairo or of Constantinople wear patent-leather shoes and ride in motors ; but the guardsman* who has been quartered in Egypt does not appear in the Ladies' Mile in a turban and slippers. Most Russians I have met think that it would be a mistake for Russia to occupy Constantinople, partly on the ground that she would have to remodel much of her existing railway system in order to connect it with the lines round the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, by which alone, under existing conditions, she could reach Constantinople through her own territory ; partly because of the difficulty and expense of annexing and holding Asia Minor ; lastly, because if the Court and Government were transferred to Constantinople, as they well might be, St. Petersburg and Moscow would be ruined. Who would live on an island in the Neva when he could have a villa on the Bosphorus ?

As for the inhabitants of the Balkan States, I suppose that now that their capitals are connected with Western Europe by railway, it is perfectly open to any of them who can afford to do so to visit Vienna, London, or Paris whenever they please. If Constantinople becomes the capital of an Eastern Empire, it very likely will become a great centre for the leaders of the social world, whether Europeans or Americans, and from that point of view be once again a second Rome. I can hardly imagine that it will be more Levantine than Bukarest, and except from the point of view of that imaginary dream of Arcadian innocence and pastoral simplicity, which, probably, have long since vanished from any civilised part of the Balkan Peninsula, I cannot see what harm Constantinople can do to Balkan morals. In short, after reading Mr. Hogarth's remarks I can only once more reaffirm my belief that the best thing for European peace is that the Eastern Empire should be re-established and that Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria should be crowned its Emperor at Santa Sophia.

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER THE ARMISTICE OF APRIL 1913

As has been said elsewhere, Bulgaria signed an armistice with Turkey on April 13. That armistice was to continue only until April 23, but was shortly afterwards prolonged until May 8. The main object which Bulgaria had had in view in signing it was to secure the possibility of withdrawing her troops from Tchataldja, for her disputes with her allies were becoming a greater source of disquiet than was her moribund war with Turkey. To the Balkan Peninsula, indeed, these disputes were as important as the question of Skutari was to Europe as a whole.

The disputes as to the partition of the conquered territories between the members of the Balkan League went back to the occupation of Salonika. It will be remembered that the Greeks had been the first to enter the town, but the Servians had not been very far off, and the Bulgarians claimed that the slight efforts at resistance made by the Turks would have been far greater but for the presence of their army near Seres, where General Todorov had been delayed by the Turks for a few days. Otherwise, it was said, he would have entered Salonika by the side of the Greek king.

It is true that, historically speaking, Salonika never formed a part either of the Bulgarian or of the Servian empire, but, with the exception of the very short period in the thirteenth century during which it was in Frankish hands, had remained a Greek possession until it was taken by the Turks. But Salonika is not a Greek city, two-thirds of the population being Spanish Jews, whilst only a quarter are Greeks; whilst, although the peninsula of Chalcidice and the coast-belt as far east as Seres are mainly Greek, the valley of the Vardar, through which Salonika communicates with Central Europe, is peopled in the south by a Bulgarised Moslem population as far north as Kuprili, from which place to the frontier of the Sanjak a Bulgarised Christian population gradually fades away into Serbs, who are the oldest population of the district, mingled with Albanian immigrants. To the west, although the peasants in the Vistritz valley speak Greek, they are Vlachs by blood. In short, on ethnological grounds alone,

the Spanish Jews would seem to be the race who have the real right to Salonika.¹

Again, although at the time of the first formation of the Balkan League a Treaty had been concluded between Bulgaria and Servia by which their shares in the spoils which might be taken from the Turks were completely regulated, no such arrangements existed between Greece and the other Allies. Greece had, it was asserted, entered the League with the nominal object of securing the reform of Macedonia and not its liberation from Turkish rule; consequently, she had no treaty rights on which to base her claims for territorial compensation as against the other Allies, and thus her claim to Salonika came to rest mainly upon the rights of priority of conquest, which had, from the first, been disputed by Bulgaria. Thus, as soon as the immediate pressure of the Turks was removed, it was found that materials for a conflict between the Allies were everywhere abundant. Danger alone, as the words of the Cretan bandit Skides showed, had brought together races held apart by the memories of thirty years of religious civil war. The followers of the Greek Patriarch and of the Bulgarian Exarch have but too good reason to hate one another to the death.

Very shortly after the occupation of Salonika rumours that serious friction existed between the Greeks and Bulgarians began to spread.

The causes of this friction are not hard to explain from a Bulgarian standpoint. In their eyes the Macedonians are Bulgars who wish to be Bulgars. They believed, moreover, that the Greeks had not co-operated with them loyally from a military point of view, and had made a rush for Salonika with a political object in place of encountering important Turkish forces or besieging an important fortress. Crown Prince Boris of Bulgaria could, so the Sofia politicians said on somewhat doubtful grounds, have entered Salonika ten days before the Greeks did, as he was then at Kresna and there was no army to oppose him. In Government circles at Sofia it was already said that Bulgaria would insist upon retaining Salonika for herself, or, in the event of Greece proving intractable, would proclaim it a free port under international control. In the latter case Bulgaria would make every effort to create a great town and seaport at Orfano, south-east of Seres, and would build a railway thither from Sofia down the Struma valley, so as to place the capital in direct and easy communication with the Mediterranean. Orfano lies four miles to the east of the mouth of the Strymon, on the Gulf of Rendina, and is seated in a region inhabited by a mixed population of Turks, Greeks, and Bulgars. Thus Salonika would be deprived of its hinterland, and would lose much of its importance.

As regards Servia, no trouble whatsoever arose until much

¹ *Geographical Journal*, April 1913, D. G. Hogarth.

later in the war, when Servia claimed a compensation for having made far greater military exertions than had been originally stipulated for.

By the original agreement of March 1912 the boundary of Bulgarian Macedonia began at a point near Egri Palanka, passed between Karatovo and Kumanovo to a line between Kuprili and Uskub, thence over the highest mountain peak to Kritchevo and the river Sutieska to the mouth of the Black Drin at the north-west point of the Lake of Ochrida, thence passed over the lakes and followed the line of peaks eastward to the south of Lake Ostrovo, and thence to the Gulf of Salonika. There had been originally some dispute as regards Kumanovo and Uskub, and an agreement had been made to submit it to an arbitrator, who was to be either the Emperor William or the Tsar of Russia, but Bulgaria had finally given them up to Servia; she had also agreed to support Servia with all her power in obtaining a port on the Adriatic despite any opposition from Austria-Hungary.

Servia and Montenegro had a political convention of their own to settle any territorial questions between them.

It will be seen that the limits thus laid down were not unlike those assigned to Bulgaria under the Treaty of San Stefano, except that by that Treaty she received Dibra and Kastoria as well as the districts of Vrania and Pirot, and was given a Mediterranean port at Kavala. The arrangement of 1912 was, therefore, far fairer to Servia than was that of 1878, and the limits laid down for Bulgaria included, with the exception of a small Albanian intrusive element, and a certain proportion of "Pomaks" or Moslem Bulgars, mostly Christian Bulgarians.

All through the winter the disputes between Greece and Bulgaria continued, and they undoubtedly reacted unfavourably upon the progress of the war, especially after the rupture of the armistice on February 3. It is true that Tsar Ferdinand had been warned by both Russia and England to abstain from entering Constantinople, and may even have received promises of compensation for his self-denial, but if he had intended to do so, there is no doubt that he might have received very material aid from the Greeks, whose fleet could have covered a convoy of transports which could have landed troops on the west side of the peninsula of Gallipoli, and thus turned the lines of Bulair, and brought about the fall of Gallipoli. Thus the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora would have been thrown open to the Allies. Greece, as we have seen, at first refused to sign the armistice of December, as she did not wish to suspend her operations in Epirus and the Aegean, but to this Bulgaria and Servia could have no reason to object. In fact, the abstention of Greece was the result of a mutual arrangement, as the necessity for maintaining the blockade of the Aegean and of exercising the right of search was recognised by both the Greek and the Bulgarian delegates at Tchataldja.

However, the Greeks were not slow to accuse the Bulgarians of looting and of committing unspeakable outrages against the life and honour of private persons, especially Turks in towns and villages in the province of Seres. At Doiran the Bulgarians were alleged to have seized and imprisoned the rich Turkish residents, whom they had released after the payment of enormous ransoms, but whom they then lured into an ambush where sixty of them were massacred. The Bulgarians, in their turn, alleged that the Greeks had plundered the houses of many Salonika Jews, and had caused the death of many Turks by blowing up a magazine. Most of these reports proved to be exaggerated.

The Greeks were equally indignant at the accusation that they had not taken their fair share of the burden of the war. They pointed to the fact that in the two battles of Sarandoporo, where the Turks had 30,000 men in the field, and at Janitza, where they were opposed by 33,000, of whom only 6000 were fugitives from Sarandoporo, they had made 37,000 prisoners, captured 106 guns, 75,000 rifles, and enormous quantities of stores and munitions. Hassan Takzin Pasha, the defeated Turkish Commander-in-Chief, had himself acknowledged that the battle of Janitza had decided the fate of Salonika.

In January the Servian newspapers reported that the Allies had agreed that Salonika should be made a condominium of the Balkan League with a free port and a hinterland of 2000 square kilometres (about 896 square miles), but this prospective settlement did not avail to prevent the trade of the port from being crushed by the Bulgarian and Servian customs duties, which were brought into force in its immediate neighbourhood, so as to cut it off completely from the interior of the Balkan Peninsula.

I have already mentioned the very serious collision between the Greek and Bulgarian armed forces which took place at Nigrita, and which, but for the death of the King of Greece, might well have led to a dispute between the Allies even before the fall of Adrianople. The Metropolitan of Seres and many other bishops from towns claimed by the Bulgarians were present amongst the Greek bishops at the funeral of the King, and Greece concentrated the troops set free by the fall of Yanina in South-Eastern Macedonia. It was even said that she was contemplating an alliance with Servia directed against Bulgaria. In these circumstances Bulgaria could only free her hands for action by concluding an armistice with the Turks.

Her dispute with Servia was even more serious, because upon the purely legal grounds of the case Bulgaria was in the right.

"The Treaty of Alliance which was concluded between Servia and Bulgaria in March 1912, besides specifying the nature of the military assistance mutually to be rendered by the two States, also prescribed the future division of any territorial conquests

which the Allies might make in a successful war jointly to be undertaken against Turkey. At the time the Treaty was signed autonomy for Macedonia was contemplated, while the formation of an Albanian State was not foreseen. It was also expected that Austria-Hungary's interests in the Sanjak of Novibazar would preclude any chance of its becoming spoil of war. By the terms of this Treaty two spheres of Ottoman territory were prescribed, one for each Ally, within which the future sovereignty of each was mutually recognised. As the destiny of certain districts could not then be determined, a certain area between the two spheres was defined, and it was agreed that the arbitration of the Tsar of Russia should be accepted as deciding the exact division of this debatable area between Bulgaria and Servia.

"The area left for arbitration consists of the *Kazas* of Kumanovo, Uskub, Kritchevo, and Dibra, and also the *Nahié* of Struga in the *Kaza* of Ochrida. Owing to the decision of the Powers a large part of the *Kaza* of Dibra has been included in Albania. In consequence of the formation of this State the Servians, who are in military occupation of Monastir and the country to the north and east of it, desire to modify the territorial agreement of March 1912, and have manifested a desire to retain not only the whole of the area left for arbitration, but also a considerable extent of the territory which in that instrument is recognised as being within the Bulgarian sphere."¹

Servia, moreover, alleged that she had failed to secure the outlet promised to her on the Adriatic, and also that she had put far more men in the field than was originally contemplated. On these grounds she claimed territorial compensation.

Bulgaria, however, traversed the Servian claims by pointing out that although it had not been intended originally that Servia should send troops against Adrianople, she had undertaken to aid Bulgaria in her operations in South-Eastern Macedonia, and this assistance she had not been called upon to supply owing to the collapse of the Turks. This refusal threw Servia into the arms of Greece. The districts claimed by the Servians included the whole region west of the rivers Vardar and Bregalnitz, a river flowing into the Vardar on its left bank some 37 miles south-east of Uskub. By her arrangement with Greece, Servia was to obtain Struga, Ochrida, Monastir, and Prilep, whilst the Greek territory would extend to Lake Prespa, and Greece would obtain Salonika, Voden, Florina, Kukush, Seres, Drama, and Kavala. With regard to these proposals it may be pointed out that the Christian Macedonians living in the district between Veria on the east, Kastoria on the west, and Monastir on the north, were originally hellenised, and have only gone over to the Bulgarian Exarch within the last generation. There are also some large and very

¹ *The Times*, April 18, 1913.

ancient colonies of true Turks between Veria and Kastoria, and south and west of Kastoria.¹

It was certain, however, that Bulgaria would never abandon her claim to the districts which under the Greco-Serb agreement were assigned to Servia. Not only did she take her stand upon the original Treaty of 1912, by which they were assigned to herself, but in the eyes of every Bulgarian, from the King to the peasant, the districts in question are the most thoroughly Bulgarian part of Macedonia, and were recognised as such by the Turks, who established in them the Archbishoprics of Monastir, Ochrida, and Dibra. During the late war they furnished thousands of volunteers to the Bulgarian army. The area of the territory in dispute between Bulgaria and Servia amounted to 30,000 square kilometres (13,315 square miles).

In April a mixed commission of Bulgarian and Greek officers sat to examine the question as to the priority of occupation at Salonika, but the inquiry led to no definite result. To Servia the Bulgarians replied that though under the Convention of 1912 the Tsar of Russia was to arbitrate in any dispute as to Kumanovo, Uskub, Kritchevo, and Dibra, there could be no dispute as to the fate of Southern Macedonia, which Bulgaria had occupied until her troops were recalled for service in Thrace. By the middle of April the Greeks had concentrated 120,000 men in and around Salonika. Salonika with a hinterland sufficiently deep to allow the town to be defended and to ensure its commercial prosperity was the Greek minimum, and from this M. Venezelos refused to budge, whilst the Servian Prime Minister, M. Pashitch, was equally firm in declaring that no inch of the land conquered by Servia would be ceded to create a Greater Bulgaria.

Servia concentrated 140,000 men with 220 guns at Monastir, and 35,000 Bulgarians reached Seres. The Bulgarian press appealed to the Macedonian Bulgars to commence a "fresh war of liberation" against their Servian and Greek oppressors; Belgrade leader-writers rejoined that "Servia must exterminate the ungrateful Bulgarian beasts of prey." But the commercial men of both countries were more awake to the real requirements of the situation, and, as I have already said, the Bulgarian Chamber of Commerce on April 24 invited the Servian Chamber of Commerce to visit Sofia during the Easter holidays.

Unfortunately the more militant spirits in Macedonia were not so peacefully inclined. Constant skirmishing went on between the forces of the League, although little information on the subject reached Western Europe. The wounded were brought into Salonika by night, and visitors were rigidly excluded from the hospitals. Persistent rumours were current that the Bulgarian troops were about to be withdrawn from Salonika, and on April 26 their commander, General Hassapchieff, said he expected to leave

¹ *Geographical Journal*, April 1913; D. G. Hogarth, *op. cit.*

within two or three days. At the last moment, however, he received orders to remain, while at the same time the Bulgarians were moving troops at Doiran and Kukush.

To the outside world the intervention of Russia seemed the only means by which peace could be maintained between the members of the Balkan League, but those behind the scenes had learnt to count upon the hard common sense of the Prime Minister of Greece.

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Athens telegraphed on May 1 :

"I am in a position to state that if the Governments concerned succeed in their endeavours to keep within bounds the ardour of their army jingoes, their statesmen believe it will be possible to adjust their differences amicably, and even to maintain the Balkan League after the war. It is M. Venezelos's policy, and the attitude which it has been explained to me has been followed by Greece in her proposals and relations to her allies seems both conciliatory and correct."¹

Yet M. Venezelos had firmly refused to allow the Bulgarians to occupy the much-coveted position of Orfano, which was in Greek occupation, but which, as I have said, they hoped to make their outlet on the Aegean.

The Bulgarian military party were most anxious for war, but their Government still pressed for a peaceful settlement, and the bulk of the Bulgarian army still remained to face the common enemy in front of the lines of Tchataldja and Bulair, whilst they had only 60,000 men in Southern Macedonia, which was held by 220,000 Servian and Greek troops as far as the shores of the Gulf of Orfano and all along the left bank of the Vardar.

As *The Times* wrote on May 3, whatever might be the case as to Greece, the "solution of the Serbo-Bulgarian difficulty practically rests in the hands of Russia. In accepting the task of arbitration in regard to a certain zone defined in the Treaty she has virtually sanctioned the arrangement and made herself a party to it. She has further agreed to arbitrate in regard to other questions presenting themselves at the time of the final settlement. The resolve of Servia to annex the Macedonian districts lying beyond the zone in question would presuppose the decision of Russia in her favour, inasmuch as the occupation of the districts further south would be impossible should Russia assign the intermediate zone to Bulgaria. It remains for Russia to assert the authority attributed to her by both sides in regard to this matter, and the longer she delays to do so the greater the danger of a collision between the two States. Such a conflict could only redound to the advantage of Austria-Hungary and prove ruinous to Slav interests in the Peninsula. It might, indeed, bring about the final 'liquidation' of Servia, who would

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, May 2, 1913.

find herself encompassed by enemies on both sides. At present there is no understanding between Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary, but circumstances may bring such a compact into existence. The present situation bears a close resemblance to that existing in the autumn of 1886, when the absence of nearly all the Bulgarian forces on the eastern frontier tempted King Milan to invade Bulgaria. *Absit omen*, but the time has arrived for Russia to take energetic steps to avert an internecine struggle between two Slav States."

Russia was indeed doing her best both at Sofia and at Belgrade to bring about a settlement, and the two Governments agreed to accept her arbitration should their attempts to come to an independent understanding fail. The Greeks and Bulgarians, however, were facing one another with forces on a war footing. Kavala was fortified by the Bulgarians to resist the Greek fleet, whilst as the Bulgarians retired northwards from Doiran and Kukush to watch the Servian concentration, the Greeks followed occupying the positions they evacuated. Despite all this it was said that Bulgaria was ready to renounce her pretensions to Salonika and most of the hinterland desired by Greece if she would negotiate independently, but Greece now desired that all the territorial arrangements should be made by the four Allies acting together. M. Venezelos had learnt by experience that "Union is Strength." Fighting, however, took place near Portos, and the Bulgarian Sobranye on May 9 voted a credit of 50,000,000 francs for war expenditure. The war had already cost Bulgaria 86,000 killed and wounded.

The mixed Greco-Bulgarian Commission appointed to decide as to the priority of claims of occupation was dissolved without coming to any decision, but, on May 12, M. Saratoff, formerly Bulgarian Minister at Constantinople, was despatched to Athens to endeavour to come to some agreement about the frontier. As skirmishing still continued, an attempt was made to lay down a neutral zone between the armies. The Greeks had occupied the country between the coast-line of the Gulf of Orfano and Mount Panghaion, famous in antiquity for its gold mines, and had thus trespassed upon territory which had originally been occupied by the Bulgarians, who had sought to prevent them from taking possession of various strategic points; such at least was the Bulgarian version of the incidents. Servia, too, appeared determined to retain possession of the districts occupied by her troops in Old Servia and Macedonia, notwithstanding the provisions of the original Treaty, but yet found time to protest against the occupation by Austria of the little island of Ada-Kaleh in the middle of the Danube, near Orsova, between Hungary, Servia, and Rumania, which had remained Turkish territory through the action of Austria at the time when the Servian fortifications were evacuated by the Turks in 1867.

Meanwhile Bulgarian troops were crowding into the province of Seres, and it was even said that Bulgaria threatened to destroy all hopes of stability in the Balkan Peninsula by proposing the establishment of an autonomous Macedonia, even at the risk of seeing Greece propose the autonomy of Thrace.

Russia, however, was taking action, and the Servian Government seemed inclined, in consequence of her representations, to cede Monastir to Bulgaria, and proposed that a commission of the four Balkan States should settle all pending questions. Greece, on the other hand, continued intransigent, although the report of the conclusion of a Treaty between Greece and Servia was denied at Belgrade. The meeting of the Peace Conference in London did nothing to relieve the strain. Bulgaria attributed the delay of Greece and Servia in signing the preliminaries to a wish to keep the Bulgarian troops engaged at Tchataldja until the Allies had occupied the districts they coveted in Macedonia. The Bulgarian forts at Kavala fired on some Greek war-vessels, and on May 22 a fierce conflict, which extended over 45 miles of front, took place owing to an attempt made by the Bulgarians to cross Voultsista Bridge at the foot of the northern slopes of Mount Panghaion and to enter the Greek zone. King Constantine and his staff thereupon left hurriedly for Salonika, where they were received by the population with acclamations, but treated with neglect by the Bulgarian officers. M. Venezelos and M. Gueshoff tried to find a means for establishing a neutral zone to separate the various armies, but failed to do so, and on May 26 M. Pashitch, the Servian Premier, declared that the Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty no longer existed, and that the conquered territories must therefore be divided in accordance with the real condition of affairs. Greece, however, was now said to be willing to accept mediation. The signature of peace with Turkey made but little change in the situation, although reports circulated that Bulgaria was willing to resign Salonika to Greece in exchange for concessions in the Panghaion region. Russia now clearly showed that she could only mediate when the Allies were ready for arbitration and prepared to act upon her decisions without reserve. The situation was, however, once more complicated by a speech of M. Pashitch before the Servian Skupshtina, in which he proved that Servia was not bound by the Treaty with Bulgaria, because the conquered territory had now to be divided between four instead of two Allies, whilst the war had been prolonged in order to enable Bulgaria to acquire Adrianople and the regions to the east of it, thus forcing Servia to put 100,000 more men in the field, although she had not received the outlet on the Adriatic promised to her by the agreement.

To Servia an independent outlet is a matter of life and death. As Austria has excluded her from the Adriatic, she must assure herself of a road to Salonika, and this she can only secure by

having a common frontier with Greece, who, in consideration of the sacrifices made by her for Bulgaria, has a right to retain some Slav territories. Servia refused the whole of the Vardar valley with Salonika when they were offered her during the negotiations for an autonomous Albania and the evacuation of the places she held on the Adriatic littoral, because it would have been contrary to the interest of the Allies for her to accept them.

M. Pashitch ended by saying, "It is the duty of the four Allies to settle among themselves in harmony all questions, including questions of territory, so that the relations of the Allies shall be fortified and placed on a still wider foundation.

"The solution of the Balkan question has perhaps injured the material interests of certain States, and it remains our duty to heal these wounds with the passage of time, and to create friendly and healthy relations with all States imbued with a desire for the development of the Balkans and desirous of living in tranquillity and friendship with the Balkan States."¹

As a result of this speech it was arranged that he should meet M. Gueshoff on the frontier near Tsaribrod, but feeling in both countries ran high, and significance was attached to the reported recall of Dr. Daneff from London to Sofia. The attitude of Servia produced great irritation in Russia, and the *Novoe Vremya* spoke of her refusal to accept Russian arbitration as insulting. Bulgarian public opinion was at first exasperated by M. Pashitch's speech and by reports brought by refugees from Macedonia of the efforts which the Servian authorities had made to induce them to renounce their nationality, but Russia stood firm, and MM. Pashitch, Venezelos, and Gueshoff never ceased to work for peace. M. Venezelos saw King Constantine at Salonika and succeeded in inducing His Majesty to attempt another negotiation with General Ivanoff for the establishment of a neutral zone, and also met the Bulgarian special envoy, M. Saratoff. The main dispute continued to be over Salonika, which the Greeks insisted upon retaining, whilst the Bulgarians claimed it as the chief port of Macedonia. Kastoria due south of Monastir was also claimed by both parties. MM. Gueshoff and Pashitch also met at Suchovo on the Servian frontier on June 1, and, although Bulgaria at first seemed determined to retain her Treaty rights, the meeting proved a most friendly one; and on June 2 it was announced that a Conference would be held between the Premiers of the four Allied States for the joint discussion of all questions arising out of the war, and that it would probably meet at St. Petersburg at an early date. Their task would, naturally, be a very difficult one.

To quote M. Chedo Mijatovich, a Servian statesman, "It is a tremendous task which the four Premiers will have to handle. They will not have to act as four judges, sitting in a Court of Justice, to examine the text of written contracts. They will have

¹ *The Times*, Thursday, May 29, 1913.

to face the brain storms raised by the excessive patriotism of three high-spirited nations. The strength of their already-concentrated armies, the justly enhanced pride of their soldiers, may prove rather a hindrance than a help to the calm and deliberate diplomatic work. Can M. Venezelos abandon Salonika and its modest hinterland? Absolutely impossible. Can M. Gueshoff abandon the Bulgarian claim to the territories on the right bank of the Vardar? To speak frankly, I do not see how he can. But will M. Pashitch dare to order the Servian army, which has won and now holds Monastir, Ochrida, Prilep, Veles, and Dibra, to deliver those towns to the Bulgarians? He may do so, as he has dared many a risky problem in his public career, but I doubt very much whether the army would obey such an order.

"Yet all the four statesmen ought to make strenuous efforts to come to an amicable arrangement, which will make an appeal to arms unnecessary. Not that I doubt the good chances of the Servian and Greek armies, which will necessarily march together. But I have reason to believe that the diplomatic position of Bulgaria is much stronger than ours. The Austrian and Hungarian Press—echoing the inspiration of the Austro-Hungarian Government—is unanimously against Servia and for Bulgaria in this quarrel. There is for me no doubt whatsoever that Austria, in an eventual conflict between Bulgaria and Servia, will support the former."¹

On June 3 M. Gueshoff resigned, and it was thought probable that Dr. Daneff, who had been suddenly called back from London to Sofia, would be sent for to form a Cabinet. As he was known to be a firm if not a somewhat intransigent supporter of the Bulgarian claims, his appointment was considered to be an omen of trouble. However, delay was considered to be an advantage, since if Bulgaria had at that moment replied to the Servian note, the only possible response would have envenomed the situation. Russia, who was doing all she could to keep peace in the Balkans, even though to do so she was forced to favour Servia at the expense of her former favourite Bulgaria, proposed that the meeting of Premiers should take place at Salonika, and that if they failed to come to an agreement, they should come on to St. Petersburg and enjoy the benefits of M. Sazonoff's mediation. At the same time Sir Edward Grey and the Ambassadorial Conference in London were discussing the fate of the Aegean Islands and the frontiers of Southern Albania. To reconcile the claims of Greece and Italy, it was suggested that Greece should receive, with restrictions, all the islands except those near the mouth of the Dardanelles (Samothece, Imbros, Tenedos, and, possibly, Lemnos), and that in exchange Greece should not insist upon her claim to the whole of the mainland opposite Corfu or to the town of Koritza, which lies in a district inhabited mainly

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, June 4, 1913.

by Kutso-Vlachs, who, though orthodox, do not, as a rule, speak Greek, and occupies a geographical position which renders it of some importance to the security of Monastir. On June 5 it was reported that the Rumanian Cabinet had fallen, and that a new Cabinet would be formed under the presidency of M. Filipescu, a Conservative, and the most violent opponent of Bulgaria in the country. It was expected that the Rumanians would now demand from Bulgaria the cession of the whole of the Silistria-Baltchik district in place of the small area of 3000 square kilometres (1158 square miles) which they were to receive as compensation under the proposed convention. Still matters bore a somewhat improved outlook, since King Ferdinand was known to be opposed to a Serbo-Bulgarian war, for which Serbia, however, was quite prepared. He was, however, unable to prevent M. Gueshoff from resigning, for his Cabinet were sharply divided upon the question of the relations of Bulgaria with Serbia and Greece. The members of the Tsankovitch party were anxious to follow the advice of Russia and counselled moderation; the Nationalists clamoured for a big Bulgaria, including Salonika, Voden, Monastir, Ochrida, Prilep, and Veles, thus throwing down a challenge alike to Serbia and to Greece. King Ferdinand, however, kept the directions of Bulgarian policy in his own hands, and upon him the decision depended. Much depended upon the attitude of Russia and Austria. *The Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg, writing on June 6, said: ¹

“The details which I give below are already well known to Balkan diplomats, but the Press and public, both in Sofia and Belgrade, will do well to take immediate account of them. Russia, I am able to state, informed both Governments that in the event of war she will bring home the responsibility to whichever combatant shall have refused to exhaust the resources of diplomacy. She reserves complete liberty of action, but says it is impossible to remain an indifferent spectator of an internecine struggle between two Slav States. The present policy of Rumania is regarded here as open to the charge of opportunism and singularly unhelpful to the cause of peace. She is seeking to find the highest bidder for her support; but, it should be pointed out, may end by finding herself suspected by all her possible clients.

“The Russian Government throughout has held that sane courses are not open to the Balkan Governments while under the pressure of their own Armies. The demobilization of two-thirds of each Army is therefore the point to which all the energy of the Russian Government is directed. To demobilize and again to demobilize, it repeats, is the only way of safety. As Bulgaria has consistently declared for arbitration it would be interesting to see whether, if she took her courage in both hands and proved

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, June 7, 1913.

the sincerity of her desire by demobilizing, Russia would give her effective guarantees against any risk involved in this course.

"Simultaneously with demobilization let a conference of Premiers, it is urged, meet to discuss Bulgaria's new frontiers. The Russian Government finds the proposal that the first meetings should be at Salonika to be both natural and desirable. Not merely Bulgaria and Greece, but also Servia is interested in Salonika as a commercial *débouché*, and the future status of the port should be agreed upon. Regarding the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier, the Russian Government finds both parties still deaf to reason. Each puts forward uncompromising maximum demands and neither will approach the formulation of the terms it might ultimately accept. The Russian view is frankly stated. The statement is made in some quarters that the text of the Serbo-Bulgarian Convention is secret even from Russia. This is incorrect, as the text all along has been before the Government. According to it and by the letter of the law Bulgaria is absolutely within her rights. Morally, however, Servia has some justification, as equity must consider the unforeseen in the fortunes of war, services rendered, and results achieved. Some modification of the Treaty, therefore, there must be. If Servia and Bulgaria are unable to find what it shall be, Russia is prepared to find it for them."

In Austria, however, "in competent and impartial quarters," the view still prevailed that the territorial dispute between the Balkan Allies was likely to be settled without war. "The representatives of the respective Balkan States are less confident. Much is expected to turn upon the apparently impending reconstruction of the Bulgarian Cabinet."

"The *Reichspost*, which draws its information from the Foreign Office Press Bureau, states that the critical situation in Bulgaria is being watched with the closest attention here, as a complete change in the Russophil course of Bulgarian policy seems in sight. It appears to be out of the question, adds the *Reichspost*, that M. Gueshoff, who was Russophil and whose resignation has already been accepted by King Ferdinand, will preside over the new Administration, nor is Dr. Daneff regarded as the coming man. Great impatience is noticeable in Servian military circles, which regard the conference of the Balkan Premiers as a Bulgarian manoeuvre to gain time for the completion of Bulgarian armaments against Servia. General Putnik, concludes the *Reichspost*, has telegraphed to General Savoff saying that any further movement of Bulgarian troops will be answered immediately by the advance of the whole Servian Army against Bulgaria.

"These statements doubtless correspond to the Austro-Hungarian semi-official view of the situation. They correspond also to the apprehensions of the Austro-Hungarian Southern Slavs, who fear that the appointment of a mainly Stambolovist

Administration at Sofia would render war inevitable and suspect Bulgaria of bad faith in sending a Premier *in statu dimissionis* to confer with his Greek, Servian, and Montenegrin colleagues. The view of the Serbo-Bulgarian controversy prevailing in the Southern Slav circles of the Monarchy is that, if law is on the side of Bulgaria, equity is on the side of Servia. Deep disappointment is felt that the two countries should apparently be unable to rise above the conflict of the moment and safeguard their permanent interests by an equitable arrangement of their differences."¹

In Greece, too, it was thought that the Cabinet might have to resign if Koritza, or any other districts in Epirus occupied by Greek troops, were incorporated in Albania. The Epirot officers in the Greek army talked of resigning their commissions and making common cause with their compatriots in resisting the withdrawal of the Greek troops.

In vain King George V., when he received the delegates of the Peace Conference at Buckingham Palace on June 7, urged that there should be no resumption of hostilities. Turkey by her refusal to restore the legal *status quo* as before the war to residents belonging to the belligerent nations, and by her demand for special privileges for the Moslems in their territories, not only led to the dissolution of the Peace Conference on June 19, but by securing the adoption of a Protocol, to the effect that these arrangements should be effected by separate negotiations between the Governments concerned, still further inflamed the mutual jealousies of the Allies. At the same time the old Turkish party were again raising their heads and protesting against all reforms, and they found supporters in the German Press, which knew that the foreign advisers of Turkey, for everything except military matters, will be English or French. The *Tanin* published an article from the Cologne *Gazette* which, though Marshal von der Goltz had urged the Turks to devote their first efforts to the reorganisation of their army, warned them to beware of all reforms which were contrary to their ancient religious and historical traditions, and stated that European legislative institutions are inapplicable to Turkey.

The Tsar of Russia, however, continued to use his utmost efforts to preserve peace. In a telegram to the Kings of Servia and Bulgaria, he called upon them to submit their disputes to his arbitration in accordance with their pledges given to him by Treaty, and stated that Russia would view with displeasure the attitude of either Power if it refused to submit its claims to arbitration; a fratricidal war in the Balkans would stain the glory of the Allies and be a disaster to the cause of the Slav nations. M. Venezelos also seconded his efforts by telegraphing to the Allies to ask them to arrange for a meeting of the four Premiers either at Salonika or under the Tsar's arbitration at St. Petersburg, and

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, June 7, 1913.

Prince Nicholas of Greece was despatched to Russia with the same object. Diplomats noticed that the Tsar's telegram coincided closely with King George's speech at Buckingham Palace. Servia at once accepted the Tsar's invitation, but M. Pashitch resigned. King Peter persuaded him to withdraw his resignation. Servian diplomacy continued to work for the meeting of the Premiers. King Ferdinand, however, replied to the Tsar's letter in a somewhat haughty tone, pointing out that Bulgaria could not be expected after all her sacrifices to give up the territory which was secured to her by her treaty with Servia, merely because the military arrangements had to be altered in consequence of the change in the military situation. His reply made a disagreeable impression at St. Petersburg.

The reasons for King Ferdinand's coolness to Russia lay deep, and were revealed by *The Times* correspondent at Sofia, even before the Royal reply could have reached St. Petersburg. He says: "The causes of M. Gueshoff's retirement, which have hitherto been veiled in obscurity, may now be disclosed. In the second week of March Servia for the first time communicated to Bulgaria and Russia her demand for a revision of the Treaty of Alliance. The demand was kept secret here and in St. Petersburg, inasmuch as disclosure would have encouraged the Turks to prolong their resistance. After the fall of Adrianople great preparations were made for storming the Tchataldja lines, the greater part of the troops hitherto occupied in the siege of the city, together with the artillery, being now free to take part in this offensive movement. Russia now became alarmed at the prospect of the Bulgarian entry into Constantinople, and urged the Bulgarian Government to desist from the proposed attack on Tchataldja, promising in return to compel Servia to abide by the Treaty and hand over the territory beyond the contested zone to Bulgaria. At the same time Russia undertook to exercise her right of arbitration in regard to the contested zone, basing the decision on ethnical considerations. On the strength of these assurances the Bulgarian Government gave up the idea of attacking Tchataldja, and an armistice was concluded with Turkey through the exertions of Russia. When the Conference met in London, the Bulgarian and Turkish delegates were ready to sign the Treaty, but the Servians and Greeks raised difficulties, and Servia profited by the delay to press her demand for the revision of the Treaty in St. Petersburg. What influences were brought to bear on the Russian Government it is difficult to say, but, shortly before the signature of the Peace of London, Russia, notwithstanding her previous assurances, suggested to the Bulgarian Government the abandonment not only of the whole of the contested zone to Servia but also the districts of Kratovo, Veles, and Krushevo lying beyond it. These concessions were represented as necessary for the preservation of peace and the maintenance of the Alliance.

"On receipt of this communication M. Gueshoff resigned. He was confronted with the alternative of accepting a proposal to which the nation would never consent or of rejecting it at the risk of a rupture of the Alliance and war. He considered that so grave a decision should be taken by the representatives of all the parties in the State, and King Ferdinand apparently arrived at the same conclusion, as before the Prime Minister tendered his resignation his Majesty took counsel with various Opposition leaders. The course taken by the King naturally confirmed M. Gueshoff's decision. It was resolved that they should maintain the Treaty, but it was considered that they should associate all parties with the responsibilities of government in such a crisis in the national history. The proposed 'concentration' proved impossible owing to the difficulties raised by some of the Opposition chiefs, and Dr. Daneff has formed a Ministry composed of the representatives of the two parties who have hitherto held power. The new Prime Minister enjoys the unbounded confidence of the King. He is a *persona grata* in St. Petersburg, and possesses a wide knowledge of the international situation which will prove highly valuable in the present juncture."¹

Under these circumstances both Austria and Rumania began to see an opening for regaining their former influence in the Balkans. The Austrian Press published articles pointing out that if Russia were to acquire a species of protectorate over the Balkan League the position of Austria would be one of great danger, whilst M. Bratiano, the leader of the Rumanian Opposition, stated in the *Vittorul* of Bukarest that the object of Rumania must be to establish a satisfactory equilibrium in the Balkans; Bulgaria, by the cession of a strategic frontier extending from Turkutai to Baltchik, would preserve a peaceful understanding with Rumania. Should she fail to come to an arrangement with Rumania, the latter Power would be forced to preserve the equilibrium of the Balkans by preventing Bulgaria from extending her limits beyond her present territories. On June 16 the *Neue Freie Presse* announced that as further diplomatic action to secure demobilisation in the Balkans seemed, after the Tsar's telegram, to have no practical value, Austria would in future refrain from taking any part in it, whilst Germany and Italy appeared to regard the Tsar's telegram with some favour and would not withdraw from that action out of respect for the decision of the Great Powers. In Bulgaria and Servia the armies were getting impatient as the harvest was drawing near, and the privates, who are mostly small proprietors, were anxious about the safety of their crops; whilst in Macedonia the "Internal Organisation," which had so long urged war against the Young Turks, was again taking the field for the protection of the rural population. The attitude of Bulgaria also awakened anxiety in

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, June 17, 1913.

Greece, where much ill-feeling was caused by the way in which the Bulgarians had insulted some Greek soldiers whom they had made prisoners near Panghaion.

The Tsar, however, appeared to think the danger over, for on June 17 the Rescript addressed by his Imperial Majesty to M. Sazonoff appeared in the papers.

"The hearty reception accorded to me on the part of the German Emperor and the people of Berlin and the friendly meeting with the King of England were all the more gratifying to me in that I could see in them, not only the tradition of old friendship, but also an expression of harmonious feeling in the main questions of European policy at the present time, which is a sure pledge for the preservation of the peaceful relations so necessary for the happiness of all nations. In recognition of the fact that in the heavy labours which fell to your lot in consequence of the events in the Balkans you not only have fulfilled in every detail all my instructions, suggested to me by the interests of my beloved Russia, but have also contrived with keen perspicacity and steadfastness in the defence of your views, and also by a conscientious treatment of every question, to win for yourself the trust of all those who have taken part in the international settlement of complicated and trying questions, I consider it my duty to express to you my sincere gratitude.

"Expressing the esteem in which I hold you, I remain your ever well-wishing

NICHOLAS."

The objects at stake were, of course, important enough, for though the 10,000 square kilometres (3860 square miles) in Western Macedonia, as to which Bulgaria and Servia were disputing, may be inhabited by Bulgarians, yet, as M. Pashitch pointed out, if Servia were not given access to the sea through the valley of the Vardar, an object that could only be secured if she had a common frontier with Greece, her economic future would be ruined. She had fought the war to gain her future as a nation. Moreover, the Serbo-Greek forces were in an excellent strategical position, and though Greece had not yet ratified the Treaty with Turkey, the Greek fleet had regained its liberty of action, whilst Rumania might yet turn the balance by actively intervening in the fray. Yet Greece and Servia were both anxious to settle their disputes with Bulgaria by arbitration, and Bulgaria alone held back. She has paid dearly for her folly, yet despite all that has passed, one thing is ever growing clearer. Peace can only be preserved in the Balkans by the establishment of the Eastern Empire on the German model, with Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria as its elected, hereditary ruler.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PEACE OF LONDON

NOTWITHSTANDING the Turkish Revolution, Destiny had decreed that Mr. Asquith was, after all, to prove a true prophet, and the Peace of London has now been inscribed by History amongst the Treaties of the world.

As we have already seen, the Turkish Ministry had by the end of February placed itself without reserve in the hands of the Great Powers, to whom it left the task of mediating with the Allies. The failure of Enver Bey in the field, and the discovery at Constantinople of a plot to overthrow the Ministry in which Hutfi Bey, the secretary of Prince Seba ed-Din, together with the leaders of the Military League, was involved, forced them to this step. It was not without significance that the conspirators had held out promises that Adrianople should be a neutral zone, that a large loan should be issued, and that there should be no European interference in Turkish affairs for a period of thirty years. The Revolution had failed, and Djavid Bey, ex-Minister of Finance, left for Europe in connection with certain proposed financial arrangements. About the same time the Turkish flag, which floated over an islet in Suda Bay as a token of the Sultan's suzerainty over Crete, together with the flags of the Protecting Powers, was hauled down with military honours by a detachment of blue-jackets from H.M. cruiser *Yarmouth*, and the flag of Greece was hoisted in their place. The best harbour in the Levant had with Crete passed into Greek hands, nor had the Sultan been asked to sanction the transfer of his rights.

Hakki Pasha had arrived in London on February 17, and, although certain rumours were denied that he had come to secure English support for the retention by Turkey of Adrianople by granting concessions to her interests in the Persian Gulf and in Mesopotamia, yet subsequent events proved that they were not without a substratum of truth.

In reply to the request of Turkey for mediation, the Powers merely intimated that no reply to their Collective Note of January 17 had been received from the Porte, and that until it was

answered they could take no further steps in that direction. The Bulgarian Minister of Finance took an early opportunity of stating that Bulgaria would insist upon a war indemnity from Turkey to cover her losses, and that the Allies would insist that its immediate payment should be guaranteed upon the surplus revenues of the Ottoman Public Debt. On the representations of the creditors of Turkey that such an indemnity would involve her finances in hopeless ruin, it was pointed out that the Great Powers, more especially France, were also creditors of the Allied States, and that they would be equally the sufferers if the interest on the debts of the Balkan peoples was not met. As a matter of fact, from a financial point of view, it is known that Turkey will be a gainer by the loss of her European provinces, as they merely constituted a drain upon her treasury, which derives its resources from her Asiatic provinces. The financial readjustments which would have to be made after the war were, in reality, of far greater real interest to the Powers of the Triple Entente and Germany than were the merely territorial arrangements, but the Foreign Minister of Italy, the Marquis di San Giuliano, on February 22, during the discussion in the Chamber on the Foreign Office Estimates, declared that it was the intention of Italy to intensify its activity, both in the Adriatic and in the Mediterranean, and to assert itself as a Great Power in any future territorial changes which might come about in those seas. He further intimated that Italy would probably enter into a pact with Spain about North Africa similar to the friendly arrangements which it already had in those regions with France and England. His declaration created some searchings of heart in the Chancelleries until it was shown to refer merely to some unimportant police arrangements as regards the Spanish sphere in Morocco and Tripoli. The Triple Entente had no wish to see a member of the Triple Alliance trifling with the affections of Spain. Montenegro, at the same time, declared that it would retain Skutari at all costs, and addressed a final appeal to the Emperor of Russia against the decision of the Powers that Albania should be autonomous. Bulgaria was equally determined to secure Adrianople and an extension of its boundary southward.

Such was the position when the Powers undertook once more the task of mediating between the Porte and the Allies.

On February 27 it was rumoured at Sofia that the Russian Government had informed Bulgaria that a report had been received from the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, M. de Giers, stating that the Porte would be ready to negotiate with Bulgaria on the basis of the surrender of Adrianople, and that this proposal was to be discussed by the Council of Ministers. On the same day Sir Arthur Nicholson informed Tewfik Pasha that the Powers would willingly resume mediation between Turkey and Bulgaria on two conditions, firstly, that the Powers' last Joint Note should

be taken as the basis of negotiations, and, secondly, that Turkey should undertake to accept unconditionally the result of the Powers' negotiations. In that Joint Note, as we have seen, the Powers urged Turkey to cede Adrianople and to give up the Aegean Islands into their hands, whilst engaging to safeguard Mussulman interests in Adrianople and to regulate the question of the Archipelago in a way which would not menace the security of Turkey. It was proposed that the peace negotiations should be carried on through the Ambassadorial Conference in London, which, however, would not deal for the moment with the delimitation of Albania.

On March 5 Turkey informed the Great Powers that she placed herself entirely in their hands, and agreed in advance to accept whatever terms the Powers might decide upon, and the Balkan Allies were informed of her decision. Mahmud Shevket Pasha and his Government were, in truth, in no plight to refuse, for they were menaced with revolution at home. Constantinople, where fresh plots against the Government had been discovered, was in a state of extreme apprehension; the roads to the Porte were closed to the public, and the Ministers' houses guarded against possible attacks. Even the severe weather did not diminish the excitement. Highly placed officials acknowledged that large numbers of officers at Tchataldja were involved in these plots, and placards, which were quickly torn down by the police, were discovered posted upon St. Sophia and Eyoub, calling upon the people to rise and sweep away a corrupt Government which had not fulfilled its pledges, had proved unable to retain possession of Adrianople, sold their cemeteries to the Jews, and violated the decrees of Islam. A mutiny of some Arab troops at Gallipoli, who alleged that they were too numbed by the cold to fight, also added to their embarrassments. Fifty mutineers were shot by way of example. Shevket did not attend the Selamlık on March 8, and did not punish Achmet Abouk Pasha, an Albanian general, who was second in command at Tchataldja, for telegraphing to him that the movement for punishing the assassins of Nazim Pasha was growing amongst the officers.

Despite all the efforts of the Government to prevent it, the Suleimanieh Mosque, where Nazim Pasha is buried, was thronged with worshippers when a memorial service was held in his memory, although twenty-five officers who attended the commemoration were arrested the same night. A reorganisation of the Cabinet with the aid of Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha and Nejmeddin Pasha, ex-Minister of Justice, was thought to be imminent.

The Allies, however, proved by no means willing to accept the mediation of the Powers, unless the Powers would secure them the minimum of their demands. Their procrastination was explained by the fact that they hoped that Skutari might fall before a combined assault of the Montenegrins and the Serbs, for

which great preparations were being made, for the Servians were transporting timber, pontoons, airships, field guns, and munitions of war in enormous quantities, on Greek vessels to Durazzo. It was believed, however, at Vienna, that it would be possible to organise a general rising of the Albanian tribes against them, should they attempt to hold the country.

It had not been easy to persuade many of the members of the Committee of Union and Progress that peace might have to be signed, if not upon the League's terms, at least on the basis of the Joint Note of January 17.

Writing on March 10, the Constantinople correspondent of *The Times* said :¹

"The Rumeliote delegates who attended the many meetings of the Committee that were held last week were especially hard to convince, though several members of the Cabinet who were present at these meetings did not conceal the difficulties of the situation. It is certain that no final decision was reached at these meetings. Given the circumstances in which the Committee regained power, the last word rested with the army, and the party chiefs had to take into account the attitude of the actual or potential military opposition. They felt that, while the Government might fall after making peace, its members would run less risk than the promoters of the *coup d'état*. The word was then passed round that a general election would follow the conclusion of peace, and that the party would not diminish the prestige of the Throne by protesting against the dissolution of the last Chamber by Imperial decree. This did not disarm the opposition, and officers, among whom, it is said, was Enver Bey, were sent to negotiate with the hostile or critical elements in the army. The message which they seem to have delivered may be summed up as follows: 'The country needs peace and internal tranquillity. We cannot make peace alone. To obtain your support for a peace policy we offer you a certain number of seats in the Cabinet. The Coalition Ministry will make peace and immediately order a general election. The new Parliament will judge between us. We demand your support on patriotic grounds.'

"The Committee Party is therefore attempting, or has attempted, to disarm its opponents by inducing them to share the responsibility of peace. Its policy is natural enough in the circumstances. Its leaders realise that they were too precipitate on January 23, and that, if they lose as much as or more than Kiamil Pasha was prepared to lose, even popular passivity may have its limits. The opponents of the new Government declare that the Committee's net has been vainly spread in the sight of the Opposition bird, and to judge from the attitude of the Committee Press, which is once more clamouring for war *à outrance*, the attempt to appease the Opposition has failed. It does not

¹ *The Times*, Monday, March 17, 1913.

follow that its failure is due merely to political antipathies. A factor which Europe does not, perhaps, take sufficiently into account is the desire of great numbers of junior officers, quite irrespective of party, to try one more pitched battle in the open field, whether Adrianople surrenders or not, before they confess that Turkey is beaten. The wish is very honourable to their courage, and must influence the decisions of the Government or of the party, on the support of which the Government is based."

Athens and Belgrade took some time before replying to the offer of mediation by the Powers; whilst though at Sofia peace was earnestly desired the good faith of the Young Turks was regarded with scepticism.

On March 14 the Allies at last submitted to the Powers the conditions upon which they would accept mediation.

These conditions were:—(1) That practically all the territory conquered and Adrianople and Skutari should be ceded by Turkey. (2) Aegean Islands to be ceded. (3) All interests in Crete to be renounced. (4) Payment of a war indemnity. (5) Rights reserved to settle by treaty their trade relations with Turkey, and the treatment to be accorded to their subjects. (6) War to continue meanwhile.

The fifth condition was inserted on account of the difficulties which had occurred after the Turco-Greek War in settling the position of Greek subjects in Turkey.

It was seen at once that the mention of Skutari raised a very delicate question. Speaking in the House of Commons on March 11, Mr. Asquith had said that the dispute as to Servia's access to the Adriatic might be regarded as settled. The Powers had unanimously accepted the principle of an autonomous Albania under a European guarantee, and though other points had to be settled, they could not be regarded as vital. It was believed that the Powers had earmarked Skutari as the future capital of Albania.

The Allies' reply also stated that after the conclusion of peace Adrianople was to be formally handed over to Bulgaria, the Aegean Islands to Greece, and Skutari to Montenegro.

Opinion in Europe saw at once that these terms could not possibly be accepted, but it was thought that they might be modified under pressure from the Powers. The Ambassadorial Conference discussed them on March 15, but came to no decision. Diplomats were in favour of treating them as an acceptance of mediation, and of using them as a basis for further negotiations, although it was foreseen that in the end the Powers might have to draw up the Treaty of Peace themselves and to recommend both parties to accept it.

But it may well be doubted whether, in the whole history of diplomacy, there has ever been an instance in which the negotia-

tions between the actual belligerents have been so obscured by side-issues. To Europe at large the least important question was whether peace was concluded between the Allies and Turkey or not. Turkey, believing that its European provinces were lost for ever, felt little interest in their fate. All thoughts were turned towards the relations between Powers which had not fired a shot for the liberation of Macedonia or of Thrace, and the Powers who had poured forth their blood like water to free them from the Turk. It mattered little except to Turkey and Bulgaria themselves at what precise point the frontier between them was drawn in Thrace, and the interest which Turkey felt as regards the status of the islands which adjoin the coast of Asia Minor was, perhaps, somewhat platonic; but Italy was keenly interested in the question of the Archipelago and of Albania; Austria was at daggers drawn with Russia over the future of Skutari, even though it seemed as if she might have to pay for the expulsion of the Montenegrins from the future capital of Albania by handing over Vallona, the key of the Adriatic, to her rival and ally Italy; Rumania was eager to wrest Silistria and a stretch of the Euxine coast from Bulgaria in payment for a neutrality which had been dictated solely by what she, perhaps blindly, looked upon as her interests. With all these questions I have dealt already in some detail, so I will here only summarise the course of events which once more brought the belligerents together in conference at St. James's Palace.

After the fall of Adrianople, and still more after the second repulse of the Bulgarians before Tchataldja, it became clear that a formal cessation of hostilities between the belligerents was merely a question of days. The Balkan Powers were, as a whole, disposed to accept the proposals of the Great Powers as a basis of peace. Bulgaria, however, objected to the Enos-Midia line proposed by the Powers for her frontier in Thrace, as being too near the railway from Adrianople to the coast of the Aegean, and because it left Tchorlu and other battlefields in Turkish territory. In its place she at first proposed a Rodosto-Midia line, in view of its comparative shortness and of her trade with Constantinople and Asia Minor. When, however, in deference to Russia, the Powers refused to allow her access to the Sea of Marmora, she proposed a line from Cape Malatra, south of Midia, which would cross the Ergene River near the railway between Inadja and Halkodja, and run thence to Cape Dragodina. The port of Enos would thus fall to Bulgaria.

These objections were taken due note of in the Collective Note of the Powers which was presented to the Porte on March 30 by their six Ambassadors at Constantinople through their *doyen* Marquis Pallavicini.

Count Leon Ostrovog wrote in the *Daily Telegraph*: "The text of the Note is precisely the same as that of the Note already

presented to the Balkan States, with this important difference. It will doubtless be remembered that in the text elaborated by the Conference of Ambassadors in London, and communicated to the Balkan Allies, the frontier line between Turkey and Bulgaria was given as having for its extreme points Enos, on the Aegean Sea, and Midia, on the Black Sea, following the Maritza from its mouth to its confluence with the Ergene, then the course of the Ergene up to its source in the Istrandja Dag.

"In the Note presented to-day the extreme points are still Enos and Midia, but the frontier line is given as following a straight line from Midia to Enos, the effect of which will be to leave the mouth of the Maritza and the lower course of the Ergene completely in Bulgarian territory.

"This rectification appears to be due to the fact that diplomatic conversations with Bulgaria have demonstrated the impossibility of inducing the Bulgarians to accept any frontier which did not leave them complete masters of both banks of the Maritza, which they contemplate transforming into an important maritime outlet by rendering it navigable at the mouth."¹

In their reply, which was communicated to Marquis Pallavicini on March 31, the Porte accepted the preliminary basis for the conclusion of peace recommended by the Powers without any reservations. The Committee organs published articles to show that to do so was the only course open to Turkey, and the news was joyfully welcomed by the population of the capital, who, ever since the revolution of January 23, had been longing for an early peace. On April 3 Herr von Jägow made an important speech in the German Reichstag in which he explained the view which Germany took of the proposed conditions.

The Foreign Secretary referred to the "Collective Note which was sent to the Porte before the fall of Kiamil Pasha's Cabinet. The purpose was, he said, to secure for Turkey after her collapse all that was possible. The events in Constantinople rendered the efforts of the Powers fruitless. All the financial questions would be discussed in Paris with the help of experts, and preliminary discussions had been proceeding for some time. The Midia-Enos frontier had, at the instance of Russia, been proposed to the belligerents by the Powers in order to end the hostilities as soon as possible, and it had been accepted by Turkey. The replies of the Balkan Allies to the mediation proposals had not yet been received. The question of the islands contained considerable difficulties. German policy aimed at a solution of this question in such a way that the Asiatic possessions of Turkey would not be imperilled. As regarded the Asiatic possessions of Turkey, German diplomacy aimed at the maintenance of the *status quo* and the support of Turkey's vitality. No Power had raised the question of the Dardanelles.

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Monday, March 31, 1913.

"In reply to further questions, the Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, Herr Zimmermann, said that the meetings of Ambassadors in London had arrived at a provisional agreement regarding the principles which should apply to the association of the Balkan States in the Turkish State Debt. The Balkan States would take over that part of the debt which corresponded to the revenues of the territories ceded to them, and they would take the place of the Turkish Government as regarded all concessions and contracts in the ceded territories. The details would be settled by an International Commission, which would meet at Paris, and in which Turkey and the Balkan States would be represented, and the decisions of the Commission would be included in the Treaty of Peace. The Commission would meet as soon as possible, and preliminary discussions were being conducted by the French Government and the Councillors of Embassies of the Great Powers, together with prominent financiers and delegates of the Ottoman Debt as technical advisers."¹

In France, however, certain passages in Herr von Jägow's speech aroused a certain feeling of distrust, especially as regarded England, which tallied with the views current in Turkish circles, many of which are in touch with France.

"In general the whole tenor of the Chancellor's allusions to foreign politics is received here with diffidence. There seems to be a feeling that Germany is not beneath following the counsels of General Friedrich Bernhardi, who, in his book on *Germany and the Future War*, published in March last year, boldly advocated the most Machiavellian policy yet proposed since the days of Machiavelli himself. That policy was to detach England from the Entente, to prevent Russia from being of any practical use to her ally, and then turning upon France with the whole force of the German Empire, to crush her for ever in a war for which pretexts should be purposely created, either in Europe or in the colonial field, so that France should again appear as she did in 1870, the aggressor, and Germany the injured party. There is something in the tone of the Chancellor's speech in which some French minds already detect 'the injured party.'

"The *Débats* very pointedly calls attention to the words of the Chancellor, in which he says that he would not say that 'at no moment war had not been at their door, and that on several occasions it required on the part of all the Cabinets a full sentiment of their responsibility to prevent a violent explosion.' Comparing this, says the *Débats*, with the words of Sir Edward Grey, that the agreement as regards Albania was just in time to prevent peace from being broken, it seems that there were certain very critical moments."

I have treated this episode with more attention, perhaps, than it deserves, but it is never wise to neglect any sign which can

¹ *The Times*, Friday, April 4, 1913.

throw light upon any trend of public opinion, and it is not too much to say that during the last few months the "man in the street" must have sometimes thought that, as regards France and Russia, Sir Edward Grey at times walked upon very thin ice.

The reply of the Allies was delayed owing to certain modifications suggested by Servia and Montenegro, but was finally handed to the Powers at Sofia on April 5.

"The Allies express their gratitude to the Powers for their efforts to bring about the conclusion of peace, and, desiring sincerely to facilitate their task, accept their conditions for mediation subject to the following reservations:

"1. In the definitive determination of the frontier in Thrace, the line indicated in the conditions formulated by the Powers shall be taken as a basis and not as the definitive line.

"2. The Aegean Islands shall be ceded by Turkey to the Allies.

"3. The Allies consider that they should know beforehand the frontiers proposed for Albania, trusting that they will be in conformity with those which they proposed in London.

"4. The demand for a war indemnity must be accepted in principle, the task of fixing its amount being left to the Commission which is to study the financial questions, and on which the Allies will be represented.

"5. The Allies agree that the operations of war shall cease as soon as the above conditions have been favourably received and admitted."

Thus the only questions really left open were those of the Aegean Islands and of the delimitation of the southern frontier of Albania. I have already explained that the sole reason for the importance of these questions was the apprehension felt by Italy lest Greece should become a naval power.

In the meantime public opinion in Bulgaria had become more favourable to peace; the last defeat at Tchataldja had been severely felt in Sofia itself.

"It will be remembered that two Sofia regiments suffered very severe losses early in the campaign owing to injudicious handling by the divisional commander. During the last five months these regiments have been restored to their full fighting strength by the inclusion of young recruits, many of them belonging to the best families and hardly more than boys. Great care was naturally exercised to avoid a repetition of the disaster, and when the regiments were sent south to Tchataldja it was decided that they should take the place of a couple of Danube regiments, which occupied a position near Buyuk Tchekmedje, protected by swampy ground, where it was considered unlikely that they would be subjected to a surprise attack.

"The Danube regiments marched out of the position at 5 P.M. on March 29 and the Sofia regiments arrived at 7 o'clock. By

some means or other the Turkish spies got to know that the troops were inexperienced, and the Turks selected the next morning to make an attack. Under cover of a heavy mist, which is very common in that region, a flanking party worked its way round and succeeded in enfilading the position and inflicting enormous losses on the Bulgarians, the majority being killed.

"The heavy personal losses in the capital itself have very naturally caused a considerable revulsion of feeling, and have made many prominent men more favourable towards peace, despite the diplomatic and political value of the capture of Adrianople. The military, however, view the matter from a totally different standpoint. The issue is still in the balance, and the question of the possibility of a general attack on Tchataldja is still being discussed."¹

Since the repulse of that attack matters had continued quiet before Tchataldja, and, indeed, save for one or two outpost fights, warlike operations had everywhere ceased except around Skutari.

On April 8 the Ambassadorial Conference drew up a reply to the Note of the Allies, which was despatched to them through Sir Edward Grey. This Note was on the following lines :

"1. The Powers agree to accept the Enos-Midia direct line as a basis for negotiation of the new Turco-Bulgarian frontier.

"2. The question of the status of the Aegean Islands, the majority of which will go to Greece, is reserved for the Powers.

"3. The question of a war indemnity, together with all financial questions arising out of the war, will be considered by the Financial Commission to meet in Paris.

"4. In regard to Albania it will be declared that the frontiers of the north and north-eastern portion of that State have already been decided by the Powers, by whom, also, the remaining part of the boundary is being discussed.

"In conclusion the Powers will recommend the Allies to cease hostilities."

Peace in fact appeared at length to be in sight. The Bulgarian Government, to facilitate agricultural work, dismissed all men from the columns who were over forty-five years of age, although a party headed by Dr. Daneff urged that war should be continued until the Powers had done something for Bulgaria's ally Montenegro. At Berlin a semi-official Note in the *Lokalanzeiger* admitted that the horizon was beginning to clear a little, and noted as hopeful signs the willingness of Bulgaria to conclude a preliminary peace, of Greece to acquiesce in the proposals of the Powers with regard to the southern frontier of Albania, and the fact that Montenegro, in the negotiations which were being carried on under the leadership of Italy, showed some readiness to accept an equivalent for Skutari either in money or in territory taken from the fertile plain round it.

¹ *The Times*, Tuesday, April 8, 1913.

An official statement issued on April 10 by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs expressed the views of Russia.

"The principal object pursued by the Russian Government at the time of the military successes of the Balkan Allies was to assure for the victors the fruits of their victories in the largest possible measure. This object has been attained as the result of complicated and difficult negotiations, for the Allies could not look for success except by virtue of non-intervention of the Powers.

"To appreciate at its just value the importance of the services rendered by Russia towards the Balkan States, the complexity of the international situation, with the collision of opposing interests, must be fully taken into account. The localisation of the war was only possible on two conditions—first, the renunciation by the Great Powers of their individual territorial and other advantages; secondly, the renunciation of any individual action on their part.

"These negative conditions implied a third and positive condition, namely, the revision of the situation created by the war and its reconciliation with the interests of the Great Powers, interests which they could not renounce, and the adjustment of which could only be effected by the European Concert whose decision should be rendered in the name of the whole of Europe. Hence individual action could not be taken by any of the Powers, except on condition of the unanimous recognition by them that the decision of Europe had a compelling force.

"In these circumstances the Conference of Ambassadors in London was convoked. That Conference has just completed the heavy task of determining the frontiers of North and North-Eastern Albania in opposition to the interests of Montenegro and Servia, with their very natural tendency towards expansion."

The comments of the Montenegrin Government on the communication did not lack a certain dignity.

The *Glas Tsrnogortza*, the official organ, printed the Russian *communiqué* with the reply beneath it.

"After pointing out that certain passages of the Russian statement tend to confirm the belief that Russian diplomacy was not accurately informed, the reply cites as an example the statement that King Nicholas had received advice to desist from his personal ambitions and not to commit the Montenegrins to useless sacrifices. The *communiqué* continued:

"His Majesty the King is unwilling to see in these words an attempt to excite the people against their Sovereign. That would be contrary to all moral laws, and we therefore ascribe this passage to total ignorance on the part of the Russian Foreign Office. In Montenegro the will of the people is identical with the will of the Ruler, and the latter has for his sole aim the honour and prosperity of his country. As regards the assertion that King Nicholas desired to drag Russia into a European war, we

affirm, on the contrary, that His Majesty begged Russia not to declare war solely in order to assist Montenegro. This can best be proved by the official documents of February 14 and March 22, and we should be very grateful to the Imperial Government that Russian blood should not be shed except in the interests of the Russian Fatherland. Montenegro will never shed the precious blood of her sons save when necessary for the honour and safety of the country, her national existence, and her glorious past.'"¹

The presence of M. Popovitch, the Montenegrin Peace Commissioner in London, was, however, supposed to show that means were being taken to open a way of retreat for King Nicholas from the position he had taken up.

The decision and clearness of the tone of the Russian *communiqué* as regarded King Nicholas and the Pan-Slav movement met with great appreciation at Vienna. In Montenegro depression prevailed when it became known that the king was negotiating for compensation for Skutari. Greece, too, felt that she was left out in the cold whilst Bulgaria got all she desired. It was suggested, however, that the Southern Albanian frontier inland could be arranged by a mixed Commission, to be delimited in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, whilst the point from which it was to start on the seashore could be settled by direct negotiation with Italy, and the neutrality and non-fortification of the shores opposite Corfu, although not south of that island, could be guaranteed by Greece. Bulgaria and Servia were willing to accept the terms of the Powers.

The Foreign Office communication, moreover, utterly cut the ground from under the feet of the Russian Opposition. The Pan-Slavist agitation was as dead as a door-nail. The notion that M. Sazonoff was pursuing his own personal policy whilst the Premier was playing into the hands of international Jews was dispelled once and for all. It came to be seen that the policy of Russia had undergone no change since the outbreak of the war, and that it emanated from the Tsar himself, and would be carried out regardless of any change in the personality of the Ministers.

Nor was Russia idle at Sofia. On Wednesday, April 16, the *Daily Telegraph* was able to announce that news had been received by the Russian Government that an armistice between Turkey and Bulgaria had been concluded at Tchataldja owing to Russian representations to the Bulgarian Government. On the following day the terms were officially published at Constantinople.²

"A suspension of hostilities consequent upon a verbal agreement between the Ottoman and Bulgarian armies on the following terms is officially announced :

"Article I. Hostilities will be suspended at Tchataldja and Bulair until April 23.

¹ *The Times*, Monday, April 14, 1913.

² *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, April 18, 1913.

“ ‘ *Article 2.* If the peace negotiations do not come to an issue in this interval, the period can be prolonged with the assent of both sides.

“ ‘ *Article 3.* A commission to be appointed by both parties will fix a neutral zone between the two armies.

“ ‘ *Article 4.* In the event of a resumption of hostilities the two parties will have to give forty-eight hours’ notice. This delay will commence at eight o’clock in the evening of the day on which the notice is received by the other party.

“ ‘ *Article 5.* During the time of the suspension of hostilities the Ottoman fleet will not oppose the revictualling of the Bulgarian army with provision of foods between the Gulf of Saros and the coast of the Black Sea.’

“ The term, ‘suspension of hostilities,’ which is used may be explained thus. Generals in the field have the power to ‘suspend hostilities’ without reference to their Governments, while a formal armistice cannot be so concluded.

“ The advantage from the Bulgarians’ point of view of the present arrangement is that they have thus been able to come to a separate agreement with the Turks, which is not an ‘armistice’ in name, though it is an armistice in fact, without breaking outwardly the letter of the treaty of alliance, which stipulates that the Allies shall only make peace in unison.”

The first step had been taken on the path which was to lead to the Treaty of London.

From the first, Bulgaria, which was preoccupied mainly with its disputes with Rumania and with the Allies, declared itself ready to accept the proposals of the Powers with certain unimportant reservations. Greece and Servia accepted the mediation proposals; Montenegro was thought to be changing her attitude.

The dispute between Servia and Bulgaria was considered by competent Austrian authorities to be one which would probably be settled without recourse to violence, for Bulgaria could only gain by taking the interests of Europe as a whole into account. If she betrayed Balkan interests, she would be kept for ever to the east of the Vardar, and would find her gains in other directions counterbalanced by the undying hatred of Servia. On the other hand, Servia, in her own interests, should not oppose justified Bulgarian claims or retain Bulgar districts which she did not require for paramount strategical reasons. In financial circles peace was held to be assured, but it was seen that no financial settlement could be effected until territorial questions were settled. Russia undertook to bring about an agreement between Bulgaria and Rumania. To less cool-headed observers matters looked critical enough. The Servians were despatching fresh troops from Kumanovo to Monastir where they were arresting Bulgarian residents. Bulgarian bands were active in the Servian district

of Prilep, and in the Pravishtia district, which lies contiguous to the much-coveted Gulf of Orfano, the Bulgarians had advanced as far south as Samakov and lay facing the Greeks a mile off at Mustegna.

But behind the Balkan peoples the Great Powers stood as grim warders of the marches, and it was rapidly becoming clear that the Great Powers were resolved that the Balkan War should be brought to an end.

Speaking on April 23, at a dinner of the Institute of Foreign Journalists in London, Mr. Asquith said, in the presence of the Foreign Ambassadors and the Bulgarian Minister:

"You have as fellow-guests of your association the Ambassadors of the Great Powers of Europe. We have been sitting together round a table this afternoon in prosecution of the great task of conciliation and of common counsel, upon which, under the presidency of my right hon. friend and colleague, Sir Edward Grey, they have been engaged now for months. Shallow and impatient critics are ready enough to jibe at what they consider the cumbrous and dilatory methods of the European concert. But the results which are being slowly but surely achieved are, in my opinion at any rate, well worth the time, the energy, and the tact which have been so unsparingly given to their attainment.

"The Great Powers, more than one of whom are acutely and directly interested in the upheaval of the old *régime* in the Near East, have worked so far successfully for an honourable peace among themselves. Their mediation has now we hope been at least in principle accepted by the actual combatants. I do not say that points of difficulty may not and will not emerge—one such is prominently before our minds to-day—which will call for the exercise of the same qualities of forbearance, of mutual understanding and accommodation, of willingness to subordinate particular interests and susceptibilities to one great governing purpose—the common pursuit of a durable peace—and we may, I think, believe without an access of optimism that sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, we shall reach the goal which has been so long and so laboriously sought."

Speaking at the London Chamber of Commerce on the following night, the French Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, emphasised the fact that the friendly understanding between France and England was a guarantee for the peace of the rest of the world.

The fall of Skutari, so pregnant with danger in the eyes of the chancelleries of Europe, had very little direct effect upon the negotiations between the Allies and Turkey. Indeed, during these eventful concluding days of April when a mountain kingdom, not half the size of Wales, might at any moment have plunged the world into war, the London press scarcely even alluded to the subject. But Bulgaria, who had to keep the armies in the lines

before Tchataldja and Bulair, whilst Greeks and Servians were marching from strength to strength in Macedonia, and the wheat-fields and the rose-gardens lay untended in her plains, had ever reason to remember that war was still in her gates.

The Bulgarian official journal, the *Mir*, pointed out that the Allies were beginning to forfeit in the eyes of Europe the prestige which they had acquired in the war of liberation, and that Europe would be irritated and alarmed by seeing the general peace jeopardised by their quarrels. However, Bulgaria would not forget the great work of liberation, and would continue to hold the common enemy in check despite the efforts of others to exploit the situation. Right would triumph in the end.

So confused was the position of affairs that the Turkish journal *Tanin* seriously discussed the question as to whether an armistice had been verbally concluded with Servia and Greece, who had accepted mediation by a Note of April 22. It is true that they were no longer in contact with any Turkish troops, so the question was an academic one. However, Greece and Servia agreed to be represented at the London Conference, although Turkey delayed to appoint her plenipotentiaries. Meanwhile the armistice was prolonged until the middle of May. Cordial relations prevailed between the Bulgarians and Turks before Tchataldja. The men danced and played cards together, and many Turkish officers and men received leave of absence. Austria, too, had resolved not to demobilise her armies in the south until peace was concluded between the Balkan Allies and Turkey, so had a deep interest in expediting the deliberations in London.

As we have seen, on May 5 it became known that Montenegro had agreed to hand over Skutari to the Powers, and the way now seemed clear for the meeting of the Conference.

The Porte, meanwhile, to facilitate the negotiations was treating for the purchase of dreadnoughts and destroyers from Brazil, proposing to sell the arsenal at Tophane to the Constantinople Quay Company to procure the purchase money, for it was hoped that the possession by Turkey of this powerful fleet would make Greece more complaisant as to the question of the Aegean Islands.

Bulgaria also, in accordance with the decision of the arbitrators at St. Petersburg, concluded an arrangement with Rumania as to the territorial compensations to be accorded to her. The subsequent change of government in Rumania, and the advent to power of the Conservatives under M. Majorescu, left it doubtful as to whether the agreement would be ratified.

The *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg¹ wrote:

"According to the *Bourse Gazette*, the protocol contains four points:

"First, Bulgaria cedes to Rumania Silistria with a radius of

¹ *The Times*, Friday, May 16, 1913.

three kilometres ; secondly, Rumania will give fixed compensation to Bulgarians desirous of leaving this territory on its transfer to Rumania ; thirdly, both countries undertake not to erect fortifications in the neighbourhood of Silistria ; fourthly, the Kutzo-Vlachs, in the newly-acquired Bulgarian territory in Macedonia, are guaranteed religious and educational freedom.

"It is certain that no territory is ceded except Silistria, and some doubt exists whether the undertaking regarding fortifications is correctly given."

Bulgaria had thus cleared for action, and reports were soon current that Rumania had twice offered to help her should she decide upon attacking Servia and Greece. King Charles has a long memory and does not forget either the trouble which Greece has caused him over the property in Rumania which was claimed by Greek religious foundations, or that 7 per cent of the population of Servia are Rumanians. The first Servian regiment which entered Adrianople was composed of Rumanians from the Timok district.

Greece, however, continued intransigent. She urged that by their Note of April 22 the Allies had accepted nothing but mediation, and claimed that the Treaty drafted by the Ambassadorial Conference in London should be so amended as to allow the fate of Albania, of Mount Athos, and of the Aegean Islands to be decided by the Allies and the Powers jointly. She refused to allow any decision, to which she had not been a party, to be forced upon her. Her attitude was easily explicable. She alone of the Allies did not know what territory she would gain by the war. Bulgaria by her Treaty with Greece was bound to support the Greek claims as Greece had done hers in Thrace. For herself she desired a more exact delimitation of the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier than was contained in the draft Treaty which had been submitted to her by the Ambassadorial Conference. On May 12 the Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks returned an answer to the Note of the Powers in which they state that they could not believe that the Powers would refuse to discuss with them the questions of the delimitation of Albania and the fate of the Aegean Islands which were so vital to their interests, and with this non-committal answer, accepted Sir Edward Grey's invitation to a Conference in London. The Bulgarian Government authorised M. Madjaroff, the Bulgarian Minister in London, to sign the Peace Preliminaries drawn up by the Powers.

By these Preliminaries Turkey ceded all her territories in Europe west of a line drawn from Enos to Midia, although this line was not defined in detail, except Albania, gave up all rights over Crete, and left the fate of the Aegean Islands in the hands of the Powers. Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia were entrusted with the task of delimiting Albania and fixing its organic statute. All financial questions

arising out of the war were to be settled by a Technical Commission sitting at Paris, on which the belligerents were to be represented, and all questions relating to the condition of peoples depending on the High Contracting Parties, trade, industry, etc., were to be settled by particular conventions, so far as possible, which were to be ratified at the same time as the general Treaty of Peace.

But though Bulgaria had signed the Peace Preliminaries, Greece had not done so, and it was thought that both Servia and, possibly, Montenegro would join her in her refusal to give the Powers a blank cheque as to Albania and the islands.

However by May 15 most of the delegates had arrived in London, and it was hoped that the Conference would open on May 20.

They included—

“TURKEY :

Osman Nizami Pasha, Turkish Ambassador in Berlin.
Batzari Effendi.
Reshid Bey.

“BULGARIA :

Dr. Daneff, President of the Sobranje.
M. Madjaroff, Bulgarian Minister in London.
General Paprikoff and Colonel Jostoff as military experts.

“SERVIA :

M. Novakovitch, ex-Prime Minister.
M. Nikolitch, President of the Skupshtina.
M. Vesnitch, Servian Minister in Paris.

“GREECE :

M. Skouloudis, ex-Foreign Minister.
Dr. Streit, Greek Minister in Vienna.
M. Gennadius, Greek Minister in London.

“MONTENEGRO :

M. Lazar Miyushkovitch, Count Voynovitch.
M. Popovitch.”

The personnel of the Conference differed but little from that which opened on December 16, 1912, and broke down on January 29, 1913. The most notable absentee was M. Venezelos, the Greek Premier.

Osman Nizami Pasha replaced Reshid Pasha as Chief Turkish delegate.

Their main object was to discuss the many details which would have to be settled after the signature of the Treaty. Had it only been requisite to sign the Treaty Sir E. Grey had drafted some time before, there would have been no need for them to come to London. Both M. Madjaroff, the Bulgarian Minister, and

M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister, had already been authorised to sign it when the other allies were ready, but the Treaty had not been signed and there seemed no obvious reason for the delay.

It was believed in Bulgaria that this delay was due to the wish of the other allies to keep the Bulgarian troops before Tchataldja whilst the division of the conquered territory was being discussed. It was true that the question of the Aegean Islands and that of the delimitation of the southern frontier of Albania were vital to Greece, but it was felt that the Servian delay was owing to a secret understanding with that Power, especially as Servia could not make up her mind to allow Russia to arbitrate as to Kuprülü, Ochrida, Prilep, and Monastir, which she wished to retain for herself. Yet the Belgrade Ministerial journal *Samouprava* conveyed the impression that Servia contemplated not only a peaceful settlement with Bulgaria but the continuance of the Balkan League. Turkey also was getting restive, and was disinclined to conclude peace with Bulgaria unless she could do so at the same time with the other allies.

In the meantime Sir Edward Grey and the Ambassadorial Conference were unceasing in their efforts to get the Treaty signed as soon as possible, and were seconded by Bulgaria, who, it was thought, if further delays occurred, might break away from her allies and sign peace on her own account. It was thought that the rights of the Allies to discuss the Albanian and Archipelago questions with the Powers might be safeguarded by a modification in the wording of the Treaty, and that a provision granting Servia a commercial outlet on the Adriatic might be inserted in the Albanian Constitution. These suggestions met with the approval of Bulgaria. Had that Power signed a separate Peace, Greece and Servia would have regarded the Balkan League as at an end. The Greek Minister in London issued a statement that the delays were due to the wish of all the Allies, including Bulgaria, to secure certain modifications in the Treaty, and were in no way connected with the disposition of the Bulgarian army. "If Bulgaria suffers inconvenience, Greece suffers no less, especially since she is kept in a perplexing and detrimental uncertainty as to frontiers which, in other instances, are fairly well determined"¹ Still the deadlock continued, but whilst the delegates in London were trying to find a formula which, attached to the Treaty in the form of an *annexe*, would enable them to dispense with any modification in its text, the fighting between the Greeks and Bulgarians and the growing tension between the Bulgarians and Servians rendered the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Allies increasingly urgent. There was, indeed, imminent danger of a serious conflict between the Allies themselves.

It had been hoped that the Peace would have been signed on May 27, but on May 26 *The Times* published news that the Greek

¹ *The Times*, Friday, May 23, 1913 (M. J. Gennadius).

Admiral and his fleet whilst passing Kavala had been vigorously cannonaded by the Bulgarian batteries, that no improvement was to be noted in the dangerous quarrel between Bulgaria and Servia, and that, despite categorical denials from Belgrade, it was believed at Sofia that an understanding directed against Bulgaria had been concluded between Greece and Servia. Moreover, although the delegates in London had not been able to discover a formula which would allow the Allies and the Turks to sign the Treaty of Peace, not only Turkey and Bulgaria, but Servia and Montenegro, were thought to be ready to sign the Treaty as it stood. Only Greece stood out, although Italy and Germany had, it was said, agreed to cede nearly all the Aegean Islands to her, even if recent fighting in Tripoli might make Italy inclined to retain some of them until the regular Turkish troops were withdrawn from Tripoli and Cyrenaica.

Once more Sir Edward Grey and the Ambassadorial Conference saved the situation. On May 26 the delegates of Greece, Servia, and Montenegro decided to ask Sir Edward Grey to convoke all the Peace Delegates to a formal meeting of the Conference at St. James's Palace, as the informal conversations between the Turkish and Greek delegates had led to no result. The Bulgarian delegates were not present at this meeting. Their attitude had all along been that the Treaty should be signed as it stood, although they would admit the modifications proposed by the Greeks if the Turks would accept them. On the same afternoon, at the Conference of Ambassadors, a resolution, which had been proposed by them on May 22, and which had now been sanctioned by all the Powers, was adopted. That resolution urged the belligerents to sign the Treaty at once.

Accordingly, on May 27, Sir Edward Grey summoned all the chief delegates, except the Montenegrins, to the Foreign Office, and received them separately.

In each case he opened the conversation by communicating the following resolution which had been passed by the meeting of Ambassadors on the previous day: "The meeting regrets the delay in signing the Treaty of peace, and continues of the opinion that a discussion as to modifications of the Treaty would entail endless delays, and that it must be avoided."¹

"Sir Edward then declared that the delegates had now been in London for more than a week and had not yet come to terms. This could not be allowed to go on. The Powers expected them to sign the Treaty without more ado. If they could not make up their minds to do this there was no object in their remaining in London any longer. To the Turkish Delegate, and possibly to others, Sir Edward said that if any of the belligerents still refused to sign those who did sign could count upon the moral support of Great Britain. Questions not settled in the Treaty could be

¹ *The Times*, Wednesday, May 28, 1913.

made the subject of supplementary protocols which, so far as the Powers were concerned, the belligerents could negotiate with one another.

"In reply to this M. Novakovitch, the first delegate received, expressed great surprise at what he called this unexpected development, and said he must refer to his Government for instructions. M. Gennadius replied in the same sense. Dr. Daneff and Osman Nizami Pasha declared themselves ready to sign the Treaty at once. Both the Servian and Greek delegates have since telegraphed for definite instructions. It is believed that they have urged their Governments to comply with Sir Edward Grey's demand for immediate signature, and that peace will now be concluded in a day or two."

Amongst the delegates who had been holding out for modifications, great indignation was expressed at what they described as the brutal plainness of Sir Edward Grey's language. The intimation that they would be expected to leave London if they refused to sign the Treaty especially ruffled their feelings. On the other hand, even those who held out most strongly against signing the Treaty as it stood were obviously relieved that an end was being put to an impossible situation by the energetic intervention of the British Foreign Secretary.

Never since Lord Castlereagh in 1814 saved Europe by threatening to withdraw the subsidies from England, and thus forced Russia, Austria, and Prussia to advance upon Paris, when Napoleon's army was in their rear, has a British Foreign Minister played the part which Sir Edward Grey played on the morning of May 28. It was owing to himself and to the Tsar of Russia that he was able to speak in the name of a united Europe, and well had he deserved the eulogy which Lord Curzon had passed upon him at the dinner of the Royal Geographical Society the evening before.¹

"His lordship said that within his experience of public life no Foreign Minister before had been so completely assured of the confidence and support of the nation. So far as they could judge, Sir Edward Grey had played the part of our representative in the councils of Europe with great calmness, with a complete lack of self-interest or self-advertisement, and with commanding influence."

Sir Edward Grey said that "Lord Curzon had referred with great kindness to his official work. 'However good the intentions of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs or of the Government, however hard he may work, the proportion of success must depend in a very great degree upon the extent to which it is the impression not merely at home, but abroad, that the policy has the support of the nation. That we have enjoyed in a very high degree. It is right that I especially should lose no opportunity

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Tuesday, May 27, 1913.

of admitting to what a remarkable extent it has been the case that, not only in the party which supports the Government, but also in the Opposition, foreign policy has been accorded in a most invaluable and most generous manner the support of both sides of the House of Commons.'"

Sir Edward Grey's warnings produced a salutary effect, and, in due course, the Governments of Greece, Servia, and Montenegro instructed their delegates to sign the Treaty, although Greece still desired to make certain reservations as to questions which specially concerned her.

Owing to the delay which occurred before the Servian delegates received their instructions it was impossible for the signature of the Treaty to take place on May 29 as had been at first proposed. From a historian's point of view the delay was an unfortunate one, for otherwise the Treaty, which, it was believed, had for ever freed Thrace and Macedonia from the Turk, would have been signed on the 460th anniversary of the Fall of Constantinople, which took place on May 29, 1453.

The Greeks, however, had some justification for their delay, as they wished a protocol to be signed securing to subjects of the Allies living in Turkey the same privileges as before the war, pending the negotiation of a regular Convention to that effect. They remembered that after the war of 1897, Hellenic subjects were not able to obtain the restoration of their immunities for twenty-seven months. The Turks, however, said that the immunities would be restored as a matter of course, so would not sign the protocol, and the matter dropped.

*The Times*¹ summarised the provisions of the Treaty as follows :

" It puts into treaty shape the conditions of peace laid down by the Powers in their Note of April 13, and accepted by the Allies on April 21.

" ARTICLE I. provides that after the formal ratification of the Treaty there shall be perpetual peace and amity between the contracting parties.

" ARTICLE II. provides that Turkey shall cede to the Allies all Turkish territory on the mainland of Europe situated west of a line to be drawn from Enos to Midia, and that this boundary shall be delimited by an International Commission.

" ARTICLE III. provides that the delimitation of Albania, and all other questions relating to Albania, shall be left to the Powers.

" ARTICLE IV. provides that Turkey shall cede to the Allies the island of Crete, and shall renounce in their favour all her sovereign and other rights in the island.

" ARTICLE V. provides that the contracting parties shall leave the Powers to decide the fate of all the Turkish islands situated

¹ *The Times*, Friday, May 30, 1913.

in the Aegean, with the exception of Crete and the peninsula of Mount Athos.

"ARTICLE VI. provides that the contracting parties shall leave to the International Commission, which is to meet in Paris, the settlement of the financial questions arising out of the recent war and out of the consequent redistribution of territory.

"ARTICLE VII. provides that questions relating to prisoners of war, jurisdiction, nationality, and commerce shall be settled by special conventions.

"The last Article provides that the Treaty shall be ratified as soon as possible."

In the House of Commons, on the same evening, Mr. Bonar Law, as leader of the Opposition, and other speakers, warmly complimented Sir Edward Grey upon his success. The news of the conclusion of peace was received at Constantinople with relief, in the other European capitals with the utmost joy.

The Treaty was finally signed at noon on Friday, May 30, on a warm summer's day, when London looked at her best. The delegates assembled at St. James's Palace in the room known hitherto as the Picture Gallery, but which will be in the future styled the Balkan Peace Room, the finest apartment in the Palace.¹

"It is carpeted in dark red. Its walls are adorned by life-sized portraits of the Kings and Queens of England in heavy and wide gold frames. Two great marble mantelpieces over the wide fire-places have on them big gold clocks and candlesticks, two of the latter in the shape of angels, carrying in their hands golden wreaths of laurel. Some one tried to represent them as angels of peace, but they look more like angels of victory.

"In the middle of this long and wide room stands a large polished mahogany table, which gives you at once the impression of strength and solidity. On each side of the table are placed ten chairs of red morocco and gilt frames, so that, with the president's chair at the top and the chief secretary's seat at the bottom, there are altogether twenty-two chairs around the table. On the table itself are laid twenty-two writing-pads in black morocco leather, and about as many square and heavy glass inkstands. The windows of the room, with heavy damask curtains of warm dark red colour, which are drawn aside, look down on the garden of the palace and across the road to St. James's Park. Only the screen, with its ill-omened peacock in Gobelins tapestry, which was in front of the fireplace when the Peace Conference met for the first time last December, was no longer there.

"Altogether the room, with its solid and warm furniture and the Royal portraits, mostly in Coronation robes, presented a fitting aspect of grave dignity, and in that hall and under such circumstances a great historical act was solemnly performed."

The Chief Delegates present were Turkey—Osman Nizami

¹ *The Times*, Friday, May 30, 1913.

Pasha; Bulgaria—Dr. Daneff; Servia—M. Novakovitch; Greece—M. Skouloudis; Montenegro—M. Popovitch. Sir Edward Grey took the chair at 12.30 P.M.

After welcoming the delegates he formally opened the Conference. The delegates exchanged their *pleins pouvoirs*, and immediately signed the Treaty, of which I have already given a full summary.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives a curious account of the scene.¹

"The meeting at St. James's Palace was not such a purely formal affair as may be thought. It was full of little incidents which, unimportant in themselves, are interesting in so far as they reveal the ideas behind the minds of the chief actors in the Eastern drama.

"According to witnesses of yesterday's scene, Sir Edward Grey had the smiling face of a man who feels that he is approaching the final goal in the long task he has been discharging for months. Having declared that the sitting was opened, he began reading his speech. Then, after uttering a few words, he changed his mind and said, 'We had better sign first. . . .' It was apparent that he was eager to see the peace treaty subscribed as soon as possible, lest— This little fact did not pass without causing a few smiles. It was apparent that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs did not wish to resort once again to the strong words he used on Tuesday. On his right were seated the members of the Ottoman delegation, and on his left the Greek delegates. The Servians took places near the Turks, and the Bulgarians near the Greeks, the Montenegrins sitting between the Bulgars and the Servians.

"After exchanging their full powers, which were quickly found to be in good form and perfect order, the delegates proceeded to append their signatures, Ali Nizami Pasha having the honour to be the first to put his name to the document.

"A curious fact was that the text of the Peace Treaty was not read at all, and the delegates signed the papers in full confidence that they contained all the seven articles in such wording as the Great Powers chose to make."

After the Treaty had been signed, Sir Edward Grey delivered the following speech in French:

"I am commanded by His Majesty the King to express the great satisfaction which the signature of this Treaty of Peace which you have just concluded in his Palace of St. James will give to His Majesty.

"On behalf of His Majesty's Government I desire to congratulate you most cordially on the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Allied States.

"The step which you have now taken will, I trust, be regarded

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, Saturday, May 31, 1913.

by you all with satisfaction and relief. This feeling will be shared by other Powers who have remained neutral but who have desired to see peace restored in the interests of the tranquillity of Europe.

"We are all aware that some questions still remain to be discussed before a complete settlement has been arrived at, but I trust that the conclusion of peace between you will facilitate these matters, and it will, I am sure, increase the goodwill of other Powers towards you all.

"May I add also, as one who has from time to time been in frequent and friendly communication with you as delegates, and has had his sympathies quickened by the knowledge of the difficulties and anxieties with which you have had to contend, how earnestly I hope that the peace now made may result in complete tranquillity, to enable each State to repair the resources upon which war has been so heavy a strain, to develop its territory, to secure the welfare and happiness of its people and prosperity of its national life."

Dr. Daneff then proposed a protocol to the effect that the Turco-Bulgarian frontier should start from the east of Midia, and follow the Thalweg of the Ergene river down to Muradli, passing south of Airebolu, then between Keshan and Malgara, and thence over the crest-line to Cape Ivridje.

Osman Nizami Pasha replied that he had no powers to agree to such a line, but that Turkey would accept the frontier worked out on the spot by the International Commission under Article II. of the Treaty. He, however, after Sir Edward Grey had left, agreed to refer to his Government another Bulgarian proposal declaring that the legal status, which had been interrupted by the war, should be restored at the peace, and assented to a proposal by M. Skouloudis that the straits should be reopened to the passage of merchant ships and that Turkey should not change the international laws which regulate the maritime traffic there.

"It is a matter of course," simply replied Osman Nizami Pasha, "and such a demand seems quite unnecessary."

The delegates, through M. Skouloudis, their senior in age, expressed their thanks to Sir Edward Grey, and to His Majesty the King for the graciousness with which he had allowed them to sign a Treaty of Peace, "which will constitute a landmark in history," in that historic palace.

"After the principal Turkish delegate, Osman Nizami Pasha, had associated himself with the remarks made by the Greek delegate, Dr. Daneff delivered a short address in which he drew attention to the historic character of the occasion. The end of the war would allow the States engaged to resume their relations as friends and neighbours. Common tasks awaited them, and the world would judge them according to the manner in which these were performed. The Bulgarian delegate concluded by paying a cordial tribute to the indefatigable efforts of Sir Edward Grey to

promote a settlement. Indeed the happy issue at which they had arrived was first and foremost to be ascribed to the perseverance which the Foreign Secretary had shown. Dr. Daneff concluded by expressing the thanks of the delegates to the British nation for its hospitality, as well as their sense of the King's act in placing St. James's Palace at their disposal.

"M. Novakovitch and M. Popovitch, the Servian and Montenegrin delegates, also spoke. M. Popovitch said that Montenegro had been made the whipping-boy of Europe. Great Britain had taken a leading part in depriving the Montenegrins of Skutari, and they now looked to her to secure at least a modification of the Albanian frontier so as to give them lands for cultivation and a natural route between Podgoritz and Ipek.

"Sir Edward Grey thanked the delegates for the friendly sentiments expressed by them. He informed them that St. James's Palace was at their disposition for their further deliberations, and, wishing them every success, withdrew from the Conference room."

After making arrangements to discuss the protocols in which the details which are not settled by the Treaty itself, are to be regulated, the delegates withdrew. The Conference had lasted but an hour, but that hour had, men hoped, seen the disappearance of Turkey as a European Power, and the end of the long tragedy both of her rule in the Balkans and of the Balkan War.

The signature of the Treaty of Peace did not, however, end either the labours or the difficulties of the Conference of London. As I have said, by Article VII. of the Peace of London it is provided that questions relating to prisoners of war, jurisdiction, nationality, and commerce should be settled by special conventions, and it was, therefore, arranged that the Conference should continue its sittings until the protocol dealing with these subjects, which was to be annexed to the Treaty, had been drawn up.

But, meanwhile, the difficulties between the Allies were increasing daily, and those disputes reacted upon the attitude of Turkey, which was encouraged by the substitution of Dr. Daneff for M. Gueshoff as Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and by the greater activity of the party in Rumania which was anxious to intervene actively in the Balkan resettlements. Turkey delayed issuing orders for the demobilisation of her army, and continued to send reinforcements to the Tchataldja lines. The Committee for drawing up the protocol met at St. James's Palace on June 4. The subjects which Turkey desired to have dealt with in the protocol included :

1. The amnesty.
2. Evacuation of troops.
3. The re-establishment of the postal and telegraphic communications, which was of pressing importance, as Constantinople could only communicate with Europe by the Constanza cable.
4. Turkey demanded compensation for the damage inflicted

during the war on religious property, and a guarantee that in future no expropriation of any kind will take place.

5. The question of the nationality of the Turkish subjects living on the conquered territory. The solution proposed by Turkey aimed at retaining under her influence as far as possible the Ottoman nationals in the Balkan States. Turkey also expected that the Treaty would be put in force as soon as the protocol was signed.

None of these questions was expected to prove difficult to settle, but the refusal of Turkey to consent to the re-establishment of the legal régime in force with regard to Greek subjects before the war, that is to say, to the re-establishment of the Capitulations, had profoundly annoyed the Greek delegates, who, in consequence, were not present at the meetings.

The labours of the Conference were not destined to prove successful. The Committee held several meetings but decided nothing, and at that on June 7 a very serious dispute took place between Turkey and Bulgaria, which did much to envenom the disputes between the Allies.

It must be remembered that the annexation of the territories which Bulgaria had taken from Turkey raised her population from 3,154,000, of whom 12½ per cent were Moslems, to one of 7,000,000, of whom one and a quarter millions were Moham-medan, who form the majority in the regions east of the River Mesta, in the city of Adrianople, and in the eastern portion of the Maritza basin.

Turkey, on the other hand, was anxious to restrict as much as possible the privileges enjoyed by the foreigners living within her borders. The Young Turks pose as a Party of Progress, and to them the Capitulations are as odious as the Treaty-rights formerly enjoyed by foreigners in Japan were to the Japanese. Turkey wishes to be mistress within her own borders, and, in view of the very large Greek population on the coast lands of her Asiatic provinces, saw a real danger in restoring her former Treaty-rights to the Hellenic kingdom. Greece only claimed the establishment of the legal *status quo ante* before the war, but her claims could only be met if the Turks and Bulgarians abated their pretensions as defined in the clauses which they respectively put forward.

(1) Turkey gave her assent to the re-enactment of all the conventions and treaties in existence before the war, conditionally upon the acknowledgment of her claims as to the régime under which, in the annexed territories, the "Vakoufs" and Crown properties were to be placed, viz. that no measure of expropriation could be enforced by the Balkan States, and that the properties in question would be managed in conformity with the regulations in force during the period of Turkish rule.

(2) Bulgaria agreed to the re-enactment of all the treaties and conventions but one : the convention arrived at between her and

Turkey in 1909, whereby the Ottoman population of the Bulgarian kingdom retained their muftis, etc.

In the Mohammedan religion the muftis are Doctors of Ecclesiastical Law, who act as the chiefs of the population in ecclesiastical matters. The Turkish claims, therefore, would have created a "State within a State" in Bulgaria, where the Moslems would have held a position very similar to that occupied by the members of the Greek Orthodox Church in Turkey whilst under the protectorate of Russia by the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji (1774), and which was far more independent of the Bulgarian administration than the Greeks had been of the Ottoman administration under the Capitulations. Greece has very few Moslem subjects and so could accede to the Turkish demands without danger; for Bulgaria to do so was impossible. Thus Turkey not only created a deadlock in the Conference, but increased the friction between the quondam Allies. On the same day the Peace delegates were received by His Majesty at Buckingham Palace. In welcoming them the King expressed the earnest hope that their labours would soon arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, and that there would be no resumption of hostilities, but the royal words had no effect upon his guests.

On Monday, June 7, the delegates signed a protocol, leaving to their respective Governments the task of proceeding separately to the conclusion of the acts for carrying out the provisions of Article VII. between themselves, and closing the sittings of the Conference.

Thus new causes of mutual suspicion were created between the Allies, as each of them was left free to bargain with Turkey, a freedom of which Greece, who only desired the renewal of the previous treaties, was willing to avail herself. Turkish cunning had triumphed.

Once more, however, war was destined to be postponed owing to the interposition of the Tsar of Russia. On June 11 he addressed an energetic despatch to the Kings of Servia and Bulgaria, in which he expressed his pleasure at the news of the projected interview of the four Premiers at Salonika, but regretted the delay in carrying it out. He warned the Balkan States against dimming the lustre of their achievements by engaging in a fratricidal war, and reminded the two sovereigns that they had engaged by treaty to submit their differences to arbitration by Russia. His message ended with the words:

"Regarding the functions of an arbitrator not as a prerogative, but as a painful duty which I cannot avoid, I feel it incumbent upon me to warn your Majesty, that a war between the Allies could not leave me indifferent.

"I wish to make it known that the State which begins this war will be responsible in the eyes of the Slavs, and that I reserve to myself all liberty as to the attitude which Russia will adopt in regard to the results of such a criminal struggle."

Diplomatists commented on the fact that the Tsar used the same tone in this message as the King of England had employed on the previous Saturday, and Sir Edward Grey, in replying to a question in the House of Commons, also deprecated a struggle between the Allies. It became known that Bulgaria had, even before the signature of the Treaty of London, appealed to the Tsar to arbitrate in accordance with the Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty, but that Servia had hitherto refused arbitration.

The Tsar's message, however, appeared to have produced its due effect ; Servia, as well as Bulgaria, agreed to submit their claims to arbitration, with the reservation that the Prime Ministers should meet in St. Petersburg, and that the Tsar's sole task should be to define the frontiers of Bulgaria, whilst taking into account the change of circumstances since the Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty was signed. The military party in Austria grumbled at the interference of the Tsar with the Southern Slavs, but His Majesty's efforts were actively supported by M. Venezelos, who pointed out that he had always advocated that the Allies, if they failed to agree as to the division of the conquered territories, should submit their disputes to arbitration or mediation, so as to avoid being drawn into a fratricidal strife. Both Servia and Greece, moreover, asked Bulgaria to agree to a partial demobilisation and to refrain from concentrating her troops on their frontiers, whilst the murder of Shevket Pasha for the moment contributed to hold back Turkey from an intervention in their strife. Peace seemed assured.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SECOND BALKAN WAR

THE hopes expressed by Mr. Asquith that the Peace of London was destined to prove the commencement of an era of happiness and tranquillity in the sorely-tried Balkan lands were soon seen to be but vain imaginings. Amongst young nations success is apt to breed megalomania, and megalomania was peculiarly rife amongst the politicians and generals at Sofia in June 1913. Outside observers thought that the failure of the London Conferences in December 1912 was due to Dr. Daneff's want of tact as chairman. Dr. Daneff himself, however, was but little likely to forget that he had been the Chairman of a Peace Conference which will figure for ever in the history of Europe. He had won Adrianople for Bulgaria, and, with the shrewdness of a provincial pettifogger, he proceeded to make further conquests, by holding Serbia to the very letter of the bond by which before the outbreak of hostilities she had agreed to divide with Bulgaria the territories to be wrested from Turkey.

To Dr. Daneff it mattered not one jot that the Bulgarian gains had exceeded the utmost dreams of avarice, and that to hoist the Bulgarian flag on the dome of Sultan Selim's Mosque at Adrianople, Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece had been forced to prolong until May, and for the sake of Bulgaria alone, a struggle which, but for the question of Adrianople, might easily have been terminated in January.

In the original agreement with Serbia it had been contemplated that any territorial acquisitions from the Aegean regions of Turkey would be made only in Macedonia, whilst Serbia was to receive a port of her own on the Adriatic. No arrangement had ever been come to with Greece as to the division of the future conquests. Montenegro was to look for compensation to Albania, perhaps to the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar.

In the result, by the Treaty of London, Bulgaria had gained not only the much-coveted territories in Macedonia, but nearly the whole of Thrace, and it was to be left to the Powers to lay down the frontier between the extreme points of Enos and of Midia, which was to determine how near she was to be brought

to Gallipoli, to the Sea of Marmora, and to Constantinople. Serbia, on the other hand, had profited but little by the war. The jealousy of Austria and of Italy had excluded her from the Adriatic, which she could only reach under conditions which made her in fact if not in name the humble servant of Montenegro and of Albania; her gains in the Sanjak with its bleak pasture lands would have to be shared with Montenegro; whilst those in Kossovo and in Old Serbia neither gave her a direct access to the seaboard of the Aegean nor provided her with any compensation for the blood and treasure which she had expended for Bulgaria in Thrace. Montenegro saw herself robbed of Skutari, which she had won by the death of a tenth of her adult males, whilst the territories which had been assigned to her in Albania could only be occupied at the cost of a fresh war with the Roman Catholic tribes of the north. Greece, whose boundaries with Albania had not been settled by the Treaty of London, saw herself faced by a fresh struggle if she was to retain control of the Greek coastlands of Macedonia, whilst the very elastic conditions of the Treaty of Lausanne rendered it possible for Italy, if so minded, to deprive her of the *de facto* possession of the islands occupied by Italian troops in the Aegean, amongst which were numbered Rhodes and Astypalaea, until the Turks had withdrawn their regular forces from Tripoli and from Cyrenaica. The British occupation of Egypt, the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and of Herzegovina were in the first instance to be temporary ones. Greece had no reason to be enamoured of the outlook.

In short, by the Treaty of London the sole Power which had gained far more than could have been anticipated even by the wildest dreamers at the outbreak of the war, was Bulgaria, and those gains she had to a great extent made with the help of her Allies.

Yet, of all the Allied Powers, Bulgaria was the only one which showed herself unreasonable. The Bulgarians ignored the sacrifices of their Allies, and held only to their ethnographical claims real or pretended. Whatever may be the case in Eastern Macedonia, the Bulgarian populations west of the Vardar are to a very large extent Bulgarised not Bulgarian, and include a mass of Servian, Greek, Turkish, and Albanian elements, many of whom have only adopted the Bulgarian language since the middle of the nineteenth century. Moreover, the main object of Serbia in engaging in the war, if we leave out of account her wish to liberate her oppressed kinsmen in Macedonia, was to obtain an independent outlet to the sea so as to free herself from her economic dependence upon Austria. Since she had been debarred from obtaining that outlet upon the Adriatic under any acceptable conditions, the valley of the Struma or of the Vardar must remain open to her if she was to be free to reach the Aegean, whether through a port of her own or by commercial arrangements with

another Power, but from such access she would be debarred if Bulgaria extended her frontiers westward across Macedonia so as to meet the new boundary laid down by the Powers for Albania. Servia had no desire to exchange commercial slavery to Austria for commercial slavery to Bulgaria, and, as the acquisition of a Servian port on the Aegean would have involved her not only in great expense to defend her communications with it, but would have ended in constant disputes with both Bulgaria and Greece, she preferred to seek economic salvation in a commercial treaty with Greece as owner of Salonika, the natural port of the basin of the Vardar, through which Servia can most readily find access to the Aegean.

But Bulgaria, as we have seen, ignored all such considerations, and held Servia strictly to the letter of the Treaty of March 13, 1912, which had been entered into at the instance of the Servian Prime Minister, M. Pashitch, who in view of the superior military strength of Bulgaria had wished to secure to Servia beforehand a due share of the spoils.

That Treaty provided for the cession to Servia of all the territory north of the Shar Mountains, namely, Old Servia and the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, whilst the country east of the Rhodope range and the Struma river was to go to Bulgaria, the remainder of Macedonia remaining autonomous. But, if an autonomous Macedonia could not be formed, those territories were to be divided in such a fashion that everything north of a line drawn from the junction of the former Turkish, Bulgarian, and Servian frontiers at a point a little to the north-west of Kustendil, to Struga at the northernmost extremity of the Lake of Ochrida, should go to Servia, whilst Bulgaria should retain Kratovo, Veles, Monastir, and Ochrida, and the fate of the remaining districts of this portion of Macedonia, namely the Kazas of Kumanovo, Uskub, Kritchevo, and Dibra with the Nahié of Struga should be left to the decision of the Tsar of Russia as arbitrator. Of these latter districts the population is mainly Albanian and Serb.

Had these arrangements been carried out, Servia, who, however, would have had an outlet on the Adriatic, would have been cut off from Greece and from the Aegean by a broad belt of Bulgarian territory.

But Servia held, and probably rightly, that as she had been cut off from the Adriatic, and as the war had been prolonged for four months so as to enable Bulgaria to acquire Adrianople at the cost of Servian blood, she was entitled to a revision of these arrangements, especially as much of the disputed territory, for instance Prilip and Monastir, was already held by Servian troops. This revision Bulgaria refused to grant mainly upon the grounds that Servia had not been called upon to give her the military support in Western Thrace which had been provided for by the military convention.

With Greece, as we have seen, Bulgaria had made no preliminary arrangements whatsoever as to the disposal of the future conquests.

The problem was a complicated one, especially if ethnographical considerations were to be taken into account in its solution.

Roughly speaking, the coast-land of the Aegean from the former Greek frontier to the Mesta forms a narrow strip of territory peopled by Greeks, but both in Epirus and in Thessaly south of the Vistritza, the majority of the so-called Greeks in the Hinterland are either Albanians or Vlachs, and within forty miles of Salonika the valley of the Vardar is held by Bulgarised Moslems, and Salonika itself is mainly inhabited by Spanish-speaking Jews. Without its hinterland Salonika would be of comparatively little commercial importance, whilst, if the Greek frontier was carried east of the Mesta, Bulgaria would be deprived of that access to the sea through the ports of Orfani and of Kavala upon which her hopes were set, and as by the Treaty of London Enos at the mouth of the Maritza had been allotted to Turkey, Bulgaria would see her outlets on the Aegean restricted to a coast-line fifty or sixty miles long, including only the roadstead of Dedeagatch, and a harbour on a lagoon at Porto Lagos. If, however, the Powers met the wishes of Turkey by drawing her frontier up the Maritza to its confluence with the Ergene, the Bulgarian communications with Dedeagatch could, at any moment, be cut by the Turks. Such were the questions which were left pending when the Treaty of London was signed.

It was hoped that a settlement might have been reached in a Conference of the Four Allies either at Salonika or under the presidency of Russia at St. Petersburg, but the resignation of M. Gueshoff, who was succeeded by Dr. Daneff, doomed these hopes to disappointment.

In both Serbia and in Bulgaria the war fever was rising. In Bulgaria the harvest begins in June, and the soldiers, who are for the most part small proprietors, were therefore anxious to be at home. Similar conditions prevail in Serbia, and it was feared that the officers on both sides might provoke hostilities in order to provide a remedy for the growing discontent amongst the military.

Greece, Montenegro, and Serbia accepted, moreover, without reserve, the invitation to the Conference of Prime Ministers at St. Petersburg; Bulgaria alone held back on the pretext that she wished to submit the questions at issue to the arbitration of the six Great Powers, and not to that of those of the Triple Entente alone. She thought that, for the time, she was the strongest power in the Peninsula, and she purposed to push her advantage to the utmost. Lord Randolph Churchill ruined himself by forgetting the existence of Mr. Goschen; Bulgaria forgot the existence of

Rumania, and her failure to settle the questions pending with Rumania, behind whose ruler the figure of his distant kinsman, the German Emperor, dimly loomed, proved in a great degree the ruin of Bulgarian hopes. Pride, too, bore its share in her downfall, for her soldiery looked down with contempt upon the warriors of Servia and of Greece.

Of the Balkan Premiers, Dr. Daneff alone looked askance at the Russian offers of mediation ; possibly he did not forget what Bulgaria had endured from Russian tutelage in the time of Prince Alexander. Like the Austrian statesmen he, too, doubtless in secret resented the tone in which the Tsar had offered his mediation to the King of Servia, and wished to show that Bulgaria did not recognise the Russian claims to the leadership of the Slavonic races. The Tsar had, moreover, intervened as the earthly Head of the Orthodox Church in the theological disputes which had troubled the monks of Athos, and Russian marines were employed to bring to reason the disputants, who were endeavouring with fists and bludgeons to persuade their opponents that the name of Jesus is in itself divine. One of the chief grounds on which Russia claims Constantinople is that she is the spiritual heir of the Greek Emperors, and the interference of Russia at this juncture in the religious affairs of Mount Athos was doubtless one of the causes which determined Austria-Hungary, two of whose army corps were still mobilised on the Servian and Montenegrin frontiers, to adopt a line of policy scarcely consistent with that indicated by the Tsar.

Speaking in the Hungarian Parliament on June 19, the Hungarian Premier, Count Tisza, made some important declarations as to the foreign policy of the Dual Empire.

Austria, he said, had always defended the principle of the *status quo* in the Balkans, even when Bismarck contemplated a certain partition of territories amongst the Great Powers. She had been the first State, moreover, to declare that the Balkan peoples must not be robbed of the fruit of their victories. Subject to two conditions, namely that Servia should not occupy any territory on the Adriatic coast, and that the independence of Albania should be preserved, she only wished to see the Balkan peoples left free to determine their own destinies, whether they chose to do so by war, mediation, or before a tribunal of arbitration. But the existence of such a mediating or arbitrating power could not give that power any rights to interfere with the political independence of the Balkan States, and, added Count Tisza, " It goes without saying that we would only accept a settlement that assures the true, complete independence of the Balkan States. Nor can we allow any other State to acquire prerogatives detrimental to our fundamental principle of Balkan independence, which has been accepted by all the Great Powers. The observance of this fundamental principle we deem to be a vital interest."

In answer to the Hungarian Premier, *The Times* correspondent at Vienna contented himself by pointing out that the Tsar's offer was based upon the powers conferred upon him by the treaties between the different Balkan States to act as arbitrator in the case of irreconcilable differences arising between them, "and established no new protectorate, nor privilege, for Russia in the Balkans, and no special influence other than that which Austria-Hungary herself might easily have acquired had her Balkan policy appeared to the Balkan States during recent years to be based on the principles which Count Tisza retrospectively defines. The other consideration is that, while recognising the rights and freedom of the Balkan States to make war upon each other, Austria-Hungary speaks not as an impartial observer, but as a strong man armed on the very threshold of two at least of the belligerents in an eventual conflict."¹

According to the semi-official organs at Buda Pesth, Count Tisza's declarations were only intended to induce Russia to associate the Dual Monarchy with herself in the settlement of the Balkans question without further warfare. He foresaw what trouble might arise from the intervention of Rumania, whether Rumania was or was not supported by Germany, and no Hungarian Prime Minister can afford to forget that 4,500,000 Rumanians in Eastern Hungary and in Transylvania have fixed their hopes upon the restoration of a Dacia with its capital at Bukarest.

On the same day Bulgaria returned her answer to the Servian proposals. It insisted upon the fact that the delimitation of the conquered territories in Macedonia must be carried out in accordance with Article II. of the Treaty of 1912, which, as Bouchier pointed out, was so clearly worded that it seemed impossible to conceive of any dispute with regard to its interpretation. The Bulgarians, in answer to the Servian claims, replied that their own services to the common cause during the war had been infinitely greater than had been those of their Allies, and that the Adriatic was not even mentioned in the Treaty. At the same time the former Bulgarian organisations in Macedonia were being revived with the connivance of Sofia, and these warned the Government that they could not regard any portion of Macedonia as contested, and that the population would resist any settlement made contrary to its desires. The Bulgarians believed that they were secure of the support of Austria-Hungary which, on account of her economic interests, could not allow Serbia to appropriate the valley of the Vardar.

In reply, Serbia, on June 22, rejected the Bulgarian proposals, and suggested that the original Treaty should be torn up and a newer and wider basis created for Russian arbitration. Serbia refused the Bulgarian suggestions for a mixed military occupation of the disputed districts, apparently because she regarded priority

¹ *The Times*, Friday, June 20, 1913.

of occupation as conferring a right of possession, although, in a second note delivered at Sofia upon the same day, she suggested that each of the parties should reduce its forces of occupation to one-fourth of their then strength. Despite the existence of a line of delimitation, conflicts were constantly occurring between the two armies, and the excited feelings of the population rendered a mixed occupation impossible.

M. Venezelos proposed that there should be a general arbitration between the Allies, for, if Greece were left out of a Serbo-Bulgarian arbitration, vexed questions would still remain unsettled, as Greece claimed some of the territories, such as Monastir and Gyevgeli, which were in dispute between those powers. Moreover, by the Treaty of London the conquered territories had been handed over to the four Allies in condominium, and must remain so until they had been divided between them. If Russia could come to a sincere understanding with Austria-Hungary and thus enable the Great Powers to inform the Balkan States that their differences must be settled by the Hague Tribunal, it was still to be hoped that war might be averted.

In vain the Great Powers made representations both at Belgrade and at Sofia to induce the disputants to submit to arbitration: the military element was too strong to be disregarded. The Servian officers were for war, urging with truth that Servia had been in *de facto* possession of Western Macedonia for eight months, and that no Servian Government could hand over the route to Salonika to a rival merely in order to carry out the clauses of a secret Treaty. In deference to this feeling, which was exacerbated by the intervention of Russia, M. Pashitch resigned. For a moment the King induced him to withdraw his resignation, and it looked as if the Servian Government would at the request of the French and British Ministers leave the questions in dispute to the Tsar's arbitration. According to the Servian semi-official press, the Tsar was prepared to decide the questions at issue solely upon their merits, and thus the all-important point as to whether the Treaty of 1912 was to form the basis of arbitration or not was still left unsettled. M. Pashitch, however, pledged himself to go in person to St. Petersburg.

To Greece the necessity of free communication with Servia appeared vital, and it was deemed all-important to frustrate the designs of Bulgaria to drive in a wedge between their frontiers. The fortifications of Salonika were pushed forward. The town was crowded with fugitives who had fled before the Bulgarians from the Panghaion districts, where fighting between the Greek and Bulgarian forces had been in progress since May. The Bulgarian headquarters were removed to Dubnitsa. A significant communication in the Viennese press from Bukarest stated that Rumania would not remain passive in the event of war, but would retain a free hand and shape her policy according to circumstances.

"Any Government which should remain inactive during a new Balkans war would be swept away by the force of public opinion."

On June 24 the King of England welcomed the French President, M. Poincaré, who, accompanied by his Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, was on a State visit to London, at a banquet at Buckingham Palace, and, in the toasts then exchanged, the unanimous efforts for peace which had been made by the Great Powers, as well as the close understanding between France and England, were strongly emphasised. Unfortunately neither the arguments of the Powers nor the warning sounded by Rumania were listened to at Sofia. The military party was too strong.

All through May and June fighting, as we have seen, had been going on between the Bulgarians and the Greeks in the Panghaion district, that range, anciently the Pangaeus and famous for its gold-mines and for its roses, which parts the basins of the Strymon and of the Mesta, and dominates the Greek districts of Seres and Drama. This district had been occupied by the Bulgarians at the beginning of the war, but their place had been taken by the Greeks when the Bulgarians were perforce withdrawn to reinforce the besiegers of Adrianople. Constant affrays, too, had for months been taking place between the Greeks and Bulgarians at Salonika.

The first battle, however, of the fresh war took place in the early morning of June 28, when the Bulgarians attacked the Servian positions on the right bank of the river Zlatovo, between Kratovo and Kotchana, in great force, and were only repulsed with difficulty. It was suspected at Vienna that this episode was not altogether unconnected with the imminence of the debate in the Skupshtina upon the acceptance of Russian arbitration, and was intended to influence Servian opinion in a sense unfavourable to peace. War feeling ran high in the Servian army, and M. Pashitch, who was remodelling his Cabinet, was unable in consequence to induce any military man to enter it as Minister of War. Montenegro feeling was strongly in favour of Serbia, and it was arranged that Montenegro should undertake garrison duty in the districts ceded to Serbia, so as to prevent trouble from Albanians and discontented Macedo-Bulgarians. Austria-Hungary also declared her intention of not intervening further for the moment in Balkan affairs, for, as the Foreign Office communiqué put the case—

"Only when a definite result has been attained either by direct agreement between the Balkan States or by arbitration, will the Monarchy define its attitude towards the partition of the territory conquered by the Allies, and consider whether Austro-Hungarian interests are not thereby affected. It is self-evident that neither the agreements of the Balkan States between themselves, nor an award based upon these agreements, can have any binding force whatever for the Dual Monarchy."

Such was the outcome of the Hungarian declarations as to the independence of the Balkan States.

Greece, at the same time, continued to urge the acceptance of general arbitration as a means of avoiding war, but such an arbitration seemed to be precluded by the special engagements assumed by Russia with regard to Servia and Bulgaria. Meanwhile the Turks looked grimly on, and the execution of the murderers of Mahmud Shevket Pasha afforded some excitement to the quidnuncs of Constantinople. Enver Bey now reigned supreme.

It was still, however, hoped that war might be avoided, and that the discussions between Sir Edward Grey and M. Pichon in London might have brought home to Servia and Bulgaria the folly of offending the financiers of Europe. Count Stürgkh, the Austrian Premier, speaking on June 27, adopted a somewhat less overbearing attitude than had Count Tisza, and emphasised the fact that Austria-Hungary with its large Slav population was bound to regard the final territorial arrangements in the Balkans with friendly feelings. "If," he added, "the Balkan nations will devote themselves to the great tasks which await them in the field of internal development, they will at the same time best fulfil the political part they are called upon to play in the system of European equilibrium, the dislocation of which would endanger primarily their own successful evolution. The principal object of the pacific policy of the Monarchy is to preclude such dislocation, and to this task the Monarchy will devote itself now as in the past."¹

These last words of the Austrian Premier contain the whole truth and nothing but the truth as to the action of the European Concert during the past twelve months.

It was destined once more to show its impotence with regard to the Balkan States, for their military parties recked nothing of the warnings of Europe united or otherwise. It is much that the Concert has preserved peace amongst the Great Powers themselves.

If, indeed, any one of its members has really exercised any influence in the final Balkan settlement, the somewhat cryptic telegrams exchanged after the signature of the Peace of Bukarest between the German Kaiser and the King of Rumania may, perhaps, show that Germany, which all through the contest had remained so carefully in the background, had in reality been pursuing the wisest policy. If the Peace of Bukarest is the work of Germany, German diplomacy will have more than regained the lustre which it seemed for a while to have lost by its conduct with regard to Morocco. Russia has to a certain extent lost her influence in the Balkans. There is no such thing as lasting gratitude in international politics, and Balkan statesmen nowadays are as little swayed by the memories of 1877 as Italian statesmen were in 1870 by the memories of Magenta or of Solferino.

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, June 28, 1913.

All the efforts of the Tsar failed to prevent the outbreak of the fresh conflict.

Just as the Greek Note to Bulgaria seemed likely to bring about a less strained situation General Savoff attacked the Greek and Servian forces all along the line of demarcation, 300 kilometres long. The Bulgarian General Hassapchieff hastily quitted Salonika at early dawn on June 30, fortunately for himself before the Greeks had received the news that their outposts had been forced to abandon the whole of the Panghaion district, as well as Nigrita and Matsikovo. At the same time the Bulgarians attacked and occupied the Servian lines at Gyevgeli. The Bulgarian Government telegraphed urgent orders to their troops to cease operations, but as M. Coromilas, the Greek Foreign Minister, said in his Note of July 1, "Ils se moquent du monde entier." Bulgarian hotheads had won their point, and not only counted upon an easy victory over the Servian and Greek armies, but scoffed at the thought of any danger from Rumania, whose attitude was believed to be prompted by military jealousy and territorial cupidity, and whose troops were thought to be far inferior to the victorious Bulgarians. On the other hand, the Greek attitude was equally defiant. As M. Coromilas wrote: "In spite of our constant and sincerely peaceful line of policy, in spite of our steady efforts for conciliation and even concession, the Bulgarian army, violating every understanding, has entered, since last night, into an undeclared war against us—an unjust and fratricidal war. We are therefore compelled to order the Greek army to advance, so as to defend its positions in the occupied territory."¹

Bulgaria rushed into war with high hopes of victory, but, as the event proved, General Savoff's calculations rested upon very unsound foundations. He had despised his enemies and had held too high an opinion of his own force. In Bulgarian eyes, moreover, the Greeks were less to be feared than were the Servians, and he had expected to be able to hold the Greeks in check with 90,000 men. Even of these one division was transferred to face the Servians in the north, and when the armistice was signed General Ivanoff had at most 70,000 men to resist 120,000 Greeks. Secondly, Savoff had overlooked the possibilities of Rumanian intervention. Rumania, however, was but ill satisfied with the scanty territorial compensation which Dr. Daneff had granted her by the protocol of St. Petersburg, and her army was mobilised on July 3.

In all the Rumanian army consisted of about 400,000 men. It had five army corps, each of which has in war time two active and one reserve division, and each active division consists of 14,000 rifles, 540 sabres, 48 field guns, and 14 machine guns. It was calculated that the field army, exclusive of the second line,

¹ *The Times*, Thursday, July 3, 1913.

would probably number 169 battalions, 83 squadrons, and 124 batteries.

"The Rumanian infantry are armed with the 6.5-mm. Mannlicher rifle and short bayonet. The Calarasi cavalry have the Mannlicher carbine, but the ten Rosiori regiments have only the lance, revolver, and sword. The field and horse batteries have the 75-cm. Krupp firing a 14-lb. shell at an extreme range of 6800 yards."¹ The fortress artillery is mostly of French and German models; the field howitzers are 12-c. and 10.5 Krupp models; the mountain artillery have the Elswick gun.

The Rumanian soldiers, who are trained on French and German models, are good fighting men, and showed their prowess in 1877-1878, when, as all good Rumanians believe, they saved the Russian forces from destruction. The supply of horses is poor, and the large number of fortresses which defend the exposed Rumanian frontiers require large garrisons. It was said that the mobilisation could be completed in five days.

The action of Rumania excited but little surprise at Vienna, although the order for mobilisation was looked upon as a sign that she had fallen away from the Triple Alliance, which had for years counted upon her support, and which would be injured by the displacement of the political balance of forces in the Balkans.

Bulgaria, even at first, gained little by her treacherous action. The Greeks disarmed the Bulgarian garrison in Salonika after a conflict in which artillery was used, and drove them from a position near Gyevgeli from which they advanced upon Kukush; whilst the Servians, though defeated at Strumnitza, waged a fierce four days' battle between Ishtib and Kotchana, which ended in the defeat of the Bulgarians, who previously after three days' fighting had been driven back over the rivers Zlatovska and Bregalnitza. In all, by July 3, the Servians had taken 30 guns, a great quantity of war material, and 2000 prisoners, of whom 60 were officers. They had lost 6000 killed and wounded, and the Bulgarians many more.

During all this time the Bulgarian Ministers remained at Belgrade and at Athens, whilst repeated orders, disregarded by the generals in the field, were flashing over the wires from Sofia, directing the combatants to cease fighting. Already appeals were being made to Russia for intervention. They were not acceded to.

All through July the fighting continued, and the battles were far more bloody than were those in the first Balkan war, whilst the courage of the Bulgarians was rapidly cooling down. This was not, perhaps, to be wondered at. The troops who had been kept in the lines before Tchataldja since the conclusion of hostilities with Turkey were comparatively unacquainted with the events in progress at Sofia, and when they were ordered to entrain for transport to Macedonia many of them imagined that

¹ *The Times*, Friday, July 4, 1913.

demobilisation had commenced, and that they were to return to their homes. Bitter was their disappointment when they found that they had been summoned to take part in a new campaign, and that against the allies who had fought and died beside them in the trenches at Adrianople. It is no wonder, therefore, that they should not have shown the zeal which they had displayed at Lule Burgas or at Kirk Kilisse, nor that they should have been unable to retrieve the consequences of the mistakes into which General Savoff was hurried by his overweening pride.

The Greeks rapidly recovered from their first surprise, and in a series of actions at Kilkeis, Doiran, Semitla, and other places, drove Ivanoff's forces back upon the old Bulgarian frontier at Djumaya, where the armistice which was concluded on July 31 found the two armies facing one another on the Kresna Pass. At the same time the Servians defeated their assailants at Ishtib, Kotchana, and other places, and, in a war of wolves, drove them back through the mountain regions which separate the Upper Vardar from the Upper Struma. This warfare, however, decided nothing, for neither the Greeks nor the Servians dared to assail the strongly fortified Bulgarian positions at Dubnitsa, which closed the roads from Macedonia to Sofia, but it must have cost the Balkan peoples a loss of at least 120,000 killed and wounded.

The decisive factor in the war came from the north. Observers had all along been watching the action of Rumania, who, they realised, might at any time throw her sword into the scale with decisive effect. King Charles, in fact, held a position similar to that occupied by the Emperor Francis of Austria in the earlier part of 1813 with regard to the combatants in Saxony, but until peace had been made with Turkey he refrained from taking advantage of it. Many, indeed, thought that Rumania would remain satisfied with the comparatively trifling advantages which she had secured from Bulgaria by the protocol of St. Petersburg. But, like other Balkan statesmen, the Rumanians are amenable to military pressure; the parliamentary situation in Bukarest rendered the existence of any Ministry precarious, and when she saw her efforts to preserve peace amongst the Balkan Allies baffled, Rumania resolved to strike for her own hand. The future alone can show what was the inner meaning of the telegrams exchanged between the German Emperor and the Rumanian sovereign after the signature of the Treaty of Bukarest, but, in any case, despite the protocol of St. Petersburg, fresh claims were advanced for a cession of Bulgarian territory amounting to an area of 7000 square kilometres (2702 square miles), a district about as large as the West Riding of Yorkshire, and, as they were rejected, she declared war against Bulgaria upon July 10. Silistria was occupied the next day, the Bulgarians offered no opposition, and by July 31 the Rumanian outposts were within twenty miles of Sofia, and the Bulgarians saw that further

resistance would be in vain. An armistice was signed on July 31, and plenipotentiaries from all the belligerents met at Bukarest to negotiate for peace. The main dispute was as to Kavala, which Russia and Austria desired to grant to Bulgaria instead of to Greece, but King Constantine, roused to fury by the Bulgarian treachery and by the atrocities which the Bulgarians had undoubtedly committed upon the Greeks and Moslems in Thrace and in Macedonia, and which had driven those two races through terror into a momentary co-operation, refused to give way. On August 10 the Treaty was at length signed, and Bulgaria was enabled to realise all she had lost through the folly of her megalomaniac generals and statesmen.

To quote the words in which *The Times*, when giving the new map of the Balkans, sums up the results of the Treaty of Bukarest :

"The second Balkan War of 1913 arose from quarrels amongst the Allies as to the disposal of the spoils won from Turkey. Serbia claimed all west of a line drawn from the north of Egri Palanka to the Vardar near Veles and then down that river to Gyevgeli; Bulgaria insisted upon the observance of the Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty of March 1912, which gave her all Macedonia to the south and east of a line drawn from the north of Egri Palanka to the northern end of Lake Ochrida. As a result of this war, Serbia gains all she claimed and the whole of the rest of the old Turkish vilayet of Kossovo which she had previously been content to leave to Bulgaria. Greece, too, has acquired territories beyond her previous aspirations, while Salonika, at one time occupied by Bulgaria jointly with Greece, and ardently coveted by the Government of Sofia, is now 50 miles from the Bulgarian frontier."¹

Bulgaria also renounced all her claims to the island of Crete.

A reader of Tacitus cannot but remember the celebrated passage in which the historian, when summing up the results of the defeat of Varus, says that the Roman eagles which, before it, had scarcely stopped at the Elbe afterwards hardly dared to alight at the Rhine.

On the coasts of the Aegean the Greek frontier was fixed at the mouth of the Mesta, and the towns of Seres, Drama, Demihissar, and Kavala are now included in Greater Greece.

To Rumania Bulgaria yielded up Silistria and the rich cornlands lying to the north of a line drawn from Turtukai on the Danube to a point south of Ekrene on the Black Sea. Within two years she is to demolish the fortifications round Rustchuk, Shumla, and in the district of Baltchik.

Montenegro is to receive compensation to her east and southward from Serbia.

The frontier between Greece and Serbia is drawn on fairly ethnological lines, and proceeds from the north end of Lake

¹ *The Times*, Friday, August 8, 1913.

Doiran north of Florina and Vodena to the south end of Lake Prespa. Both Powers acquire a large number of Turkish and Bulgarian subjects.

But Bulgaria in the course of the second war has sustained an even greater loss. The Young Turk party took advantage of the fact that only the terminal points of the new boundary between Turkey and Bulgaria, namely at Enos and Midia, were fixed by the Treaty of London, which left the course of that frontier to be settled by a Commission of the Powers, to profit by the confusion. On July 15 the Turkish army crossed the new frontier, and by July 22 Enver Bey with his cavalry had entered Adrianople amid the acclamations of the population. Shortly afterwards the Turks crossed the former frontier of Bulgaria but withdrew their forces under pressure from the Powers.

On September 17, 1913, an agreement between Bulgaria and Turkey as to their frontiers was reached at Constantinople.

"The new frontier will start from the mouth of the Maritza river on the Aegean Sea. At its Black Sea end it will branch off to the north of Iniada, to the mouth of the Resvaya river. This is some twenty-five miles north of Midia, the eastern end of the border as settled in the Treaty of London.

"On the western side the original terminal at Enos is preserved.

"Under this arrangement, it is added, Turkey will retain Adrianople, Kirk Kilisse, and Dimotika, which lies slightly west of the Maritza, on the Mustafa Pasha-Adrianople-Dedeagatch Railway.

"Bulgaria keeps Ortakeui, Mustafa Pasha, and Malka Tirnovo towards the Black Sea, but she thus secures but a small fraction of the spoils which her brilliant victories had obtained for her under the London Treaty. Even her access to the Aegean Sea at Dedeagatch is rendered relatively valueless by reason of the fact that the Turks sit astride the sole existing means of railway communication between that place and Bulgaria proper.

"The Sofia Government can, of course, build a new direct line from Mustafa Pasha southward, but its cost must be enormous, owing to the mountainous nature of the region traversed, and, except for purely military purposes, it is doubted whether the line would be worth the expense."

The Treaty of Bukarest and the Agreement of Constantinople can hardly prove a permanent settlement.

CHAPTER XXIV

BULGARIA AND THE TREATY OF BUKAREST

IN view of the events which have taken place in the Balkan Peninsula since the Peace of London was signed, it may well be asked whether the permanent solution of the Eastern Question is still to be found in the constitution of an Eastern Empire on the German model with the Tsar of Bulgaria as its elected but hereditary chief. To this my answer would be Yes. The history of the nineteenth century is in itself enough to teach us that not only is civilised humanity tending to draw together into larger communities, but that the lead in those communities as a rule falls to the most virile race amongst those composing them. In themselves the Treaty of Bukarest and the re-occupation of Thrace by the Turks are, doubtless, severe blows to the prestige and influence of Bulgaria, but Bulgarian patriots may draw comfort from the thought that worse blows befell Prussia and Sardinia before they won the hegemony in Germany and in Italy to which their peoples were called by their characteristics and by their history.

Prussia was crushed to the dust by the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, and seemed, indeed, doomed to remain for ever powerless. In reality, the provinces which she lost were, with the exception of Magdeburg, the real source of her weakness, and when pruned by Napoleon she was far stronger than her rivals Bavaria, hampered by disaffected provinces like Tyrol, and Saxony. But for Tilsit Prussia could never have taken the lead in the War of Liberation in Germany in 1813. The acquisitions made by Frederick William II. in Poland had brought her from Rossbach to Jena.

Her action in 1813 set Prussia in the place so long held by Austria at the head of the German race. Then, as now, Austria was a mosaic, not a unit.

But Prussian progress upward was not destined to remain without checks. It must not be forgotten that in 1850 Frederick William IV., who by his pusillanimity had ruined the movement for German unity in 1848, bowed in homage before the youthful

Francis Joseph at Olmütz. Even after his losses in Italy the Austrian Kaiser, at a moment when parliamentary struggles seemed to have brought monarchy in Prussia to the brink of ruin, might, but for the iron firmness of Bismarck, easily have succeeded in reconstituting a United Germany under the House of Hapsburg at the meeting of Princes at Frankfurt in 1863. Three years later, in 1866, the most powerful members of the German Confederation took the side of Austria against Prussia, and even in July 1870 Bavaria only decided to side with Prussia against France by a very close division in its *Herrenhaus*. Yet on January 18, 1871, the King of Prussia, on the invitation of the King of Bavaria, assumed the hereditary crown of German Emperor at Versailles.

Again, the King of Sardinia did not become King of Italy without having to overcome many obstacles, which, at first sight, might have seemed overwhelming. Thinkers, from the time of the Napoleonic Kingdom of Italy, no doubt toiled and suffered to call a United Italy into life. But few, indeed, supposed that the ruler of that kingdom would come from the foot of the Alps to mount the Roman Capitol in triumph, and, at one time, a Duke of Modena, at another a Pope, in the person of Pius IX., could be looked upon as the men who were destined to fulfil Dante's prophecy of the Greyhound in whom Italy was to find her saviour. But the Piedmontese were men, and it was men who were needed to break the chains in which the souls and bodies of the Italians had been bound since the last days of the Florentine Republic. In 1848 Italy might still have been reborn as a confederation, it was the defeat of Novara which made her one. In March 1849 Charles Albert had fled from her shores to die in exile at Oporto, in September 1870 the Italian troops under the generals of his son Victor Emmanuel entered Rome by the breach of the *Porta Pia*. It is true that Piedmont had triumphed with the help of France and of Prussia, and that she had bought that help from France at the cost of Savoy and of Nice, but by the cession of Savoy and Nice she had, at least in the case of Savoy, freed herself from foreign elements, which, loyal as the Savoyards and Niçois had been for centuries to the Dukes of Savoy and the Kings of Sardinia, would have been out of place in an Italian Parliament sitting at Monte Citorio. Savoy until quite recent years has always been a clerical preserve, and Savoyard deputies would have found it very difficult to reconcile their national and their religious sentiments when their well-loved King drove the Pope from the Quirinal. Prussia again, if she had not lost her Polish provinces in 1807, would have been greatly hampered when she took her place at the head of the German nation in 1813. We have seen how German and Magyar Austria has been kept back by her Poles and by her Croats during the recent struggle in the Balkans.

What holds good as to Italy and as to Germany may well prove true as to the part which Bulgaria is destined to play in the formation of an Eastern Empire. Had the Tsar of Bulgaria acquired in 1913 the Greater Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano he might well have closed the doors of Santa Sophia for ever against a Bulgarian successor to Justinian and the Comneni.

Greater Bulgaria, had it been formed on the lines laid down by Dr. Daneff and General Savoff, would have included many discordant and, indeed, many hostile elements. It may be true that Macedonia, west of the Vardar, includes many Bulgarised elements, but those elements are Bulgarised not Bulgarian, and in many cases their conversion from Greeks or Albanians into Bulgarians dates from within the last fifty years, a time wholly insufficient for the formation of a nation.

Again, the coast-lands of the Aegean Sea are almost wholly Greek, with the exception of Salonika, which to a great extent is cosmopolitan or Jewish, and neither Greeks nor Jews are very likely to become ardent patriots under the Bulgarian flag. In a democracy governed under the parliamentary system, the principle of nationality becomes all-important. Past experience shows that Bulgaria has been able to absorb its Moslem population, possibly because, as Bouchier has pointed out, the Pomaks are even purer by descent than the Bulgarians themselves, but the case would be very different when the discontented Moslem deputies from the districts east of the Maritza were supported in Parliament by a numerous group of disaffected Greeks and disaffected Jews. By the incorporation of Salonika Bulgaria would doubtless have been strengthened financially, but she would have been weakened politically, and perhaps even in a military sense. In war patriotism is a more valuable asset than mere multitudes of disaffected troops.

Her losses to Rumania are another matter, but it must be remembered that by the Treaty of Berlin the frontier of the Dobruja was drawn close to the gardens of Silistria, and that it was not until the Treaty was revised that the Bulgarians could contemplate the conversion of Silistria into a fortress of the first rank. Bulgaria profited greatly by the neutrality of Rumania during the first part of the late Balkan War, and for that neutrality she has had to pay the price. Italy won the support of France in 1859 at the cost of weakening, at least for a time, her western frontier by the cession of Savoy and of Nice, nor could France foresee that one of the chief reasons which, fifty years later, was to keep Italy true to the Triple Alliance, would prove to be that she had spent so much money on refortifying her weakened western frontier against France that she was unable to spare sufficient to fortify her eastern frontier against Austria. It is perfectly true that if Rumania is to obtain

the full advantages of her coast-line on the Black Sea she can only do so by constructing a bridge across the Danube at Silistria, but the future alone can show whether she has been wise to buy this advantage at the cost of incurring the enmity of Bulgaria.

But, in the end, Bulgaria will, doubtless, prove to have gained rather than to have lost strength by her sacrifices in the Treaty of Bukarest. Like Sardinia in 1850, like Prussia in 1808, she is now all bone and muscle. She may have lost the revenues of Salonika and of Kavala, and the fertile Macedonian plains. Yet she has made one great positive gain by the war, for she has become the sole power which has a frontier marching with that of Turkey on the European side of the Bosphorus, whilst, by the Treaty of Bukarest, she has escaped from a temptation which would have been to her a positive danger, for she has now no reason to dissipate her energies in an attempt to make herself a third-rate naval power. She can devote her strength to her army alone, and it is her army which will find her the naval allies to open to her the gates of Constantinople.

By their action with regard to Adrianople the Turks have forfeited their position in Europe. Never since Leopold II. was forced by the pressure of Prussia, by the progress of Polish dissolution, and by the revolutionary hurricane in France and Belgium to restore Loudon's conquest of Belgrade to Turkey in 1791 by the Treaty of Szistowa, has Europe ever allowed the Porte to resume its sway over Christian lands which have once been freed from its yoke. Unlike Christianity, El-Islam might even at this day be united in a Holy War, and no Power with any Moslem subjects can afford to see those subjects aroused by reports of victories won by the champions of the Faith over Christians in Europe. That the majority of the population in Adrianople itself or in the vilayets east of the Maritza may be Moslem, that the Bulgarians may unfortunately have committed atrocities during their occupation of those territories, is probable enough. But if the rulers of India, the rulers of Algeria, and the rulers of many a Central Asian Khanate forget that any Turkish victory may have a dangerous effect on their less civilised Moslem subjects, and if those subjects are thus led into rebellions destined to restore the temporal power of El-Islam, those rebellions will, in the interests of civilisation, and in the interests, therefore, of those very Moslem subjects themselves, have to be put down at whatever cost of blood and suffering. Every educated and thinking Moslem must in his heart know this to be the truth. The spiritual power of El-Islam will not suffer if the Sultan loses his temporal power at Constantinople. The Papacy enjoys an immeasurably stronger influence over men's minds to-day than it did when Voltaire was writing at Ferney and the Inquisition still reigned at Lisbon. The possession

of Constantinople by the Turks is utterly unessential to the well-being of Mohammedanism as a religion.

But if the Turks are to be expelled from Adrianople this task must, it would seem, be the work of the Bulgarians. They are the only possible Power who can take the place of the Turks at Adrianople or at Constantinople, for they alone command the land approaches to those cities. If Greece or Rumania attempted to hold Constantinople or Gallipoli they could only do so by the employment of sea-power, and the same holds good of Russia unless she undertook a task which might prove overwhelming even for her resources, and which, moreover, would earn her the undying enmity of Germany—the conquest of Asia Minor. But even if Greece or Rumania held the command of the sea she would have to keep up a large military force in her possessions on the Straits, and both Powers would find it difficult to do this without withdrawing troops from their other possessions which would be greatly needed for their defence. It must not be forgotten that both Greece and Rumania have common frontiers with Bulgaria, and that both have been the gainers at her expense by the Treaty of Bukarest. Bulgaria alone can meet Turkey on land without requiring to consider the question of her naval strength. Would Greece have anything to gain by holding Constantinople without the consent of Bulgaria? Her exports into the coast-lands of the Black Sea are insignificant, and, so long as she was on a fair and just treaty basis with Bulgaria it would matter little to her commission-houses at Constantinople whether or not they were under the Greek flag. Moreover, her presence at Constantinople would lead to constant friction not only with Bulgaria, but also with Rumania and Russia, if not with Austria-Hungary as a Danubian Power, and the resultant expenditure on armaments would very quickly swallow up her commercial gains therefrom.

With Rumania the case is perhaps different, as her sea-borne trade passing through the Straits is so great, but is it not true that she has not at her command the means for manning the fleet which would be required to protect the long lines of communications by sea from Constanza or Mangalia to the Golden Horn? If King Charles wished to reign at Constantinople he could only do so as the chosen ruler of an Eastern Empire.

Many may have marvelled at the greeting which Tsar Ferdinand received when he entered Sofia after the signature of the Treaty of Bukarest. One cannot but remember how in March 1849 the burghers of Turin welcomed Victor Emmanuel when he returned from the disastrous field of Novara, nor forget that within twenty-one years and six months from that day his flag, as King of a United Italy, was hoisted amidst the rejoicings of the Roman crowds on the Capitol at Rome.

CHAPTER XXV

THE AFTERMATH OF THE WAR

THE war opened many questions of moment in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan which the Powers had professed themselves so anxious to aid him to develop. They had their own ends to gain in the task, their own means to help them to achieve them. Development costs money, and the only source, apart from loans, from which Turkey can obtain money are the Customs duties. These were originally imposed at the rate of 11 per cent *ad valorem*, and that rate cannot be changed except with the unanimous consent of the Powers represented on the Ottoman Debt Commission. England, for example, in 1903, stayed the hand of the financiers who wished to carry out the Bagdad Railway by refusing that consent. They were subsequently increased in order to provide funds to carry out reforms in Macedonia, and the events of the war drove Turkey to request not only that the augmentation then granted might be retained but that they might be raised another 4 per cent. Such was one of the objects with which Shevket Pasha's Government had despatched Hakki Pasha to London early in February.

Some of the most important issues at stake in Asiatic Turkey interested England. They concerned the Bagdad Railway and the shores of the Persian Gulf. These Hakki Pasha was instructed to discuss, and if possible to settle, during his stay in London.

For some months after his arrival nothing transpired as to these negotiations in public, but scarcely had Montenegro consented to withdraw from Skutari when it became known that they were in progress, and reports appeared that England had not only succeeded in settling the terminus of the Bagdad Railway to her own satisfaction, but whilst preserving the sovereign rights of Turkey had acquired all the real influence in Koweit and other parts of the Arabian coasts of the Persian Gulf. These reports were premature.

On the other hand it was stated that the Bagdad Railway Company, which was now an exclusively German one, had advanced a considerable sum to the Ottoman Government, and had in

return received the right of constructing the last section of the line from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf, although in March 1911 it had given up its rights in that section in exchange for the concession for Alexandretta Harbour and for various financial advantages. It was proposed at the same time that the last portion of the Bagdad Railway should be built by an international company in which all the participant countries should hold equal shares, but when England proposed that these countries should be England, France, Germany, Russia, and Turkey, the latter put forward a counter-proposal in which Russia was omitted.

The negotiations in progress with Hakki Pasha had been duly communicated to Germany, who, however, had wished that the more immediately Anglo-Turkish questions, such as those of Koweit and the Bahrein fishing rights should be settled before the discussion as to the railway from Bagdad to the Gulf began, as that could only be settled after the other questions had been satisfactorily adjusted.

The negotiations involved, indeed, a general settlement of the political and economic future of the Middle East, which was to be effected by England coming to an agreement with the German and Ottoman Governments in the same way in which Germany had concluded the Potsdam Agreement as to Persia and Mesopotamia with Russia, and as to the various railway questions (in March 1911) with Turkey.

They might be classed under three heads :

1. Negotiations between England and Turkey on the subject of the Persian Gulf (Koweit, Mohammerah, the islands of Bahrein) ; the Turco-Persian frontier ; the last section (Bagdad to Basra) of the Bagdad Railway ; the 4 per cent new surtax of Customs duties asked for by the Constantinople Government two years ago ; the 3 per cent surtax granted in 1907 for a period of seven years for the benefit of the Macedonian vilayets.

2. Negotiations between Turkey and Germany on the question of the Bagdad Railway, of the 3 per cent and 4 per cent surtaxes, of the Capitulations, etc.

3. Negotiations between England and Germany in order to harmonise and to complete the agreements that may be arrived at between both Governments and Turkey on the aforesaid matters. Possibly the recognition of British interests in the southern zone of Persia (under the Potsdam Agreement of 1911, the special position of Russia in the northern zone was recognised by Germany) may eventually come within the range of the pour-parlers.

To England, indeed, these questions were of infinitely greater importance than were any connected with the delimitation of Albania or the future of Rodosto. As Lord Curzon of Kedleston pointed out a quarter of a century ago in his *Problems of the Nearer East*, England could never allow a foreign rival to establish a

naval base within a few days' steam of Bombay. In May 1903, Lord Lansdowne, speaking in the debate on the Bagdad Railway, warned every one that England would regard any trespass upon the shores of the Persian Gulf as an unfriendly act.

The position assumed by England with regard to the Persian Gulf is that which must be and always has been taken by every state which holds India through her sea-power. The Portuguese, the first nation which had conquered an Indian Empire with a fleet, very soon learnt the lesson that they could not hold it until they had secured themselves against attacks from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

In 1508 Kansu-al-Ghuri, the Mameluke (Tcherkess) Sultan of Egypt, at the instigation of the trade rivals of Portugal, the Venetians, fitted out a powerful fleet manned with mercenaries of every Moslem land, and armed with artillery served by Venetians—renegade or Catholic—which had been sent to him by the Senate of Venice, which, under the command of Mir-Hocem, issued from the Red Sea and steered to attack the Portuguese settlements in Malabar. This was the most serious danger which the Portuguese had had to face since their arrival at Calicut. As their Viceroy said, "The past warfare was with wild beasts, but now we are to fight Venetians and Turks of the Sultan."

On Saint Blaise's day, February 3, 1509, the invaders, who had been joined by thousands of Indian junks from Diu and from Calicut, met the Portuguese fleet off Dabul. The flag of Dom Francisco de Almeida, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India, flew on the Admiral's ship, and his squadron was manned not only by Portuguese, with French and German bombardiers, but even with Indian and Moorish seamen. A desperate struggle ensued, which still lives before our eyes in the vibrant, vivid verse of Camoens,¹ but when the long fight was over, and the enemy's floating castles had drifted ashore in a mass of hopeless wreckage, the Portuguese Empire was saved, and Portugal had won for a century the control of the Indian seas.

But she had learnt her lesson. The first object of Almeida's successor, Albuquerque, was to possess himself of Aden and of Ormuz, the keys to the two threatening inland seas, and though he was repulsed before Aden in 1515 he hoisted the Portuguese flag over Ormuz, which passed to Spain with the rest of the Portuguese dominions in 1580, and for more than a century continued to be the emporium of the riches of the East. To Milton they were the wealth "of Ormus and of Ind."

In 1620 the Dutch and English East India Companies appeared in the Persian Gulf, and under the auspices of Shah Abbas the Great (1586-1628) of Persia, founded a factory at Gombroon (Bandar Abbas). England was at peace with Spain, but in 1622 English traders joined Shah Abbas in wresting Ormuz from the

¹ Camoens, *Os Lusíadas*, x. 35-36.

Portuguese, and the news reached Madrid but shortly before Prince Charles was starting thither to woo the Infanta Maria. The loss of Ormuz was the death-blow to the Portuguese Empire in the East, although her flag lingered on the shores of the Persian Gulf almost until the end of the seventeenth century. Anarchy followed, and for over a century some of the fiercest pirates in the world ravaged the Indian Ocean from its harbours. When England grew strong in India, one of her first tasks was to clear these pirates from the seas, and the annals of our Indian Navy record many a glorious feat of arms which marked the long struggle.

Early in the last century England put down piracy and the slave trade, and induced the petty pirate chiefs who held the southern shores of the Gulf to enter into engagements, the terms of which vary greatly, some of them treating the chief as an independent sovereign, others reducing him to the position of an Indian feudatory. These so-called trucial chiefs inhabit the Pirate Coast, which extends, roughly speaking, from Cape Mussendom, westwards to the Gulf of Bahrein, and forms a territory also claimed by the Sultan of Oman. England has continued to perform the duty of buoying, lighting, and policing the Gulf, and has enjoyed a practical monopoly of its trade.

The northern shore of the Gulf is divided between Baluchistan and Persia, to the south lies the Arabian Peninsula, over the whole of which Turkey claims to exercise suzerainty, although her actual possessions there were for long confined to the single port of Basra. Of late years, however, despite the protests of England, she has seized a position on the Khor Abdallah, a bay at the north-west angle of the Gulf which England claims as belonging to the independent Sheikh of Koweit, and since the ruin of the Wahabi kingdom of Nedj, has occupied the coast strip south of Koweit, known as El Hasa, which, however, is said to have been wrested from her in May 1913 by the Arab chief, Ben Saoud, who has occupied the port of El Kateef. The only places on the Gulf, however, which are actually British territory are the rocky islet of Abu Musa and one square mile at Bassadore, or Basidu, a village at the western end of the Persian island of Kishm, 75 miles west-south-west of Bunder Abbas, from which the British establishment was long ago withdrawn on account of the heat and of the lack of water, whilst the only territory over which a British Protectorate has been formally proclaimed is the Bahrein Islands. It was thus obviously open to any great European Power desiring to establish itself in the Gulf to obtain a concession from Turkey or Persia, whilst just outside of it lies the Sultanate of Oman, which we are debarred from annexing by our Treaty with France of 1862, and by the mistaken significance, as I venture to take it to be, which the India Office appears to attach to the Commercial Treaties concluded by its Sultan

with the United States and the Netherlands. This Sultanate forms a basis for the French subjects who smuggle arms through Chaubar and the desolate bays on the Mekran coast to the tribes on the north-west frontier of India, and who decline to submit to the regulations as to the trade in arms issued by the authorities of Muscat, and thus constitutes a permanent and by no means a trivial menace to our good understanding with France, as might be shown from one or two unpleasant incidents which took place at the height of the Austro-Servian crisis in December 1912.

Such was our real position with regard to the Persian Gulf, and though, since the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, the fears have been dispelled that Russia could make her way through Southern Persia to Bender Abbas, which, as the explorations of Major Sykes and Mr. Herbert Sykes have shown, is connected with the high tableland of Iran by passes which could easily be traversed by railways, the progress of German enterprise in those regions is not less disquieting. The fear that the Bagdad Railway, if extended to Koweit or even to Khor Abdallah under the sole auspices of Germany, would serve to establish a German naval basis near the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab, was the main reason why the late Sir Charles Dilke induced the British Government in 1903 to frustrate the scheme by refusing its consent to the increase of the Turkish Customs duties, which would alone have made it feasible. This refusal lay at the root of the ill-feeling which found its expression in the attitude of Germany as regards the settlement of Morocco, and in the alleged attempt by Germany to acquire a naval base in Tripoli, which is said to have been frustrated by the outbreak of the war between Italy and Turkey, and is supposed to have furnished its principal motive. A little earlier some German subjects had endeavoured to acquire possession of Abu Musa on the pretext of working mines there, but their attempt was disavowed by the Imperial Government.

It was therefore evident that if a good understanding was to be come to between ourselves and Germany, some of the most pressing questions which required settlement were those connected with the Persian Gulf. The needs of Turkey furnished, as we have seen, the opportunity for effecting such an arrangement.

The German chauvinist press displayed great uneasiness when the rumours of these negotiations became public. The Anglophobe *Hamburger Nachrichten* sneered at the sudden friendship which Great Britain had opportunely transferred to a beaten and ruined Turkey, and at the German Government which had remained so long in ignorance of what was in contemplation, suggesting, however, that Germany could yet regain her position by refusing her consent to the increase of the Turkish Customs duties until she had received adequate guarantees. The *Taegliche*

Rundschau lamented that England would obtain control of the best harbour on the Persian Gulf and of the Gulf section of the Bagdad Railway. The *Lokalanzeiger*, however, announced on the authority of its Constantinople correspondent that the Anglo-Turkish negotiations had been conducted with the participation of the German Government in an entirely friendly spirit.

A full account of them appeared in *The Times* of May 17, 1913.

The object of the Conventions which had been prepared by Hakki Pasha and the representatives of the Foreign Office, the India Office, and the Board of Trade, with whom he had been working, was stated to be to remove the objections which the British Government felt to the proposed increase in the Turkish Customs duties. These objections were twofold: England could not consent to this additional burden being placed upon her trade, whilst Turkish officials were working to undermine the position which she had secured in the Persian Gulf, nor could she allow the proceeds to be used to finance an undertaking like the Bagdad Railway, which, as it stood, was a serious menace to British interests, both commercial and political.¹ England must, therefore, necessarily veto the augmentation unless her interests were protected by some binding agreement. It was clear that the drafts which had been prepared of these Conventions defined the respective interests of Great Britain and Turkey in the Persian Gulf in such a way as to put an end to the existing friction.

It seems certain that by these drafts (1) Great Britain recognises the suzerainty of the Porte over Koweit, which is to be an autonomous *Kaza* of the Ottoman Empire.

(2) The Porte engages not to interfere in the internal affairs of Koweit or in the question of the succession, and explicitly recognises the validity of the Conventions concluded between the Sheikh and the British Government.

(3) The Porte abandons its pretensions to suzerainty over the Peninsula of El Katr, the Bahrein Islands, Muscat, and the territory of the trucial chiefs.

(4) The Porte recognises the right of Great Britain to undertake, in the future as in the past, the duty of lighting, buoying, and policing the Gulf.

I may explain that by our Conventions with Koweit the Sheikh agreed not to cede any portion of his territory to any other Power without the consent of Great Britain, and as, according to the British view, the territory of Koweit includes not only the Khor Abdallah, but also the right bank of the Shatt-el-Arab almost as far up the river as Basra, this agreement would place any possible terminus of the Bagdad Railway in the hands of a chief under British control. The third clause of the agreement is also of great importance, as it gives England not only the control of the harbours of Bahrein and Sharja, but also of the

¹ *The Times*, Saturday, May 17, 1913.

rich pearl fisheries from which the barren peninsula of El Katr derives its wealth. I may note, that the draft says nothing of El Hasa with its port of El Kateef. Possibly the reason is that the Turks have never been recognised as the owners of this district by the Wahabi rulers of Nejd, with whom, in the interests of the proposed railway across Arabia from Suez to Koweit, it is of some importance that England should be on good terms.

Should the latest conqueror of these territories, Ben Saoud, enter into any relations with England, doubtless our intercourse with Nejd will become more frequent, and Arab horses of the purest breed will be more commonly imported than at present. In any case we may feel certain that the future of El Hasa has not been lost sight of.

It might be taken as certain that the terminus of the Bagdad Railway would be at Basra, and that the German Company which owned the concession for the line to Bagdad would resume its right to construct this last section of the line to the Gulf. Stringent provisions against any preferential tariffs or facilities would be enacted to safeguard the interests of British trade, and these provisions would apply to the whole of the Bagdad Railway system. It was thought that two British directors would be appointed on the Board of the line as an additional precaution. France had been kept informed of the negotiations, and, as a large amount of French capital is engaged in the Bagdad Railway, it was expected that she would gladly approve of any agreement which would facilitate its progress. The rights which England possesses with regard to the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates would also be defined so as to give British trade an independent access to the markets of Mesopotamia. Unfortunately the conflicting interests of France and Russia as regards the construction of railways from the ports of the Empire into the interior, and the difficulties of settling the boundary between the French and German spheres of influence in Syria, have hitherto delayed the conclusion of these arrangements.

If Basra becomes the terminus of the Bagdad Railway, it will be of the most urgent importance to improve the navigation of the Shatt-el-Arab so as to allow the largest sea-going vessels to come up to the city. The river has hitherto been taken in hand by Great Britain at the cost of considerable friction with Turkey, but it is supposed that an Ottoman Commission, with strong British participation, will now be appointed to exercise independently all the functions of a port authority in the waters and on the shores of this water-way. The *personnel* of the authority would be as far as possible of Ottoman nationality, but the heads of the inspection and engineer branches would probably be British. England is the more interested in this question because the Karun River, in which Great Britain has been interested since 1888, flows into the Shatt-el-Arab above the bar. More-

over, the left bank of the Shatt-el-Arab belongs territorially to the Sheikh of Mohammera, who also owns private property on the right, or Turkish bank. Very close relations exist between England and the Sheikh, whose territories were occupied by the British during the Persian War of 1856, but restored to Persia in 1857, and his *de facto* interests in the water-way must therefore be a matter of concern to the British Government. A dispute, however, dating from the seventeenth century, exists as to the Turco-Persian frontier in this region, and the claims of the Sheikh of Mohammera have been the chief obstacle to its settlement hitherto. If the proposed conventions can effect a settlement equitable to both Turkey and Persia, it will be a matter of satisfaction to Russia and Great Britain. It was thought also that as one of the conditions of the settlement Turkey would abandon her right of control over Egyptian borrowing.

This agreement when complete and confirmed would, added *The Times*, be of the greatest importance to Asiatic Turkey, and for the promotion of British trade interests in the Middle East.

A few days afterwards Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India, left on a private visit to Berlin, but his journey was naturally connected by the public with the negotiations with Germany about the Bagdad Railway. Speaking in the French Chamber on May 16, M. Pichon said that the Anglo-Turkish negotiations constituted no new element in the situation, as they had been in progress for at least two years, and France had always been loyally kept informed of their developments. France had no direct interests in them, but the Government would always consistently maintain the moral and material interests of France in Syria and in Asia Minor. A note in the *North German Gazette* pointed out that neither the German financiers interested in the Bagdad Railway nor the German Government would give their sanction to the proposed arrangements unless after a further exchange of views, by which German interests were guaranteed in an unexceptionable manner, and an equivalent consideration was secured for any German concessions.

Some critics, indeed, asserted that the economic value of the Bagdad-Basra line was open to doubt: its construction would impose a heavy and unremunerative charge on the Turkish treasury with no great advantage to Turkey herself.

They pointed to the fact that Gabriel Nuradunghian, the then Minister for Public Works, and subsequently Minister for Foreign Affairs, had classed the line as one of subordinate importance to Turkish interests in his report on proposed public works in Turkey dating from 1909. Moreover, all the commercial traffic would be dealt with more economically by the river. This was admitted even by the great German authority Dr. Paul Rohrbach.

Speaking in the Senate, M. Pichon once more emphasised the fact that France had no special interests in Mesopotamia and the

Persian Gulf, as her special interests, which she would know how to safeguard, were confined to certain neighbouring regions.

Replying to a question from the Radical side in the German Reichstag, the Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jägow, said on May 30, that Sir Edward Grey had stated upon the previous day that England and Turkey had agreed upon the draft of an arrangement according to which the Bagdad Railway was not to go beyond Basra without the agreement of England, whilst England, on account of her interests, was to have two votes on the Board of Administration of the Bagdad Railway, which consists of twenty-seven members. Sir Edward Grey had pointed out that the agreements were agreements between England and Turkey. Germany, however, had been kept *au courant* of the negotiations. In so far as German interests and rights arising out of the Bagdad Railway agreement were affected by the Anglo-Turkish agreement, both parties had not failed to recognise that Germany's consent was necessary.

Various means for compensating Germany were suggested. A proposal that she should be allowed to purchase those Portuguese colonies in Africa which were allotted to her by the Anglo-German agreement on the subject has already encountered the opposition of the Government in Lisbon, whilst the Belgians have repudiated the suggestion that she should acquire the Belgian Congo, over which, moreover, if Belgium were to dispose of it, France has long enjoyed the right of pre-emption.

Such was the position of these important negotiations in the middle of June 1913.

France, on the other hand, had her own special interests to protect in Asiatic Turkey, although in some instances they unfortunately conflicted with those of Germany, for both French and German financiers were competing for the right of constructing the lines from Samsoun and other Black Sea ports to the tableland of Asia Minor where Russia also claimed rights under her treaty of 1899. There was also some jealousy as to the allotment of the revenue to be derived from the increase in the Customs duties, as France feared lest it should be devoted to the payment of the subsidies guaranteed to the Bagdad Railway, and thus leave the new railways through the coast plain of Palestine by which she proposes to link up the existing Syrian network without support from Government. Germany, on the other hand, looks to find her profit in the development of Asia Minor, in ancient times so rich, though a desert to-day.

The differences between the Balkan Allies were meanwhile increasing, and certain Turkish journals (they proved true prophets) not only expressed the hope that Turkey would be able to take part effectively in the new campaign, but hinted that England had received Koweit as the price of her neutrality.

APPENDIX ¹

THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE ALLIES

A. BULGARIA

THE law under which the Bulgarian army is organised was passed in 1904.

The liability to military service extends from the age of 20 to the year in which the man completes his 46th year.

The military forces are divided into—

1. The active army and its reserve.

2. The Landwehr, which comprises two bans.

In the active army the infantry remains two years with the colours, the other arms three years.

The reserve includes 18 age classes for the infantry, and 16 for the other arms.

The Landwehr Ban I. includes the men from 41 to 43, who are called up for from 7 to 21 days per annum; the Landwehr Ban II. the men of from 43 to 46, who are called out for from 3 to 7 days per annum.

The men unsuitable for service as well as the Musulmans (who are exempted from any military service) pay a tax during ten years.

The army is divided into three army inspections—

1st inspection, Sofia (1st, 6th, 7th divisions).

2nd " Philippopolis (2nd, 3rd, 8th divisions).

3rd " Rustchuk (4th, 5th, 9th divisions).

Every inspection includes 3 infantry divisions, 1 brigade of cavalry, 3 regiments of field artillery, and 1 battalion of pioneers. The 1st inspection includes four groups of mountain guns and two groups of siege artillery each of two companies, the 2nd inspection two groups of field artillery, and the 3rd inspection one group of siege artillery of two companies.

A division of infantry is composed of 2 brigades of two regiments, each of which has two groups of mitrailleuses.

A cavalry brigade numbers three or four regiments. Each regiment of field artillery is composed of six batteries, the groups of mountain guns of three batteries. The battalions of pioneers have six companies.

¹ With acknowledgments to the *Revue Militaire Suisse*.

Various units, such as the regiment of horse-guards, the railway regiment, the group of balloonists, the motorists, the battalion of telegraphists, and the battalion of pontooneers, are attached directly to the commander of the artillery.

On mobilisation the 72 battalions of the peace establishment form, with the help of the very large number of reservists, 288 battalions of 1000 men each, that is, 72 regiments of 4 battalions, so that the divisions can be doubled. The 36 sections of mitrailleuses become 36 companies of four guns. The first two brigades of cavalry form a division, and the third brigade becomes divisional cavalry.

The field artillery increases its number of batteries by a third; the three batteries of siege pieces are transformed into three groups of three batteries of four guns, etc.

In short, in the event of war, the Bulgarian army forms a force of 18 divisions of infantry. The divisions have 16 battalions, 2 squadrons, 10 batteries, 2 companies of pioneers.

In addition, there is a division of cavalry of 16 to 20 squadrons, 3 regiments of mountain artillery, and a certain number of batteries of howitzers.

The total strength is about 300,000 men.

Behind the army in the field there will be a reserve of from 36 to 72 battalions of Landwehr, or about 40,000 men.

Armament.—The infantry is armed with Mannlicher M. 95 of 8 mm. (inches 0.31496), with ball S. and a magazine with five cartridges; the Landwehr use the Berdan of 10 mm. (inches 0.39370). The cavalry and the pioneers have a Mannlicher carbine.

The mitrailleuses, which are 8-mm. Maxims, are carried on pack animals.

The artillery has Schneider-Canet pieces of the Creusot M. 04 of 75 mm. (inches 2.952), with recoil on the carriage and shield. The range of the shrapnel is 5.900 m. (6453 yards). Every piece has 258 rounds, of which four-fifths are shrapnel.

The mountain batteries are partly supplied with Krupp pieces M. 04 of 75 mm. and partly with Creusot pieces 07 of the same calibre.

Heavy Artillery

- 24 howitzers, 15 mm. Schneider-Canet (inches 0.59).
- 24 " 12 " " " (inches 0.472).
- 14 siege pieces, Krupp 12 cm. (inches 4.724).
- 15 " " 15 cm. (inches 5.905).

It should be remarked that the artillerymen when on active service are armed with a carbine.

Equipment.—The infantry is supplied with tents and portable kitchens; the transport service for supplies is carried on with ox-wagons and pony-wagons.

The Bulgarian fleet has not so far been very largely developed. It comprises the cruiser *Nadezda* and six torpedo-boats. The port of Varna has not yet been organised as a naval port, and has no means of protection except submarine mines.

B. SERVIA

A bill for a military law which was drawn up as long ago as 1909 has not yet been carried. Its object was to increase the number of divisions and introduce a system of doubling the units on mobilisation such as is in force in Bulgaria.

Personal compulsory service lasts from 17 to 50, and is made up of the following periods :—

Twenty-four years in the active army, that is—

11 years in the 1st ban, from 21 to 31.

7 " 2nd ban, from 31 to 38.

7 " 3rd ban, from 38 to 45.

and 10 years in the militia, namely, from 17 to 21 and 45 to 50.

The recruits nominally undergo a training of eighteen months, but two-thirds of every contingent only undergo one of six months. The reservists are called out every year for a course of twenty days.

Those exempted from military service pay a military tax equal to one-tenth of the yearly tax at which they are rated.

On a war footing the army in the field forms five divisions of infantry, a division of cavalry, a regiment of mountain artillery, and a regiment of howitzers.

The divisions are distributed as follows :—

1st division of the Morava at Nish.

2nd " " Drina at Valievo.

3rd " " Danube at Belgrade.

4th " " Sumalija at Kragujeratz.

5th " " Timok at Zaitchar.

A division includes 2 brigades of infantry of 2 regiments of three battalions, 1 regiment of cavalry of three squadrons, 1 regiment of artillery of nine batteries, 1 company of pioneers, 1 sanitary company, 6 columns of ammunition, telegraphists, pontooneers, a column for supplies, bakers, etc.

A division of cavalry is made up of 2 brigades of 2 regiments of four squadrons, and 2 horse batteries.

The regiment of mountain artillery is of 2 groups of three batteries ; the regiment of howitzers of 2 groups of three batteries, one of which is a mortar battery.

The reserve of the 1st ban forms a division of 2 brigades of 2 regiments of four battalions, with 6 squadrons of cavalry, 5 mounted batteries, 1 mountain battery, and 6 companies of engineers.

The 2nd ban furnished five divisions of 3 regiments of four battalions, with 1 regiment of cavalry, and a group of artillery of three batteries, 1 company of pioneers, etc.

The 3rd ban : 15 regiments of infantry of four battalions and five squadrons, the whole of which are intended for garrison duty.

The battalions of infantry of the 1st ban have a strength of 1000 men, those of the 2nd and 3rd bans of 800 men.

The total effective strength of the first two bans may amount to 180,000 men in the fighting line with 660 pieces of artillery.

Armament.—Infantry: Mauser rifle M. 99, calibre 7 mm. (inches 0.275), weight 1.1 kg. (2 lbs. 12 oz. about); magazine of five cartridges; elevation (hausse), max. 2000 m. (yards 2187 about); initial velocity, 730 m. (2394 $\frac{2}{3}$ feet).

The 2nd ban has the clumsy M. 80, and the 3rd ban the Berdan rifle.

Mitrailleuses: Maxim of 7 mm. (inches 0.275) on pack saddles.

Artillery: Schneider pieces (Creusot), 06 quick fire, calibre 7.5 cm. (inches 2.952), with panoramic independent elevation. It is the French piece of 1897. Battery of four guns. Maximum range of the fusing shrapnel, 5500 m. (yards 6015).

The divisions of the 2nd ban have old Banye guns of 8 cm. (inches 3.14).

The mountain artillery has Creusot guns of 7 cm. (inches 2.755).

The heavy guns include 24 howitzers of 15 cm. (inches 5.905), and mortars of 24 cm. (inches 9.648), Schneider pattern.

At Nish there is a Military Aviation Station with two balloons.

C. GREECE

A new military law came into force on January 1, 1912.

Under this law every one is liable to compulsory military service for thirty-five years—

	2 years in the active forces.
10	" " 1st reserve.
9	" " 2nd reserve.
7	" " National Guard.
7	" " reserve of the National Guard.

In consequence of the right which the Minister of War enjoys of sending a quarter of the effective strength on leave from June 1 to November 1, the time during which a soldier is actually present with the colours averages not more than a year and a half.

Men exempted on any grounds from serving pay a military tax.

A law of February 24, 1910, for the organisation of the forces laid down the following distribution in case of mobilisation:—

3 divisions:	1st, Larissa.
	2nd, Athens.
	3rd, Missolonghi.

Each division to have a strength of 3 brigades of infantry of two regiments, and a battalion of evzones (rifles), or in all 21 battalions; a regiment of cavalry of six squadrons, a regiment of field artillery of twelve batteries; a regiment of mountain artillery of nine batteries, a battalion of pioneers of six companies, a company of pontooneers, a company of telegraphists, and transport, ammunition, and sanitary companies.

The second division also includes a group of heavy artillery of five batteries.

At the end of 1911 the only troops with the colours were 24 battalions of infantry, 4 battalions of *evzones*, 6 squadrons, 8 field batteries, 3 mountain batteries, and 4 companies of pontooneers; for the rest of the forces there were only cadres with officers up to strength and non-commissioned officers almost up to strength.

The peace strength was 31,250 men, of whom 1889 were officers, with 1621 horses and mules.

The strength on a war footing is calculated as about 125,000 for the army in the field. In addition the National Guard is to make up a strength of 80,000 men, and the Landsturm 60,000.

The organisation law of 1910 has been modified by a law of February 15, 1912, which makes the following provisions for the organisation of the army on a war footing:—

Four divisions. The division includes 3 regiments of infantry, 1 to 2 battalions of *evzones* (the brigade disappears), and 1 group of mitrailleurs.

The cavalry, the artillery, the engineers, and the auxiliary services are not in future to be distributed over the divisions.

The regiment of infantry comprises 3 battalions of three companies; the battalions of *evzones* (six in number) have four companies.

The cavalry would form 3 regiments, of which 2 are to have five and 1 six squadrons.

The field artillery forms 4 regiments, of which 3 have six and 1 eight batteries.

The mountain artillery comprises 2 regiments of four batteries.

The heavy artillery, a group of three batteries.

The engineers: 2 regiments having in all eleven companies of sappers, 2 companies of pontooneers, 2 companies of telegraphists, 1 of railway workmen, and 1 of balloonists.

The transport forms four companies.

It seems that this new organisation has been carried out, and that the Greek army has been mobilised with four divisions.

Armament.—The infantry is armed with the Mannlicher rifle M. 1903 of 6.5 mm. (inches 0.2559); maximal elevation, 2000 metres (yards 2187); initial speed, 720 m. (yards 787); 150 cartridges per man.

It appears that four companies of Maxim mitrailleuses of six pieces, on pack saddles, are in existence.

The field artillery adopted in 1907 a quick-firing gun of Schneider's of Le Creusot; twenty batteries had been delivered in June 1912.

Greece also owns some batteries of howitzers (Krupp) of 10.5 cm. (4.1 inches) and mortars of 15 cm. (inches 5.9055).

The army has certainly made great progress during the last few years, but politics still play by far too great a part amongst the officers. The officers' corps is far too old, although an age limit has been introduced.

The men are not wanting in intelligence, and are accustomed to fatigue and hardships, but they often lack the spirit of subordination.

A French Military Mission under the command of General Eidoux, and composed of superior officers, has been employed since the month of February 1911 in the reorganisation of the army.

The Greek Fleet

The Greek fleet is composed of an armoured cruiser, 10,000 tons, the *Georgios Averoff*; of three old armoured coast-guards of about 5000 tons and twelve new torpedo-destroyers, of a submarine, and of a certain number of old gunboats, torpedo-boats, and training-ships.

An order for an ironclad, two torpedo-destroyers, and six torpedo-boats was placed in Germany in 1912.

D. MONTENEGRO

The Montenegrin army with its compulsory universal service from 18 to 62 forms the typical armed nation. The army is a militia divided into three categories:—

1. The class of recruits: young men of 18 to 19, with 48 days' instruction and 15 days' manœuvres per annum.

2. The active army: duration of service, thirty-three years (from the 20th to the 52nd year).

3. The reserve: duration of service, ten years (from 53 to 62).

In the active army the men fit for service with the colours have an annual training of 10 to 15 days; the men not passed for active service are attached to the administrative services, and have four days' training per annum. The reserve is mustered and inspected once a year.

The militiaman can be exempted from one manœuvres period out of three if he is the supporter of a family, after five years' service in the active army. In this case he must pay a sum amounting to one-tenth of his taxes.

The militiaman has at all times the charge of his arms, ammunition, and equipment.

The Mohammedan subjects are exempted from all military service on paying a tax.

In time of peace only a part of the cadres and some training units are kept on foot.

The army on a war footing is composed of four divisions:—

1st division,	Cettigne,	3	brigades,	15	battalions.
2nd	„ Podgoritza,	3	„	13	„
3rd	„ Nikshitie,	3	„	14	„
4th	„ Kolashin,	2	„	12	„

Every brigade also includes 1 detachment of mounted scouts, 1 mountain battery, 1 group of mitrailleuses, 1 section of telegraphists, and 1 section of pioneers.

The division has, in addition, attached to it a detachment of mounted scouts, a section of pioneers, a field battery, and a heavy battery.

A reserve of eleven battalions on a reduced strength is entrusted with the guard of the frontiers and the territorial service.

The total strength of the Montenegrin army may amount to from 40,000 to 45,000 rifles, 104 guns, and 44 mitrailleuses.

The battalion has a strength varying between 400 and 800 men. The battery is of four guns, as is also the group of mitrailleuses.

The organisation of the transport and army service corps is very rudimentary; it was only in 1910 that this service was assigned to special corps; up till that time the men unfit for fighting and the women had to see to it.

Armament.—The infantry of the active army uses the Russian rifle, calibre 7·62 mm. (inches 0·299). The reserve is armed with the Berdan, calibre 10·66 mm. (inches 0·4196).

The mitrailleuses are of the Maxim model, calibre 7·62 mm. (inches 0·299), and are carried on pack animals.

The artillery has Krupp guns 7·5 cm. (inches 2·952) and 8·7 cm. (inches 3·425), howitzers and mortars 24 cm. (inches 9·448), bought from Italy in 1911.

The instruction in the schools is in great part given by Russian officers.

THE MILITARY FORCES OF TURKEY

After the revolution of July 23, 1908, the new Government came to the very important decision that it would enrol the non-Mohammedans in the army and do away with the exemptions from service which, until that time, had been enjoyed by the inhabitants of the capital and some islands and towns.

The non-Musulman element formed 25 per cent of the recruits, viz. 12·5 per cent of Greeks, 4·5 per cent of Armenians, 4 per cent of Bulgarians, 4 per cent of Catholic Syrians, Levantines, and Jews.

The duration of service with the colours (Nizam) is three years, from the 20th to the 22nd year.

The reserve (Ichtiat) includes six age classes from the 23rd to the 28th year; the Landwehr, 1st ban (Redif), nine age classes from the 29th to the 37th; the Landwehr, 2nd ban, includes twenty classes from 20 to 39 years; the Landsturm (Mustafiz), two age classes, the 38th and 39th years. The Kurdish tribes furnish the cavalry (Hamidieh), a kind of Cossack cavalry, with a length of service of twenty-seven years.

In time of peace the army was divided into three inspections:—

Inspection I. Constantinople,	1st Corps	Constantinople.
	2nd	„ Rodosto.
	3rd	„ Kirk-Kilisse.
	4th	„ Adrianople.
Inspection II. Salonika,	5th	Salonika.
	6th	„ Monastir.
	7th	„ Uskub.
	8th	„ Damascus.

And in addition three independent divisions, the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, at Kotchana, Janina, and Skutari.

Inspection III. Erzindjan,	9th Corps,	Erzerum.
	10th	„ Erzindjan.
	11th	„ Van.
	12th	„ Mosul.
	13th	„ Bagdad.

The 14th corps Yemen is not under an inspector, nor are the 42nd and 43rd divisions, which were formerly at Tripoli and in the Hejaz.

Every corps d'armée includes three divisions, 1 regiment of rifles, and 1 or 2 brigades of cavalry.

The division contains 3 regiments of infantry, provided with a company of mitrailleuses, 1 battalion of rifles, 1 regiment of artillery with three groups, 1 battalion of pioneers, 1 company of telegraphists, 1 battalion transport.

Some corps d'armée have also mountain batteries and groups of howitzers. The fortress artillery is not distributed amongst the corps d'armée.

A regiment of infantry is composed of three battalions, a brigade of cavalry, 2 or 3 regiments of five squadrons, and sometimes a group of horse artillery.

The Redifs are divided into five inspections, those of Constantinople, Salonika, Erzindjan, Bagdad, and Damascus, including a varying number of battalions. Thus the Constantinople inspection includes 11 divisions of the 1st ban, or 102 battalions, and 6 divisions of the 2nd ban, or 56 battalions; that of Salonika, 10 divisions of the 1st ban, or 95 battalions, and 13 divisions of the 2nd ban, or 119 battalions, etc., etc.

The total number is 358 battalions of the 1st ban, and 175 of the 2nd ban.

On mobilisation the army was distributed in Europe in two groups:—

1. The Army of Thrace, formed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th corps, or 12 divisions of the active army, 5 brigades of cavalry, 11 divisions of Redifs of the 1st ban, and 6 of Redifs of the 2nd ban. Total, 217,500 men, 5850 sabres, and 454 guns.

2. The Army of Macedonia, formed of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th corps, of the 22nd, 23rd, 24th independent divisions, or a total of 15 divisions of Nizam, 4 brigades of cavalry, 17 divisions of Redifs of the 1st ban, 13 divisions of Redifs of the 2nd ban. Total, 331,500 men, 5850 sabres, and 506 guns.

It is, however, very doubtful if these strengths were made up. The other corps d'armée remained in Asia, at least at the outset of hostilities.

Armament.—Infantry: Mauser rifle M. 03, calibre 7·65 mm. (inches 0·3011), weight of rifle 3·9 kg. (lbs. 8·595), ball S.; magazine with five cartridges; max. elevation, 2000 m. (yards 2187); velocity at 25 m. (feet 82·02), 830 m. (yards 907·7).

The Redifs and Mustafiz have the Mauser 87, calibre 9·65 mm. (inches 0·3799), and the Martini-Henry M. 71, without a magazine; max. elevation, 1300 m. (yards 1421·67).

Mitrailleuses: Maxim 7·65 mm. (inches 0·3011), horsed, and Hotchkiss mitrailleuses.

Field artillery: guns, Krupp 03 of 75 mm. (inches 2·952), recoil on the carriage, shield, panoramic and independent elevation; 63 batteries of 6 guns and 9 caissons; and in addition 67 batteries of old Krupp model, 73 of 87 mm. (inches 3·425) and 77 mm. (inches 3·031).

Mountain batteries : guns, Krupp 73 of 75 mm. (inches 2.952), 25 batteries of 6 guns.

In 1911 Turkey placed an order with Schneider of Le Creusot for 18 mountain batteries of 75 mm. (inches 2.952) of four guns.

The heavy field artillery consists of 18 batteries of howitzers, Krupp 92 of 120 mm. (inches 4.724).

THE TURKISH FLEET

The Turkish fleet consisted of the following vessels :—

Three ironclads : *Haireddin Barbarossa*, *Torgut Reis*, and *Messudieh*.

Five armoured cruisers : *Assar i Tewik*, *Feth i Bulend*, *Main Zaffer*, *Ann Allah*, *Idylalje*.

Two protected cruisers : *Hamidieh*, *Medjidieh*.

Two torpedo cruisers : *Berk Satmet*, *Peik i Sefket*.

Eleven torpedo-destroyers.

Fifteen torpedo-boats.

The Turkish navy, which had some English officers as instructors, has been greatly developed since 1908.

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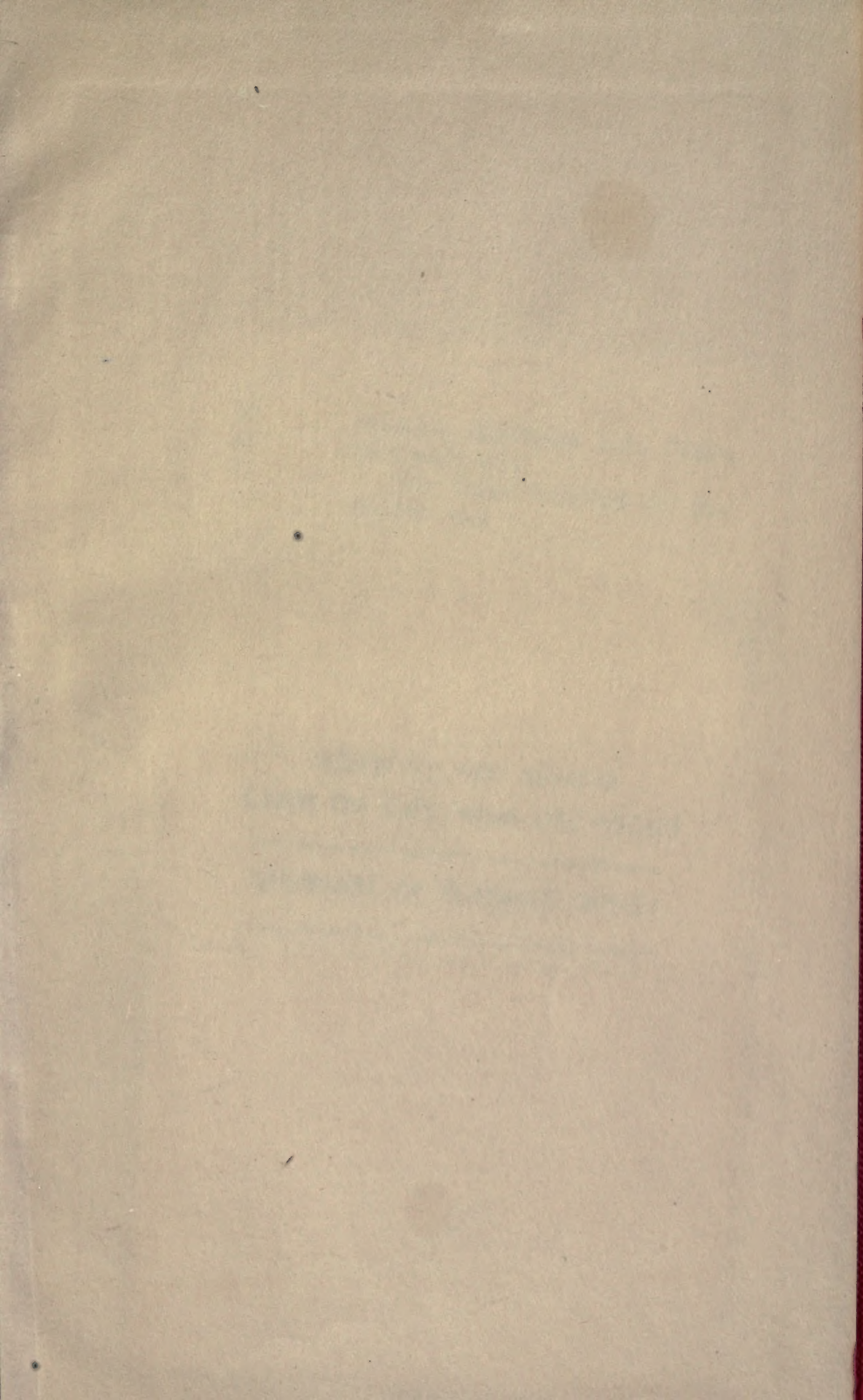
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